THE MASTER OF THE GUNNERY

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THE MASTER OF THE GUNNERY

THE MASTER OF THE GUNNERY.

J. W. Gunn

THE

MASTER OF THE GUNNERY

A MEMORIAL OF

FREDERICK WILLIAM GUNN

31 '85

BY HIS PUPILS

"TO HELP THE YOUNG SOUL, ADD ENERGY, INSPIRE HOPE, AND BLOW THE COALS INTO A USEFUL FLAME; TO REDEEM DEFEAT BY NEW THOUGHT, BY FIRM ACTION, THAT IS NOT EASY, THAT IS THE WORK OF DIVINE MEN."—EMERSON

Illustrated

NEW-YORK
THE GUNN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION
1887

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CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION. ix

By William Hamilton Gibson.

I. Old Times in Judea.

By George A. Hickox.

WASHINGTON, HISTORICAL AND TOPOGRAPHICAL — TOWN DEMOCRACY — THE BRINSMADES — DEMOCRATS AND FEDERALISTS — MANNERS AND CUSTOMS — CHURCH ARCHITECTURE AND MUSIC — TEMPERANCE — TRAINING-DAY — PURITAN FUN — THE CHURCH AND SLAVERY — THE LIBERTY PARTY — REV. GORDON HAYES AND ABBY KELLY — INFLUENCE OF CONFLICT ON MR. GUNN'S CHARACTER 1

II. Early Life and Struggles.

By Orville H. Platt.

THE GUNN FAMILY — EARLY TRAINING — YOUTHFUL ANECDOTES — COLLEGE CAREER — ATHLETIC TRAINING — RETURN TO WASHINGTON — AIMLESS LIFE — PRACTICAL JOKES — MEDICINE AS A PROFESSION ABANDONED — TEACHING IN NEW PRESTON AND WASHINGTON — THE ANTISLAVERY CRISIS — MR. GUNN BECOMES A LEADER — STIGMATIZED AS AN ABOLITIONIST AND AN INFIDEL — THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD — FREE THINKING — RETURN TO NEW PRESTON — THE PARSON HAYES EPISODE — THE IOWANDA SCHOOL — COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE — RETURN TO WASHINGTON — SUMMARY OF MR. GUNN'S CHARACTER 19

III. Mr. Gunn as the Citizen.

By Ehrick K. Rossiter.

MUTUAL RELATIONS OF WASHINGTON AND THE GUNNERY — EFFECT OF MR. GUNN'S MARRIAGE — INFLUENCE IN TOWN MEETINGS — AGGRESSIVE TEMPERANCE — INSTANCES OF HIS KINDNESS — AMUSEMENTS FOR HIS TOWNSMEN — GUNNERY RECEPTIONS — SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS — THE VILLAGE LIBRARY — DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION — RELATIONS WITH THE CHURCH 47

IV. Mr. Gunn as the School-Master.

By Clarence Deming.

HIS SCHOOL A MIMIC REPUBLIC — ITS ENVIRONMENT — CHARACTER-BUILDING — SCHOOL EXERCISES AND DISCIPLINE — INCIDENTS — TRUTH AND TEMPERANCE — GROTESQUE PUNISHMENTS AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF THEM — MILITARY DRILL 61

V. GUNNERY SPORTS.

By CLARENCE DEMING.

EXERCISE AN AGENCY IN CHARACTER-BUILDING — THE PRIMITIVE GAME OF "BASE" — MODERN BASE-BALL — THE WASHINGTON NINE — LOCAL INTEREST IN THE GAME — MATCH GAMES — FOOT-BALL — "ROLY BOLY" — COASTING — FISHING, IN LAKE AND BROOK — SHOOTING — CAMPING OUT AT STEEP ROCK, WELCH'S POINT, POINT BEAUTIFUL, AND HAWES' POINT — ALUMNI REUNIONS 81

VI. THE HOME-LIFE.

By JAMES P. PLATT.

THE GUNNERY A TRUE HOME — THE FATHER, THE JUDGE, AND THE MEDIATOR — SCENES IN THE FAMILY-ROOM — WINTER READINGS — THE "HEXIE" — DORMITORIES — BEDSIDE CONFIDENCES — THE TOWER — MR. GUNN'S READINGS — "PUG" — THE DONKEYS — STUDY OF NATURE — "AUNT BETSY" — YOUNG-LADY ASSISTANTS — THE FAMILY MEETING — THE GROVE — "SCHOOL WALKS" — MR. GUNN'S RELIGIOUS NATURE — SUNDAYS 107

VII. LAST DAYS AND LAST RITES.

By HENRY W. B. HOWARD.

MR. GUNN'S FAILING HEALTH, LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH — THE FUNERAL — THE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION — UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT — ADDRESSES OF CLARENCE DEMING AND HENRY WARD BEECHER — THE MEMORIAL VOLUME 127

VIII. MR. GUNN'S WRITTEN WORDS.

SLAVERY AS SEEN AT THE SOUTH — SPRING-TIME — INFALLIBILITY OF THE BIBLE — LIVING ISSUES IN THE LIGHT OF DUTY — NATURE OF A TRUE CHURCH — MORAL SELF-RELIANCE — THE GREAT DOCTRINES — TESTS OF CHRISTIAN CHARACTER — VIEWS OF SALVATION — PRAYER — FAITH A QUALITY OF THE HEART — LIFE AND DEATH; TIME AND ETERNITY — CREEDS — TEMPERANCE IN POLITICS — FRIENDS LOST BY HONEST WORDS — ALLEGIANCE TO TRUTH — THINKING AND TINKERING — SCHOOL DISCIPLINE AT TOWANDA — THE "COLOR-LINE" IN SCHOOL — ROGERS AND CARLYLE — EMERSON AND CARLYLE — LOVE'S TRAINING FOR LIFE'S DUTIES — THOUGHTS ON A SNOWY SABBATH — A PASTORAL SYMPHONY — ITALIAN LIBERTY — SHELLEY — FRAGMENTS — CONFIDENCE BETWEEN BOYS AND TEACHERS 141

ILLUSTRATIONS

DRAWN BY WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON

		PAGE
1.	THE MASTER OF THE GUNNERY PORTRAIT OF FREDERICK WILLIAM GUNN.	*Frontispiece*
2.	TAIL-PIECE WHERE THE TROUT LURKS.	iv
3.	A CORNER OF THE GUNNERY	viii
4.	TAIL-PIECE A SUNNY SLOPE.	xv
5.	A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW	xvi
6.	INITIAL THE TOWN RECORDS.	1
7.	WASHINGTON, FROM CANFIELD'S HILL, 1887	3
8.	LAKE WARAMAUG	5
9.	JUDEA MEETING-HOUSE	7
10.	ON THE SHEPAUG	9
11.	WARAMAUG, FROM THE NORTH	11
12.	THE OLD NORTH ROAD	13
13.	A GLIMPSE ON THE MALLORY ROAD	15
14.	BANKS OF THE SHEPAUG	17
15.	THE ORDEAL	18
16.	INITIAL RELICS OF SLAVERY AND THE WAR.	19
17.	MR. GUNN'S BIRTH-PLACE A RESTORATION FROM DESCRIPTION.	21
18.	SAUNTERING-GROUNDS	23
19.	A TROUT STREAM	25
20.	DUCK-HUNTING ON THE SHEPAUG	27
21.	THE "RUNNING BROOK"	30

PAGE

22. The Gunnery of the Olden Time, Viewed from the Grove 34
From an early Sketch by Thomas Smales.

23. The Old Academy on the Green 37
A Restoration.

24. Glimpse from a Gunnery Window 40

25. The Towanda Academy in 1849 42
Restored from Photographs. Drawn by F. V. Du Mond.

26. The Runnel below the Gunnery 44

27. "Aut Pan, Aut Bellum" 45
Crest of the Clan Gunn.

28. The River-Bank 46

29. Initial 47
The Pillar and the Vine.

30. Washington Green 49
From a Photograph by Thomas Smales.

31. Old Haunts 51
Mill-water above the Saw-mill — "The Hemlocks" — Below the Ledges, Western Slope — A Grassy Road — Pasture-Lot Brook.

32. Looking Toward the Valley from the Green 53

33. On Bell Hill 55

34. A Side-Hill near the Gunnery 57

35. The Roxbury Road 58

36. An Old Land-Mark 59

37. Church Hill Plateau 60

38. Initial 61
"As the Twig is Bent."

39. Familiar Outlines 63

40. Near "Kirby Corners" 65

41. A Resort for Penance 67
Kirby Corners.

42. A "Wailing-Place" 69
Judd's Bridge.

43. Penitential Memories of Moody Barn 71

44. Butterfly Hunters 73

45. Tramping-Grounds 77
Banks of Waramaug.

46. Tail-piece 80
The Cap and Bugle.

47. Initial 81
The Tools of Sport.

48. Over the Black Ice 82

49. A Ball Match 83
From an early Photograph.

PAGE

50. A Path by the Lake 85
51. A Winter Hunt 88
52. Steep Rock 90
53. "We Went a-Gipsying" 91
54. "Camp Comfort," at Old Milford 93
55. Gunnery Camp at Point Beautiful 94
56. The Last Camping-ground 95
Hawes' Point, Waramaug.
57. Samson's Rock 96
58. "A Trysting-place for Two" 97
59. The Rabbit Trap 99
60. Hare and Hounds 100
61. On the Road to the River 101
62. Mitchell's Hole 102
63. Tail-piece 103
The Patient Friends of all the Boys.
64. On Bee Brook 104
65. The Mother of the Gunnery 106
Portrait of Mrs. Gunn.
66. Initial 107
The "Bird's Nest."
67. The Gunnery in 1880 109
68. Studying from Nature and from Books 111
A Boys' Bedroom.
69. In the Tower 113
70. The Bonfire in the Grove 115
71. A Slope on the Brinsmade Farm 117
Ruby Pasture.
72. "Amy's Grotto" 119
73. Remembering the Birds 123
74. Tail-piece 126
Platt's Dam.
75. Initial 127
The Flickering Flame.
76. "Finis" 140
77. Tail-piece 179

INTRODUCTION

As I conclude the final reading of the various chapters in this memorial tribute to our noble friend and preceptor I may confess that beneath all my sincere and sympathetic appreciation there lingers a prevailing sentiment of regret not altogether unselfish; regret first that the subdivision and apportionment of the labor, so necessary in the preparation of a work of this kind, has left me no appropriate opportunity to add my own fund of reminiscence, or fitting acknowledgment of my own great debt of gratitude. True, there would seem to be little that mere words could express, which has been left unsaid, and yet how proudly could I have seen my name numbered among those who have unconsciously honored themselves in their efforts to honor him; for who that knew Mr. Gunn shall deny the privilege of his friendship and companionship, or question the pardonable pride to be known as one among those he loved? But there are deeper, and to the reader more momentous, regrets which must follow my pen as I fulfill this last obligation in a labor of love; regrets that destiny should after all have appointed my hesitating pen to fill the space reserved for another whose name has always been associated with this initial portion of our volume—a friend who had gladly pledged himself to do honor to the name of him we mourn. But, alas! he too has been called to the Beyond amid the mourning of a nation.

It is not necessary here to revert to the fact that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher stood in the relation of close friendship to Mr. Gunn. When the present volume had so far advanced as to insure promise of its early completion, I called upon Mr. Beecher with a view of securing what I had ample reason to believe would be his willing coöperation. The general plan and scope of the book were submitted to him, together with proofs of such engravings as were at hand. His interest and delight in the scheme were manifest from the beginning, and as the con-

versation was shaped toward the point of my errand, I shall not forget the ready response of his eye, by which he almost anticipated my request for an introduction from his pen. "I'll do it gladly," he said; "he was a father to my boys"; and then with a thoughtful air and mysterious smile he resumed, "I'll do it, and I know just how I'll begin it."

It was with a light heart that I walked home that evening, leaving the Plymouth pastor absorbed in the perusal of those stirring, prescient paragraphs now incorporated in our chapter of "Mr. Gunn's Written Words."

How we waited and longed for the fulfillment of that promise of Mr. Beecher those most interested in this volume well know; but multiplied cares, emergencies and responsibilities in other matters demanded precedence. Meanwhile the book had neared completion. At length I hesitatingly concluded to bring the matter once more to his mind. On the following Friday evening after prayer-meeting an occasion presented itself, but ere I could even utter a greeting he singled me out. "Yes," said he, with a deprecating smile and outstretched hand, "I know just what you're going to say; it is on my mind too, and I'm going to send you that introduction very soon."

Later again, on being told, in answer to his inquiry, that the book was ready to go to press and only awaited his contribution, he replied: "All right, I will write it to-morrow."

No one of us doubts that had the morrow of his thought ever dawned his welcome words would have been here in this void to-day. But the morrow found him without the power to write, and the bitter experiences of those few remaining days are still fresh in the memory of us all.

How much we have lost in the absence of his words we can but faintly conjecture. Those of us who remember the intercourse between these two congenial spirits,—the jocund rivalry of humorous incident and anecdote and, above all, the hours of seclusive, earnest communion in the woods and byways, wrapt in the discussion of vital themes—the problems of humanity, of the Church, and of deep Christian experience,—when we recall these, with the many incidental flashes of enthusiasm, wisdom, and eloquence, remembering also the many high estimates of the inner life of Mr. Gunn which have fallen from Mr. Beecher's lips, we may picture somewhat of the nature, if not the extent, of our deprivation.*

* Our pages, however, are still greatly indebted to Mr. Beecher for his memorial address delivered on the occasion of the unveiling of the monument to Mr. Gunn on the first anniversary of his death. This address has been appropriately included in our closing chapter, "Last Days and Last Rites." The writer hesitates to quote from it or anticipate it in any way, preferring to commend it to the reader in its entirety as a fitting climax to the literary interest of the volume.

I remember, as a boy, happening upon these two in a secluded nook among the trees. They were engaged in earnest conversation, upon the theme of the future life, if I remember rightly; but the memory of their earnestness is vivid, as also is the picture of their companionship, as with joined hands they strolled homewards through the woods,—an incident which has always been accepted by me as an outward token of a deeper affinity of heart and spirit,—an episode which, in the light of our bereavement, now bears a still more beautiful impress.

It is not my province nor my intention, though it be my temptation, to anticipate here the spirit and the story of the following pages, but a little indulgence may, perhaps, be allowed to one who has been called to indite an introduction to a memorial which bears close kinship in sentiment to an obituary of his own father; for teacher, master, disciplinarian though he was, with deeper truth was Mr. Gunn our counselor, our playmate, our friend, companion, and father.

Among the reminiscences which reverie delights to paint there is one eloquent picture which is always mine, and which I recall here because it discloses the secret of the hold which this unique school-master retained upon his pupils.

It was upon the occasion of the first reunion of the Gunnery alumni, who had flocked from far and wide to clasp the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Gunn and to revive once more the precious ties of school-days. There had been a week of joyous sport and reminiscence. The final evening had drawn to a close, and all were waiting for a few parting words from their old preceptor to carry with them on the morrow. He rose to speak, but he who had faced many a formidable foe without a tremor and had never known a conqueror, now found a master within his own breast. I shall never forget the painful suspense with which we listened eagerly and long for the first word, but the swelling heart found its only expression in his features as the hot tears welled up and fell. "It is no use," he whispered at last, in a voice broken with emotion, "I cannot speak—I love you all."

With the memory of this incident before us, with all that it implies of boyhood's happy heritage, and of the dear companionship of Mr. Gunn which made it what it was, how are we tempted to let fall our pen, and, like him, seek recourse from our discouragement in the simple sigh, How we loved him!

As an element in that companionship my present task were certainly incomplete without a brief allusion to a striking characteristic of Mr. Gunn which is perhaps too slightly dwelt upon in our pages—his love of

Nature; for in the ranks of the seers of Nature he realized to the full that discriminative test of eligibility conceived by the poet of Walden, who claimed that it required "a special dispensation of Providence to be a walker." Those walks with Mr. Gunn, the rides, the quest for the first anemones or arbutus; the woodland strolls, when the faintest perfume brought its recognition of an unseen presence among the blossoming herbage, when the veriest chirp, or even the flutter of an unseen wing amid the thicket, foretold the song we soon would surely hear!

We have heard of that enthusiast who was considered a fit subject for asylum upon his assertion that he "had walked five miles in the snow to keep an appointment with a certain beech-tree." Madness of this sort was the enviable possession of Mr. Gunn. He knew the punctual birds, and heard the warble of the bluebird ere his neighbor had thought of spring. He knew the prophetic faces of the flowers that usher in the seasons, months, or weeks; and many were the "appointments" which he kept with some shy recluse of the woods or fallows—some rare pale orchid, radiant aster, or wild blue-gentian that met his loyal welcome at the first unfolding of its fringes.

Indeed, how fittingly should we now choose to find a touching correspondence rather than a mere coincidence in that beautiful episode of the humming-bird so frequently seen hovering about his lips as he reclined upon the sunny embowered piazza in those last sad days!

In a recent memorial address, delivered by the Rev. James M. Ludlow at Princeton College, in honor of its late president, Dr. Maclean, I recall an allusion which seemed peculiarly applicable to Mr. Gunn. Speaking of his honored preceptor he said, "His personal appearance was notable. Nature had endowed him with a rare physique. His muscles were iron, his nerves steel, a straight inheritance of the Maclean clan that swung the claymore on the Scottish border."

How many old "Gunnery boys" will here recall that familiar Scotch-plaid shirt and Highland cap of the master of the Gunnery, in which he seemed to take his greatest comfort, and which seemed almost a part of his individuality, as natural to him as the bark to the oak; and in which one's fancy instinctively clothes him in the heroic strife of his early manhood!

I am not aware that Mr. Gunn ever gave a thought to the status or nativity of his remote ancestry, but when, shortly after his death, an enthusiastic son of Sutherland, chancing upon a biographical sketch of Mr. Gunn, zealously claimed him as a missing fruit of his family tree, and forwarded the ancestral crest of the proud "Clan Gunn,"—a dexter hand clenching a sword, and bearing the motto, *Aut Pax, Aut Bellum*,—

the most incredulous and orthodox New Englander among the friends of the Washington school-master could not but admit the singular force of the coincidence and the perfect appositeness of the sentiment, for, did he not always disdain cowardly compromise? with him was it not always either Peace or War?

In this connection, if we allow our fancy a little play, with what new significance may we invest a hundred familiar incidents?—the enviable skill with bow and rifle; the picture framed by the old academy doorway of the stalwart, martial figure decked in plaid and Highland cap, and with clarion at his lips, ringing the blast that summoned his loyal boyish clan; of long seasons when the old brown school-house, like "the braes of Ben Lomond," echoed to the thrill of "war-pipe and pennon," when "loudly rung the pibroch proud," and boyish pulses quickened and maiden cheeks flushed attuned to the martial spirit of the chief, who, in tones of richest resonance, led his band in the thrilling "boat-song of Clan Alpine,"—how tenderly may we revive it now:

"Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the mountain,
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
Moored in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;
Monteith and Breadalbane, then
Echo his praise again,
'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'"

To the memory of this dear foster-father of our youth, we, his reverent pupils, would bring our flowers of grateful tribute in a wreath of many offerings, that for their unity and harmony rely alone upon the golden tie which binds them. It is a book, in a sense, without author or editor, a unique and instructive instance of a syndicate of authors, each the editor of the others' manuscripts and all in perfect accord, the illustrator alone exempt from vivisection.

While the chapters are duly accredited to their authors in the table of contents, this represents, after all, but the half of justice, each of these acknowledged tributaries to the volume being indebted to many springs of information, whose identities are thus merged and lost.

To these a few words of earnest recognition are due. While they have chosen to keep in the background, they have still, like the undertone on the canvas, and to a degree little appreciated by themselves, lent value, color, and harmony to the completed work.

Among them there is one who must ever hold an honored place as deserving of the gratitude of every friend of Mr. Gunn, and of the institution he founded. In her unremitting labors of research, in the collection, collation, and apportionment of a large amount of the literary material of the volume, acquired only by personal interview and laborious correspondence, in addition, also, to invaluable editorial suggestion and supervision, Miss Amy C. Kenyon stands in a deeper and more intimate relation to the book than any other one of the contributors, all of whom would unite in grateful acknowledgment of her helpfulness and self-denial. To Miss Kenyon we are further indebted for the skillful and sympathetic compilation of "Mr. Gunn's Written Words," which is, undoubtedly, the most valuable contribution to the volume. To many of the Gunnery boys, who saw their master only through the limited vision of youth, these written words will certainly prove a revelation of his inner life, while, to the general reader, the friends of Mr. Gunn could commend no grander view of his character. Herein he has revealed the portrait of his true self as his nearest friend never could have portrayed it, and it is the portrait of a noble, spiritual nature, which, even to us who were drawn most closely to him, rebukes the kindest estimate of our youth and wins our renewed reverence and love.

Mr. Beecher, whose keen appreciation of the character and spirit of Mr. Gunn has already been alluded to, expressed the opinion that these excerpts from his letters and writings, dwelling as they do with eloquence and prophetic power upon so many of the themes which must ever most deeply stir the souls of thinking men, would alone "prove the master of the 'Gunnery' a thinker who was far in advance of his time."

In the section upon Mr. Gunn's "Early Struggles," acknowledgments are due to Mr. John Gunn, brother of Mr. Gunn, Mr. Lewis Canfield, and Mr. Daniel Canfield, contemporaneous townsmen and neighbors, whose memories of those tempestuous times have formed an important nucleus for this portion of the work. Interesting facts bearing upon the school-life and discipline of the Gunnery should be credited to Miss Ellen H. Lyman and Mr. Charles P. Goodyear, and the valuable assistance of the Rev. E. W. Woodruff in his contribution of reminiscences to the chapter, "Mr. Gunn as the Citizen," deserves especial recognition.

Nor are these all to whom our pages are in debt. Acquisitions to the text have been received from friends, pupils, and acquaintances, far and near, who, together with the host who have made the book a possibility through their generous contributions of the money required for its publi-

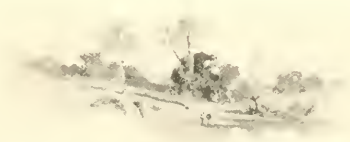
cation, will please accept herewith, in behalf of the Association, a general acknowledgment of their kindness.

An emphasized recognition is also due to Mr. Clarence Deming, whose signed contributions convey but an imperfect idea of his relation to the book, which owes much to him for special editing and sagacious revision.

In the practical or business part of the enterprise, with its long list of exacting incidentals, the book has been most fortunate in the assistance of Mr. William B. Beach and Mr. William E. Wheelock; nor should I omit to mention the services of Mr. H. W. B. Howard, who, in addition to his accredited chapter, has had general supervision of the mechanical detail of printing and manufacture, and has given valuable aid in editorial suggestion and oversight.

With a very few exceptions which are duly credited to Messrs. Harper & Brothers,—whose courtesy and generosity are here feelingly acknowledged,—and one important example donated by Mr. Howard, the illustrations which accompany the text have been designed especially for this volume.

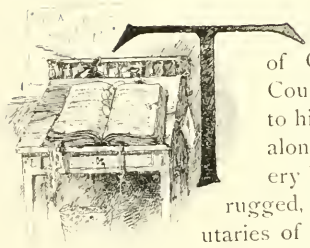
W. Hamilton Gibson.



THE MASTER OF "THE GUNNERY"

I

OLD TIMES IN JUDEA



THE finest scenery and the finest grazing lands of Connecticut are to be found in Litchfield County. Here the Green Mountains soften down to hills, showing but little of the mountainous save along the valleys of the larger rivers. The scenery bordering the Housatonic is indeed extremely rugged, but the more shallow furrows cut by the tributaries of that river are far less savage in aspect. The Shepaug, one of the largest of these tributaries, runs through a lovely valley some ten miles east of the Housatonic. It is often hemmed in by smooth hills, oftener by mountains, and at one place curves immediately beneath a remarkable precipice several hundred feet high, called Steep Rock, one of the natural wonders of the county and State.

On a level plateau, overlooking a beautiful stretch of the valley of the Shepaug, lies the little village of Judea, the center of the elder of the two ecclesiastical societies which were formed into the town of Washington during the heat of the struggle for independence. Four miles away, over the high hill which divides the valley of Shepaug from the valley of the Aspetuck, are the villages of Marbledale (the "Lower City" of half a century ago) and New Preston (the "Upper City"). Half a mile above New Preston lies the most beautiful and one of the largest of Connecticut's lakes, named after an old Indian sachem who was noted in the early history of this region. Lake Waramaug is bordered by high hills, more

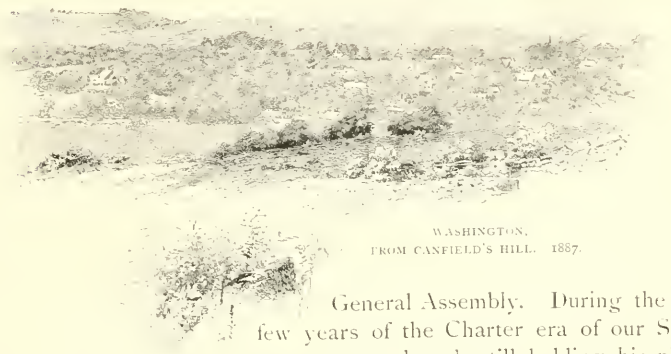
precipitous on the south and east, between which it winds for three or four miles like a great river. At its eastern extremity Pinnacle Mountain rises sharply to the height of nearly a thousand feet, crowned with a rounded summit of granite rock, affording a splendid view of the lake, and of a wide expanse of country, including many villages, out of which rise the many steeples of a New England landscape.

Washington Green, on which stands the Judea Church, is on the level top of a hill, and a little way down the eastern slope is the Gunnery School. "Judean Society" (so spelled in the old records) was set off from the ancient town of Woodbury in 1741. The old Connecticut system of local administration gave to the town control of secular matters, and to the ecclesiastical society authority over religion and education. Town democracy holds its own in Connecticut to this day, maintaining town representation and refusing popular representation in the lower branch of the General Assembly. "Toleration" and the Constitution of 1818, in disestablishing the Puritan Church, deprived the ecclesiastical society of its chief function; more recently it lost its control of education, and it has finally disappeared from the Connecticut statute-book altogether. Yet, in the early history of the State, the "Society" was often of more importance than the town. The queen-bee of each little Puritan community was its church. Settlers strained their resources to build a "meeting-house" and to support a settled pastor. Each church was an independent sovereignty, and the inhabitants of each territorial subdivision of the Connecticut town, called an ecclesiastical society and attached to each church, were apt to acquire characteristics peculiar to that society.

The town of Washington is a marked instance of the union of ecclesiastical societies having each its distinctive and radically different characteristics. Judea, an offshoot from old Woodbury, was solidly Puritan; New Preston, made up from the odds and ends of three old towns, had a strong leaven of religious and political dissent from the outset, and many other peculiarities attributable to ideas more or less divergent from those of an undiluted Puritanism.

Twenty-six members of Judea Society reported to the General Assembly, in the spring of 1742, that they had "Unanymously and Lovingly agreed upon a Place for to Set a Meeting-House." It was the site on which the church now stands. In 1748, the Rev. Daniel Brinsmade, then recently graduated from Yale, great-grandfather of the mistress of the Gunnery School, became settled pastor of the Judea Church. The pastoral relation continued till Mr. Brinsmade's death in 1793, although, during the last years of his life, he had an assistant. Of all the ministers settled

over the Judea Church, Mr. Brinsmade was the only one whose family took root in the place. They have continued ever since to hold an important and generally a leading position in its church and society. Judge Daniel N. Brinsmade, eldest son of Priest Brinsmade (as he was popularly called), graduated from Yale in 1772, became a lawyer, and lived and died in Washington. He represented the town in the convention which adopted the Federal Constitution, was long a judge of the county court, and for twenty-one years, almost without a break, was the leading representative of the town at both the May and the October session of the



WASHINGTON,
FROM CANFIELD'S HILL. 1887.

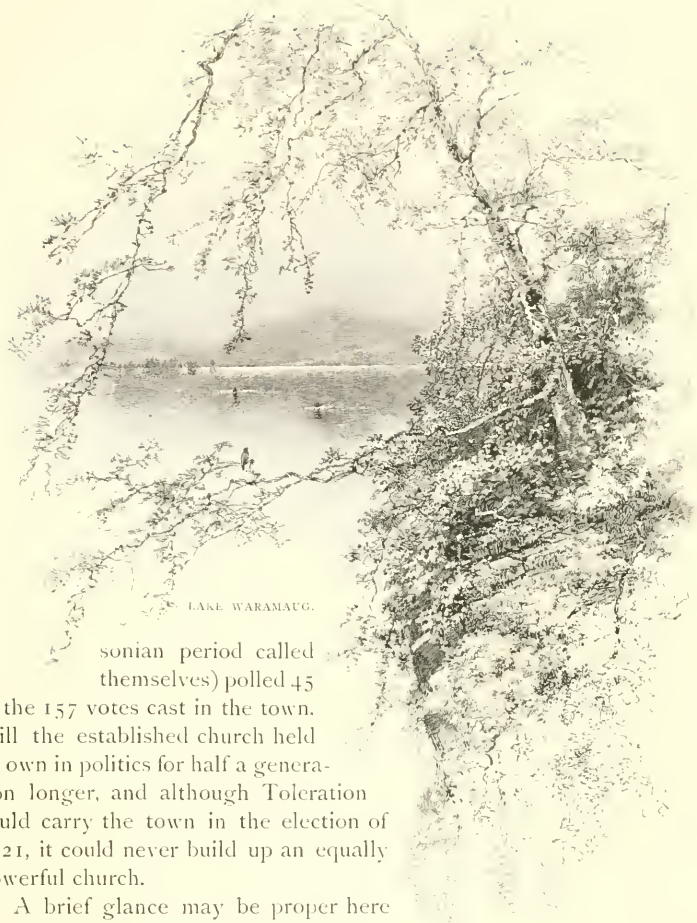
General Assembly. During the last few years of the Charter era of our State government, though still holding his place as an assistant, he passed over the town representation to his only son, Daniel B. Brinsmade. With the adoption of the Constitution, the Toleration party began to dispute the hitherto unbroken supremacy of Federalism in Washington, and in 1821 achieved its first victory over the waning Federalism, then fast declining even in its New England strongholds.

The late Seth P. Beers, of Litchfield, is authority for an anecdote that shows vividly the strength of the legislative habit on the old Federalists, who, by long tenure of office, had almost come to regard themselves as representatives for life. Though Judge Brinsmade had retired from active public life some years before the adoption of the Constitution of 1818, he went to Hartford in 1819 to see with his own eyes what the new *régime*

was like. He naturally turned first to his old haunt, the House of Representatives. Not caring to mix with the Toleration crowd with which the hall was then filled, he chose to view it from afar, and took a seat in the gallery, placed, in our old State House, immediately behind the members' seats. Soon a member rose and made a motion. It had grown to be a habit with the Judge, during his service in forty-three sessions of the House, to second every motion, whether favoring it or not, in order to bring it properly before that body. No sooner, then, had the Tolerationist stated his proposition, than "I second the motion" rang out from the gallery. The astonished members turned around; many recognized the veteran legislator and remembered his old habit. A burst of laughter followed which left the mortified old Federalist more than ever disgusted with a Toleration legislature.

For eighty years the Congregational Church, its pastors and its leading men, had governed the Judea Society. For forty years they had governed the town of Washington,— Judge Brinsmade having exercised, through most of that time, a sort of patriarchal control in secular matters, while the pastors and deacons dominated the religious and educational interests of the community. The first breach in this solid formation of Church and State was indirectly occasioned by the French Revolution. The Puritan ministry hated French democracy just as sincerely as they hated French infidelity. Thomas Jefferson was a believer in the Revolution of '89. He was attacked from nearly every Congregational pulpit in the State as an enemy of religion and of social order. The result in Washington, as elsewhere, was a religious schism. Earnest Democrats began to look about them for some church where they could worship God without having their political principles denounced as infamous, their political leaders as infidels. So bitter was the feeling that, in two recorded cases in the town of Washington, Democrats were fined for interrupting preachers of the gospel of Federalism. One of them had risen in meeting and shaken his fist in the minister's face, and the other had brandished a formidable looking jack-knife at the parson. In Washington, religious dissent from the established church took chiefly the form of Episcopacy; John Davies, one of the early Connecticut apostles of Episcopacy, settled in the part of Litchfield afterward incorporated with Washington, and his descendants in Davies Hollow long maintained there the church he established.

In the heterogeneous society of New Preston religious and political dissent grew more rapidly still. In the sharp contest of 1806, when Selleck Osborn, the Democratic editor, lay imprisoned for libel in Litchfield jail, the Washington Republicans (for so the Democrats of the Jeffer-



LAKE WARAMAUG.

sonian period called themselves) polled 45 of the 157 votes cast in the town. Still the established church held its own in politics for half a generation longer, and although Toleration could carry the town in the election of 1821, it could never build up an equally powerful church.

A brief glance may be proper here at the manners, customs, and modes of life which probably survived longer in the "Mountain County" of Connecticut than in any other part of the State. It is no easy matter, however, to sketch accurately the kind of life led by our ancestors of the later eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Cotton goods were almost unknown. They raised, dressed, and spun the flax from which the linen in common use was woven.

Their heavier cloths were manufactured in hand-looms from the wool of their own sheep. There were no meat markets. Now and then quarters of fresh beef and veal were exchanged between farmers, but their staple meat was salt pork, varied with corned beef. Their houses were small, ill-lighted, generally unpainted; their out-buildings few, poor, and miserably insufficient for the protection of their stock. Their tools were of primitive make. The stony soil was turned with wooden plows; meadows were mown with the hand-scythe; even the sickle had not been entirely superseded by the grain-cradle. The farmer lived from the produce of his farm; he saw little ready money, and the light taxes of those days were probably a heavier burden than the far larger sums imposed by the modern assessor. Coffee, molasses, and brown sugar were luxuries; and tea was drunk sparingly. The public highways were abominable. Used originally more as bridle-paths than for wagons, they were laid in nearly straight lines, in utter disregard of the continual hills of a very uneven country. Early in the present century the first great step in the improvement of transportation was taken in the incorporation of numerous turnpike companies; but the vehicles in constant use were still exceedingly clumsy, generally without springs, jolting heavily over the badly laid, ill-repaired roads of the period. People still traveled much on horseback, with their wives and sometimes one or two children behind them on pillions. On the whole, life here was perhaps even more primitive than that which now excites the wonder of the traveler in the back country of the South.

During the busy season wealthy farmers toiled often fourteen hours daily with their sons and hired men, and at all times did an amount of hard work of which the modern farmer would be incapable. The labor of the farmer's wife and daughters was literally incessant. Besides the work of the house and dairy, spinning, sewing, and sometimes weaving, came in to fill up nearly every waking moment. Those, too, were the days when the family of the native New Englander was larger than that of the European immigrant on whom New England now depends to keep her population from actual decrease. Incessant work and incessant child-bearing, however, sapped the vitality not only of the New England matron herself, but entailed a weakened physique upon her numerous progeny. Neglect of sanitary precautions brought frequent and destructive epidemics. Manners were coarse, morals low, and a dialect was spoken which has been reproduced rather than caricatured in the "Biglow Papers." Sunday recreations were sternly repressed, but churches were built by lotteries specially authorized by the legislature.

The prevalent notion, however, that the New England Puritan was a harsh legislator is a mistake. Unchastity, indeed, was punished as a crime. Sabbath observance and attendance at church were strictly enjoined;* but the penal code, as a whole, was extremely mild for the times. The savage penalties which then disgraced the criminal law of Old England were unknown in New England; yet here, as everywhere else, punishment meant some form of bodily torture, or the infliction of

JUDEA MEETING-HOUSE.

some public, often permanent, mark of disgrace. For the worst offenses less than capital, prisoners were branded on the forehead, pilloried, and barbarously whipped. For some less aggravated crimes the "scarlet letter" stigma was affixed, or the criminal was sentenced to wear a halter at all times around his neck outside of his clothes. Public whipping for theft continued through the first quarter of the present century. Imprisonment for debt was the constant resource of the creditor.

Looking back upon the lives led by our ancestors, we no doubt rate too highly the advantages of the modern Yankee farmer, whose toil is lightened not only by the general subdivision of labor, but by the mowing-machine, the horse-rake, and improved agricultural tools of every description; who has substituted the horse for the ox as his chief beast of burden; and whose wife is freed from her old bondage to the loom and

* Neither of the churches in Judea was furnished with stoves, or warmed in any way in winter, until 1825 or 1830.

the spinning-wheel, and often from the work of the dairy. Our grandfathers wasted no labor on superfluities. They had rough, stout garments for every-day wear; a suit of broadcloth lasted them a life-time; and they were independent of the fashions of the outer world. Just as the sewing-machine has increased the amount of sewing the modern woman feels called upon to do, so with improved methods of husbandry have come new fashions of luxury and expense to the farmer of to-day, leaving him less real independence, perhaps, than was enjoyed by his ruder ancestors.

The architecture of the Puritan meeting-house was often a poor copy in wood of the Greek temple. The music sung in it as late as the earlier years of the present century was a grotesque imitation of the fugue style prevalent in the European music of the century before. The published collections of that period show probably the most astounding music ever put in print for the use of Christian churches. They are evidently the work of composers not only ignorant of the commonest rules governing the progression of parts in harmony, and of the use and resolution of discords, but ignorant even of the minor scale. If they had been able to play the organ, or any other keyed instrument, they could not have failed to correct the grosser crudities of their composition. The only musical instrument admitted into the meeting-house was the bass-viol. Every old resident of Washington remembers Uncle Anthony Smith and his "big fiddle," as well as a systematic persecutor of his who was always equipped with a little box of lard wherewith to grease the ecclesiastical fiddle-bow and make trouble in the church exercises. As most of those ancient tunes now stand, the dim resemblance they bear to the most artificial and difficult of musical forms — four-part vocal harmony in fugue — only serves to heighten their absurdity. One of the more ambitious of these compositions — Morgan's "Judgment Anthem," a noted musical work with our great-grandfathers — illustrates the savagery of Puritan music in connection with the savagery of Puritan theology most effectively, and we are told that it grated harshly even on the uninstructed Puritan ear. Yet among the monstrosities of the Puritan tune-books really fine compositions now and then occur. "Majesty" breathes the spirit of religious exaltation in which Cromwell's Ironsides charged at Marston Moor. No hymn of bereavement exceeds in pathos the unearthly wail of "China." Yet, as tradition says, and as its words indicate, "China" was written as a hymn of resignation. I have been told that Swan, its author, lost a child, and in the freshness of his grief composed a tune whose name I cannot now recall. Later, when in a measure reconciled to his bereavement, he wrote

"China." It is not easy to conceive of the depth of the woe which finds only mitigated expression in "China."

A few years before Frederick W. Gunn graduated from Yale and returned to play a leading part in the community where he was born and reared, two great reformatory movements had sprung into importance there, in both of which he came to take a fervent interest, and with one his own subsequent career became so bound up that its success laid deeply the foundation of the Gunnery School. The first of these moral upheavals was the old temperance movement. Until about half a century ago, the New

ON THE SHEPAUG.

Englander recognized no duty with reference to alcoholic beverages but that of moderation in their use. Cooper's "Pioneers" and Mrs. Stowe's "Oldtown Folks" picture some of the convivial habits of our ancestors. The "good servant but bad master" theory prevailed regarding alcohol. That moderate indulgence was attended with such risks as to make total abstinence a duty one owed to society, if not to his own safety, was a rule of conduct on which no Puritan moralist had yet insisted. The elders of this Puritan society thought it no sin to pass frequent evenings at the tavern, to drink rather freely, to play practical jokes, sing songs, and otherwise to comport themselves in a manner that would greatly scandalize staid people at the present day. Church members put fifty barrels of cider into their cellars every winter, and scarcely drank water for eight months in the year. The more provident laid in casks of cider-brandy for the dry season.

The temperance movement showed Puritanism at its best. The solid middle class of New England rebelled against King Alcohol as their ancestors had rebelled against King George. The Puritan Church began to treat him as an enemy, and to look askance at the deacon who habitually drank spirituous liquors. The wave of temperance excitement subsided, but it left New England a changed country. The Puritan had recognized his duty of self-denial. He renounced the greatest luxury of a life which had few luxuries. He gave up the convivial customs which had softened the severity of his manners, because he came clearly to see that indulgence of that kind could only be bought by paying too dear a price.

In becoming an earnest advocate of total abstinence, the founder of the Gunnery School merely went with the tide, but some of the most valuable work of his life was devoted to filling an important place left vacant by the success of that movement. The center of all that was serious in Puritan life was the church; the focus of such fun and jollity as Puritanism allowed was the tavern. The man who could tell the best story, sing the best song, or play the "cutest" practical joke was an important personage. Often he led the church choir on the Sabbath, and was also the life of the evening gathering at the village tavern. It must be remembered that in those days the song was sung without any sort of accompaniment. The melody was simple, and the singer's power lay almost as much in recitation as in beauty of voice or musical art. "Method," in the modern technical sense, there was none. Still the real singer (the names of many of whom were familiar in my early days) could move a room full of Puritans to tears,—already a little mellowed, perhaps, by the "flip," the "sling," and the "sangaree" that abounded at such times. Nearly all the fun and good-fellowship known to Puritanism was bound up in its drinking customs. They were the life of its "Training-Days," its "Raisings," its "Glorious Fourths." Total abstinence destroyed all the comedy of the old Puritan life.

I have often heard my father, a militia officer for some dozen years following 1820, describe the ways of the militiamen of his time in old Judea. Then every man from eighteen to forty-five was enrolled, and nearly everybody "trained." There was a full company of infantry, and parts, at least, of artillery and cavalry companies, enrolled in the town. The old cannon-house stood, in those days, a little way up the now discontinued Mallory road north-east of the Green. On every training-day squads of soldiers would start out by daybreak to "wake" their officers. After firing a few rounds, they were invited in and treated. In fact, the soldier expected to keep well stimulated all day at his officer's expense.

Line officers were treated by field officers. Occasionally officers' trainings closed with pretty uproarious evenings. I well remember one training-day which I attended as a youngster. The Green was a bedlam; muskets banging, the old iron twelve-pounder roaring, and big brass cavalry-pistols, loaded to the muzzle, firing on all sides, when they did not flash in

WARAMAUG, FROM THE NORTH

the pan. I have often heard it said that the temperance movement, by discouraging the practice of treating, took away all popular interest in the old militia system.

There was another thing, aside from the free use of intoxicating drinks, that tended to give Puritan fun a riotous character. There was a sharply drawn line in those days between the "professors" and the unconverted. The Catechism was indeed taught, and the Bible read as a part of the tasks of the common school; but the kindly, careful, religious training of the modern Sunday-school was unknown. Personal religion was not then, as is now more usual, a matter of growth, but of sudden conversion. The Puritan youth was an unbroken colt to whom riot and license were natural till his experience of that change of heart which qualified him for admission to the church.

I well recollect an incident that occurred forty and more years ago, which shows to what extremes the young Puritans of even that later day often carried their rebellious fun. They had made it a practice to ring the church bell at all the private evening weddings customary at that time. Frank Brinsmade, elder brother of Mrs. Gunn, had been a ring-leader in that species of disturbance; but by and by his time came. He was to marry a daughter of Samuel Leavitt, a church magnate, stiff against all breaches of order. To make sure that his daughter's wedding should not be interrupted by the usual bell-ringing, Mr. Leavitt had the sexton remove the bell-tongue, lock the belfry door, and nail down the church windows. Then he stationed two men outside to prevent even an attempt to break into the sacred edifice.

Andrew Hine then kept a store at the old Powell Tavern stand (now owned by T. H. Woodruff). The young men, finding the church so well guarded, had retired to Hines's store to consult. The old man suggested the weak point in the church line of defense in this characteristic way: "Boys," said he, "there is a bushel-basket full of eggs under that counter. Now, remember what I say. Don't you touch one of them!" They acted on the hint, and soon egged the church-guard off the Green. Then they broke into the church, smashed through the belfry door, and tied a blacksmith's sledge into the bell for a tongue. While some were ringing this comical marriage-peal, others stole the old twelve-pounder out of the cannon-house and set it banging on the Green, while still others lighted up the whole performance with a burning barrel of tar. No attempt was made to stop the riot, and "Frank's" wedding was certainly the noisiest affair of the kind that ever occurred in old Judea.

The founder of the Gunnery, with an eye keener than his times, saw how the temperance movement and the swiftly modifying manners of society seemed likely to impair what little joviality there had been in the old and austere Puritan system. Believing that good amusements are a necessity to the healthful existence of any society, he devoted much money and more time to the supplying of this great deficiency. The dramas, the ball games, the Friday receptions, peculiar to the Gunnery School under his management, all tended to make Washington a pleasanter place to live in than the average New England town. Here Mr. Gunn's success was the more remarkable because his line of effort was unusual. It is common and easy enough to flee to the city and thence praise the country from afar. To render country life attractive in comparison with city life is the great problem to the solution of which he contributed not a little.

Almost contemporaneously with the temperance movement the Puritan conscience of old Judea began to be much disturbed about the countenance given by American politics and the American church to slavery. The founders of the Republic had always distrusted that system. The cold, keen intellect of Jefferson saw how utterly inconsistent it was with the democracy he practiced as well as preached. He succeeded in overthrowing much that was undemocratic in the institutions of his native State, but most unfortunately slavery proved too strong for him, and he died leaving Virginia still loaded down with the very worst of her many evil inheritances. The last hope of self-reform died out in the South when Whitney's cotton-gin made slavery profitable. A new school of statesmanship

arose there; and Jefferson's noble sympathy with democracy everywhere was beginning to give place to the narrow, selfish, intensely aristocratic and intensely sectional political creed of John C. Calhoun.

In the meantime the politics of the nation had lost the sharply defined issues presented by the differences of master-minds like those of Jefferson and Hamilton. Whigs and Democrats indeed strove against each other with great vigor, but their politics was the politics of a barren middle period, when the conflicts of principle had degenerated into the conflicts of men. The politicians whose fathers had been ready to stone Hamilton or Jefferson, as they sided against one or the other, had experienced an "era of good feeling,"— the sort of period in which both sides unite, with more or less sincerity, in erecting monuments over the martyrs of the generation just past. Among the Pharisees and Sadducees of the Jack-

son-Clay epoch, there was indeed enough and more than enough shouting of the old war cries, but the old spirit no longer animated either party. Sham radicals fought sham conservatives, not for principles, as of old, but for the loaves and fishes.

It is difficult to conceive, at this day, of the horror and disgust with which, half a century since, both Whigs and Democrats viewed the rise of the new Liberty party. Here, indeed, was a real radicalism come to worry a sham radicalism as well as a sham conservatism. Had not the two regular political parties just finished the burying of the old quarrels, and the erection of monuments over the martyrs and heroes of those political fights? Had not John Adams, the sole Federalist President, and Thomas Jefferson, the first of the long line of Democratic Chief Magistrates, died in the odor of republican sanctity on the semi-centennial of our independence, canonized by direct dispensation of Providence, as it were? And now up springs another issue infinitely more serious than Federalist or Democrat ever joined, promising unmeasured sectional differences and hatred, civil war, and eventual dissolution of the Union.

Judea Society was just the right Puritan soil for a Liberty party to take root and grow in. As nearly as can be ascertained, in 1837, and not long after Lovejoy's martyrdom, an Abolition convention met at Hartford. John Gunn (eldest brother of Frederick W. Gunn), William Leavitt, Daniel G. Platt (father of United States Senator Orville H. Platt), and Lewis A. Canfield attended, each taking his wife. Earnest, struggling movements, morally strong but numerically weak, seek woman's help; but regular parties, interested chiefly in carrying elections and dividing the spoils, want no such keen observers and sharp critics present at their gatherings. They staid for three days at a temperance tavern, where they had prayers night and morning, and they attended antislavery meetings every day. Many of the great leaders of the new movement were there (James G. Birney certainly one), who not only thundered against slavery, but tried to organize Abolitionism into a political party.

In the meantime, matters grew very hot for the partisans of the new faith at home. The Rev. Gordon Hayes, a strong, able conservative, was then pastor of the Judea Church. With entire sincerity he set to work to check the spread of the new heresy. Sunday after Sunday he inveighed against Abolition, not only on political and patriotic but on religious grounds. He tried to show his congregation how entirely slavery was sanctioned by God in the Old Testament, and how its continuance was justified in the New. The Abolitionists were not idle. They held meet-

ings at which their speakers denounced slavery as a sin, and communion with slave-holders as collusion with sin. The feeling against them was intense; old friends passed them on the street without recognition.

In August, 1839, there came a new disturbing element to add to the bitterness of the antislavery conflict. Daniel G. Platt and Lewis A. Canfield, with their wives, drove over to Gaylord's Bridge and brought back Miss Abby Kelly, then a prominent Abolition speaker. She staid in Washington a fortnight or more, addressing frequent Abolition gatherings.

A GLIMPSE ON THE MALLORY ROAD.

It is difficult for us, who have seen women lecturing on temperance, leading religious services, even called to speak in aid of a dominant political party at the crisis of an election, to conceive of the cry of abhorrence and disgust with which our fathers greeted the advent of woman on the field of politics. It was adding Woman's Rights fuel to the Abolition flame. On the records of the Judea Church appears the following entry:

"Aug. 8th, 1839.

"At a meeting of the Church convened in consequence of a notice of a meeting of the Antislavery Society at which it was said a female would lecture:

"*Resolved*, That we are opposed to the introduction of female public lecturers into this society by members of this Church, and to females giving such lectures in it."

Mr. Hayes was so beside himself with indignation that he preached a sermon from this astounding text:

"Notwithstanding I have a few things against thee, because thou sufferest that woman Jezebel, which calleth herself a prophetess, to teach and to seduce my servants to commit fornication, and to eat things sacrificed unto idols.

"And I gave her space to repent of her fornication; and she repented not.

"Behold, I will cast her into a bed, and them that commit adultery with her into great tribulation, except they repent of their deeds."—Rev. ii. 20–22.

The sermon was almost as coarse as its text. It referred to female lecturers traveling alone by night and by day, and plainly intimated the preacher's belief as to Miss Abby Kelly's character. No sooner was the benediction pronounced than John Gunn cried out from the gallery denouncing as false the charges Mr. Hayes had insinuated. If anything could add to the atrocity of such an outrage it was the fact that Miss Abby Kelly was herself present. As the preacher was leaving the church she walked directly up to him and said, "Gordon Hayes, you have said things most injurious to my character. I hope God will forgive you."

Plainly the Judea Church had grown too hot for its Abolitionists. Shortly after, they withdrew and formed a church of their own. It was a sort of county organization, and, for a season or two, met in various towns throughout the county. Often no building was open to them, not even a private house. They met in barns, in groves, and wherever they could find a place. They were many times threatened with violence, and were always flouted as fanatics and disturbers of the peace.

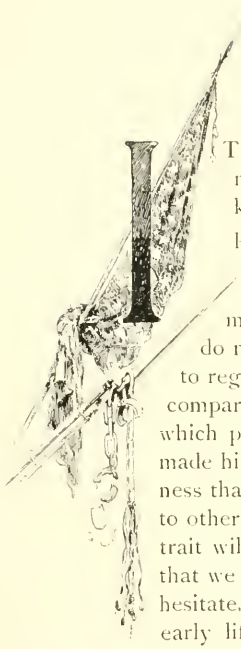
It was just at this point, when politics, the church, and the community were all aflame with hatred of Abolitionism, that Frederick W. Gunn began his career as a teacher in Washington. Others will tell how pluckily he took his stand with the despised faction; how he was accused of disturbing the peace of society and of the church; how the prophet of Abolitionism was overborne and sent on his hegira; how the maddened Puritanism he left behind followed his friends with excommunication, and attacked estimable ladies with public censure for participation in innocent amusements; how, after persecution had thoroughly defeated its own ends, he was allowed to return; and how, finally, the church of Judea became a church of "original Abolitionists"; till, at last, scarcely a hint of the extinct volcano remained, except here and there the blackened trunk of some disfellowshipped old Abolitionist, the half-burnt martyr of a forgotten epoch.

No one unacquainted with the "storm and stress" period of Mr. Gunn's life, when he was fighting an apparently hopeless battle against all that was most powerful in the church, society, and politics, can understand the

profound influence of that conflict in the formation of his character. It was then that he learned to trust no political party with the control of his political principles, and no church with the control of his conscience. It was then that he learned to read the books, cherished by eighteen generations of Christians as sacred, with the eye of reason rather than with the eye of faith. The radicalism he learned so early, and to which he clung in adversity, he never forgot, as so many radicals do, with advancing years and increasing prosperity. He ended life, as he began it, the knight-errant of truth, and the despiser and assailant of lies and shams of every sort. Popularity he enjoyed, as it were, under protest. He liked better a tilt in some thoroughly righteous, thoroughly unpopular cause, into which he rushed with the ardor of the born fighter, rejoicing in the number of his enemies — the kind of champion who, in actual life, is oftener heroic than victorious.

II

Early Life and Struggles



IT is not easy to sketch the life of a friend whose memory we cherish as a rich legacy. For as we know him through the medium of our love, as we perceived his admirable qualities through the lens of a silent sympathy, it is very natural that we should shrink from disclosing to others the estimate of his character we have thus acquired. We do not like to analyze his character; we prefer rather to regard it as a unit. It seems unnatural to weigh and compare its differing constituents, to question and decide which particular trait most endeared our friend to us, or made him most helpful to others; above all, the consciousness that we can never so describe him that he will appear to others as he did to us, and the certainty that our portrait will be sadly imperfect, make us feel at the outset that we may regret having attempted the work. And so I hesitate, almost fear, to attempt the story of Mr. Gunn's early life and struggles. He was more to me than a teacher; my love for him was the love one has for father, brother, and friend. To those who knew him as I knew him, all I can write will seem unappreciative. To those who knew him but casually, it may, in some measure, set forth and account for his rare development of manhood and manly goodness.

Frederick W. Gunn was born in Washington, Conn., on the 4th of October, 1816. He was youngest of the eight children of John N. Gunn and Polly Ford, who were married October 25, 1797. His brothers were John and Lewis. John, the eldest of the family, outlived him, dying August 13, 1883. Lewis died November 28, 1875. His sisters were

Louisa, who married Dr. Samuel P. Andrews; Susan, who married Bennett Fenn; Abby, who married Hezekiah Logan; Sarah, who married Thomas Pike; and Amaryllis, who married Lewis Canfield. Louisa and Sarah lived after marriage in Goldsboro, N. C. The others remained in Washington.

His lineage was good. He was of that sturdy yet gentle Connecticut stock from which so many noble and forceful men have sprung; conspicuous on the father's side for integrity, generosity, and true nobility; on the mother's for religious faith, quiet goodness, and benevolence. His parents lived, and Frederick was born, about a mile north-east of the village "Green" of Judea Society, in a house which stood upon the site now occupied by Edson Seeley. The old house, removed some years ago to make room for the present structure, remained until recently a few rods to the north-west of Mr. Seeley's dwelling. It was the ordinary story-and-a-half farm-house of the last century, standing with its side to the road, and painted, after the prevailing fashion of the times, a dark red with white trimmings, its front yard inclosed by a white board fence and ornamented with lilac bushes, roses, and a few shrubs. Through this yard ran the rarely traveled path to the front door, which was seldom opened, except for extra company to be ushered into the "keeping-room." The customary entrance to the house was from the south, into what in those days was at once the kitchen and living-room of the family. Add the ample fireplace, the "hearth-stone," and the "chimney-corner,"— now, alas! things by-gone,— and the picture is complete.

His father was a farmer, but so much a public man that for many years he held and discharged the duties of the office of deputy sheriff,— an office then held in much honor, which he so acceptably filled that he became widely known, and still lives in local tradition, as "Sheriff Gunn." Imprisonment for debt was then a part of the collection system of Connecticut, and the sheriff was compelled, in executing the duties of his office, to do acts as repugnant then to generous natures as now to the whole community. Mr. Gunn delighted to speak of the official kindness of his father, and of the instances in which he had endeared himself to those whom he was called upon to arrest and imprison under the harsh and cruel laws of that period. In one of his letters, written in 1845, he pays this tribute to his parents:

"My father was not a professor of religion, but I think he was none the less a Christian; and every year I get many a shake of the hand from those whom I never saw before, whom he had befriended while acting as sheriff. He was a man of uncommon moral as well as physical courage, whose integrity was beyond the suspicion of his enemies, and whose

benevolence never slumbered. My mother was a member of the church, universally regarded as a pattern of piety, who watched over me with too constant, too tender care, for I had no chance to learn the lesson of self-reliance."

Those who remember his mother describe her as one of the noblest of women, combining unusual refinement with an intensely religious nature, devoted to the church and its work, full of neighborly kindness, always ready to nurse the sick or aid the suffering, but one whose chief joy was in the care of her family.

MR. GUNN'S BIRTH-PLACE.
(A RESTORATION FROM DESCRIPTION.)

We all recognize, but can never fully understand, the effect which the rural surroundings of early years have on subsequent life. There is a subtle, yet powerful influence exerted in the formation of character by the scenes of natural beauty, amid which one spends his boyhood; the woods, hills, fields, sky, air and water, the birds and flowers, all seem to become part of the boyish life, and to develop and strengthen all manly traits and qualities. Mr. Gunn's home was "beautiful for situation,"—one of those spots so frequently found in Washington, where it seems as if nature had exerted herself to make a landscape to please the eye, to tranquilize the mind, and instruct the heart. Those familiar with the place will find little difficulty in attributing to the outlook from the homestead, and to the

hours passed in wandering over its acres, the germ of that love of nature which so clearly marked Mr. Gunn's life.

Amid those rural scenes, with the example and teaching of such parents, his infancy and early boyhood were passed, until, in his tenth year, he was called to bear that most severe of all afflictions, the loss of both father and mother. His father died October 3, 1826, and his mother January 15, 1827, during the prevalence of an epidemic.

He then became the charge of his brother John, than whom no one could have been better fitted to undertake the guidance of his youth.

His mother had designed him from the cradle for the Christian ministry; in the language of piety, she consecrated him to God. What that mother's teachings were, none who have been blessed in like manner need be told. In a letter written when men were charging him with infidelity, he speaks of having "never forgotten the instructions of a mother, the prayer she taught me at night, the hymns she sang when my aching head was pillowed on her bosom." Who shall say the mother's consecration was not accepted, that the mother's prayer that he might become a minister was not answered, in a larger and wider sense than her faith even dreamed of? His father, acquiescing in the mother's wish, intended to give Frederick a college education, and the design was carried out by using for that purpose the share of property left him.

As a boy Frederick was bright, earnest, original, inventive, and inquisitive about the reason of things. From his earliest years he was passionately fond of nature. He was at home in the woods. The animals, tame and wild, and the birds, were his companions. He especially loved trees, plants, and flowers. A few years afterwards he became much interested in the matter of phrenology as a science; a practical argument in its favor being that a phrenologist, who examined him, among other things said that his "bump of order was very largely developed." A story told of his boyhood seemed to verify the assertion:

The summer before he was ten years old he attended school on "the Green." He enjoyed visiting and talking with old Captain ———, an intelligent, but shiftless and somewhat intemperate man, living near the school-house, whose door-yard was disfigured by several gnarled apple-tree logs and stumps, which the Captain, thinking too hard and knotty for wedge and axe, had left to impress their unsightly ugliness on all who came to the house. Little Fred could not bear their appearance, and teased the old man to work them up into fire-wood, and, as a last resort, agreed to furnish powder to blast them and assist in the work. Getting the money from his mother, he procured the powder, and passed mornings and evenings and all the school noonings and recesses in help-

ing forward the undertaking. One afternoon he came home early, with a sad and disappointed face, and, to his mother's inquiry into the cause, replied: "Mother, the fun is all over. Captain ——— has drunk up the powder."

A lady, who was his teacher at the age of twelve, says she never enjoyed teaching any one so much; he was so eager to learn, "so interested in his studies, especially in natural philosophy." At thirteen he

SAUNTERING GROUNDS.

attended a school in Cornwall, Conn., taught by the Rev. William Andrews. One of his then schoolmates, the Rev. O. S. St. John, writes thus his recollection of him:

"Among my pleasantest memories are incidents connected with the Cornwall school, where I first became acquainted with him. I admired him then for his frank, genial, generous qualities, and, though we have not often met since we parted at Cornwall, I have never forgotten my pleasant companionship with him. I have scarcely ever met one of our schoolmates during all these intervening years but his name came up with pleasant remarks concerning his conduct while at school with us, and his useful life and history since."

His immediate preparation for college was under the tuition of the Rev. Watson W. Andrews, son of his Cornwall teacher, who taught the academy in Judea during the years 1831 and 1832. Mr. Andrews, on learning of Mr. Gunn's death, wrote of his former pupil: "It is fifty years this very autumn since I went to Washington, and he, a bright, genial boy, was one of my scholars. I soon saw how full of promise he was, and became strongly drawn to him. The following winter he was again under my care, and my attachment grew as I became more thoroughly acquainted with his mind and heart."

All his schoolmates and associates who still live speak of him, at this period of his life, with the same affection and enthusiasm manifested by those who became drawn to him in later and stormier years. He was their leader, and won their regard by the warmth of his friendship. He entered Yale College in the class of 1837, being at the time of his admission nearly seventeen years of age. Among his classmates were Chief Justice M. R. Waite, United States Senator William M. Evarts, Judge Edwards Pierrepont, Professor Benjamin Silliman, and others whose attainments have been conspicuous. His physical development had been slow, and, although always foremost in athletic exercises, sports, and games, sinewy and strong beyond his mates, he was very small in stature when he entered college. The contest for the class choice of "minor bully" was between him and Mr. Evarts, who was elected.

His scholarship was good but not conspicuous. He was not a bookworm: not a plodder. The time and energy which, perhaps, otherwise applied, might have won him the first honors, were largely used in the study of literature and poetry, and in physical culture. In the gymnasium he was excelled by none; growing rapidly, he reached in college his full stature of six feet, and became a model of manly grace and strength. Transferred to the city he lost none of his love for country surroundings. He excelled in the study of botany. He loved the freedom of the open fields — the solitude of the sea-shore. In those days, as all through his later years, he was fond of hunting and fishing. He enjoyed such pastimes with the relish of the true hunter and angler, whose real pleasure is found not in killing game or catching fish, but in the exhilaration which comes to one who roams alone the woods and fields, in the quiet peace of mind experienced when he wanders by the brookside, and watches the flow of the rippling water. Such a sportsman, truly

> "Exempt from public haunt,
> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

From his infancy he practiced much with the bow. Always deft in the use of tools, he made for his own use while in college a bow, the workmanship and strength of which his classmates still speak of with wonder; a bow which none but he could fully draw. With this he made long excursions into the open country about New Haven, bringing back game of various kinds which he had killed with his arrow, almost as sure of his mark with this weapon as he afterwards became with his unerring rifle.

A TROUT STREAM.

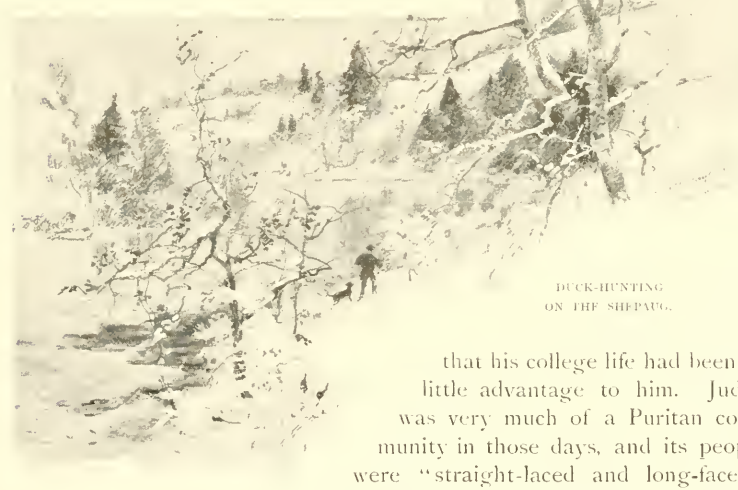
Had he been in college twenty years later he would have been first in the University boat crew, the athlete of his class. But physical culture in college was then in its infancy, and the student who became noted for strength and endurance was rather criticised than encouraged by the Faculty. In this, as in so many other things, Mr. Gunn was ahead of his time. His ideal was manliness. His development of that ideal was along the line of physical, intellectual, and sentimental growth. He cultivated muscle, health, imagination, taste, intellect! His unusual moral development came later in life, as we shall see. His idea of education, acted upon in his own college experience as well as when he came to be a teacher, was the perfecting of a noble manhood — the creating of a noble life. He studied rather for the effect of study upon the mind and heart than for

position in his class. He had no desire to be thought a scholar. He acquired learning that he might know himself a man. He was singularly oblivious to what the world calls fame. He would never contend for place. Others might have the honors of his class; he was content with the consciousness of power and benefit derived from study. At graduation he took one of the minor appointments, a dissertation. While his scholarship was by no means deficient, the impression he made upon his classmates was produced by his manliness. This is well stated by Professor Silliman, who, writing of him soon after his death, referring to his college days, says: "His very distinctly pronounced individuality and manliness are sharply defined in my memory." In college, as elsewhere, his sturdy, generous, and gentle nature inspired an affection rare among men. Seldom seeking friendship, he always welcomed it. His college course stimulated his love of the noble and generous in man, and his natural hatred of meanness. His exemplars were not the scholars and warriors of the past, but its patriots, its poets, its heroes. Tell was to him greater than Napoleon, Milton nobler than Bacon. Striving to live according to his highest conception of a true manhood, he could tolerate no lower aim in others. The pursuit of wealth, the push for position, the struggle for power, seemed to him ignoble. His standard of manhood was in many respects original, not patterned after others, but rather modeled upon his own conception of what was honest, true, and grand. Imperfect in some respects it doubtless was; marred by youthful but harmless follies it may have been; it unquestionably was modified in after years by thought and experience. But his aspiration, we may almost say his only aspiration, was always the same. It was simply to live the life of a true man, regardless of consequences, defiant of the criticisms of those who could not or would not appreciate his purpose.

Returning to Washington after graduation, he disappointed many, who expected him to adopt immediately some profession, by seeming careless and aimless as to his future. The homestead had been sold; and his sister, Mrs. Lewis Canfield, then living in the house which has since become the "Gunnery," invited him to make his home with her. How many there are who, with the writer, will remember with pleasure never to be forgotten the hours passed with Mr. Gunn in "his room," just to the left of the main entrance, where we first became acquainted with him — where he first began to influence our lives, inspiring in us the ambition he could not feel, and impressing us with that inner life we could not but admire. The small but choice library he had brought from college — what a treasure we thought it as he opened up its wealth! How he clad the authors

with a life more divine than human as he read their writings! How his kindly interest in us kindled our aspirations, and begat in us resolutions which thereafter took no note of obstacles but to overcome them. A very bright and dear sanctuary was that room. The flowers that we looked upon from the windows, planted and tended by his hands, were the brightest and rarest we have ever seen; but the brightest and rarest of all was his life as it unfolded and bloomed before our young eyes. Aimless at that time men may have deemed his life to be, but to us it was rich and grand. He was a teacher in spite of himself: he taught us how to live.

For a while his townsmen thought



DUCK-HUNTING ON THE SHEPAUG.

that his college life had been of little advantage to him. Judea was very much of a Puritan community in those days, and its people were "straight-laced and long-faced." Acts which would now pass for harmless frolic were then regarded by the elect with a kind of solemn horror ludicrous to look back upon. Mr. Gunn was full of youthful spirits. He loved fun, he enjoyed a practical joke, he liked to display his strength, and he occasionally engaged in some harmless schemes planned and executed expressly to shock the severe and staid proprieties of the Puritan village. The militia system had outlived its usefulness. It was a farce, and the State and the village as well as Mr. Gunn knew it to be a farce; but the "trainings" and the trappings were prescribed by

law, and the law must be obeyed. Mr. Gunn refused to obey the law, and directed the shafts of his satire against the system. Many were the practical jokes, intended to cast ridicule upon the colonels and captains, which were laid at his door. If the officers were "waked" too early and too rudely, by the tolerated custom of firing a salute under their windows, on the morning of the general muster, Mr. Gunn was sure to have inspired the program. If a notice for drill was posted on the sign-post, purporting to be signed by the proper company officers, but commanding the privates to appear in uniforms which would have outdone the dress of Falstaff's ragged regiment, Mr. Gunn was sure to have been the author. And so all the extravagances invented, and all the pranks played in ridicule of the militia, were charged up to his account.

The custom, long honored in New England villages, of ringing the church-bell on the occasion of weddings, was thought to be undignified, and it was solemnly voted in Society meeting that it should be discontinued. But no matter how securely the church and bell-tower might be fastened, no matter how carefully rope and bell-tongue were hid away, when the hour for the wedding came the bell would ring. The agencies were invisible, but the sound of the bell was certain. The people were sure that no one but "Fred" Gunn could be the author of the ingenious schemes devised to thwart the august will of the Society and shock the village propriety. And so, for a time, the solemn magnates of Judea wagged their heads and lamented that Mr. Gunn's college life had resulted in his becoming "too fast." Writing at this distance of time, it may be truly said that if the charge implied any real impropriety of life or conduct, anything dishonorable or mean, it was wholly unfounded.

The following story of one of Mr. Gunn's frolics may be taken as an illustration of the way in which he "sowed his wild oats":

Soon after leaving college, he went with a companion, still living, who relates the incident, to attend a "general training" at Woodbury. For some years gamblers had frequented such gatherings, and had lined the streets of Woodbury with their tables and games. Though the citizens felt their presence to be a disgrace, and knew their acts to be illegal, no one dared to molest them. Mr. Gunn proposed to his companion to "clean them out"; and so the two, with an air of authority, went through the streets seizing and breaking the gambling-tables. The gamblers and people looked on in astonishment, either paralyzed by the audacity of the act or supposing the young men to be officers of the law.

One gambler, a big, powerful fellow, attempted to resist; but with one blow of the fist Mr. Gunn laid him at full length on the ground. This

was the end of gambling at "general trainings" in Woodbury. Judge Phelps, the local guardian of the peace, said that he did not propose that the enforcement of law in Woodbury should be left to two Washington boys.

The reason for Mr. Gunn's hesitation in adopting some profession in life was twofold. He was really unambitious, in the popular sense of the term, and, though not without purpose, was reticent about himself and his plans. Unambitious, because, to one whose only standard of success was to live truly, the triumphs of wealth and fame had no attraction. But he had cherished all through his college course the purpose of becoming a physician. To his mind the medical profession opened the largest field of helpfulness to others, and, therefore, beckoned him to his duty. How he clung to this purpose, and how disappointed he was when he found that he could not enter that field, only a few of his nearest friends ever knew. It was a physical weakness that stood in the way. Strong and courageous beyond most men, he could not witness intense pain without fainting. He made strong efforts to overcome this infirmity, but without success. He was often in attendance as nurse in cases of great suffering, and made it a point to be present as frequently as possible at surgical operations, determined to conquer his weakness by an effort of will. It was impossible. Convinced that he could never cure himself, he was compelled to relinquish this dream of usefulness and to give up the only profession for which he believed himself fitted.

In the autumn of 1837, and while still hoping and expecting to become a doctor, and for the purpose of earning money to enable him to pursue his medical studies, he began teaching at the Academy in New Preston. He had little faith in his capacity as an instructor, and only engaged in it, as he supposed, temporarily.

The winters of 1837–8 and 1838–9 were thus passed. His teaching was successful, his school large and prosperous. His associations were pleasant, and his life tranquil and happy. He began to find that teaching was congenial. He began to see the opportunity it afforded to mold character, and to think seriously of following it in lieu of the medical profession which he had so reluctantly abandoned. He began to see that the true surgery was to cure mental and moral disease. He had a strong attachment for Judea—love of locality was strong in his nature; and when his success as a teacher in New Preston had convinced him of his fitness for the work, and created a love for it, he turned instinctively to his native village as the place for his best work.

In the autumn of 1839 the "Academy," which stood on the rocks between the church and the present "Hall," being vacant, Mr. Gunn

obtained permission of the trustees, and opened his school in it. His success in New Preston had given him fame as a teacher, and the schoolroom was filled to overflowing. He felt then that he had found his mission in life. He was still in the freshness of youth. He had met with no adversity to chill his affectionate nature. He had recovered from his disappointment in not being permitted to follow his chosen profession, and

From Gibson's "Happy Hunting Grounds." Copyright, 1886, by Harper & Brothers

"THE RUNNING BROOK."

felt the ardor of fresh enthusiasm in adopting the new one. His system of instruction then, as in later times at the Gunnery, was unique, aiming at broad manhood and character rather than the mere enforcement of mental discipline and the inculcation of dry rules and formulas. It will be described more minutely in another chapter.

His development had thus far been in the direction of mental and sentimental growth. His brain had become keen and analytical; he was logical

and a dangerous antagonist in debate. He had cultivated a pure and elevated taste, and an admiration for the noble and heroic, but his moral nature as yet had had little to test it. Naturally of upright life, he had had little occasion to think of abstract principles or to study abstract questions of duty. But a crisis was coming. Manliness, truth, principle, were words which were to have new meanings for him. Right was to become to him the touch-stone of life. To follow duty wherever and however it seemed to lead was to be for him a new experience, and duty and right were to lead him into the face of trials, of difficulties, of opposition, of persecution, through detraction and abuse, such as we, with the lapse of these intervening years, can scarcely realize.

It was the time of the fierce antislavery excitement—one of those periods in the history of communities when the hearts of men are stirred to attack great and hideous wrongs, and to do battle for the right with a zeal and courage which cannot be hindered or abated until the right triumphs—a time when not only fetters on human limbs but fetters on human thought were to be broken.

A great reform had begun. A few men had seen the wickedness of slavery and had fathered the movement for its abolition. Human rights in the eyes of these men had become sacred, and they had determined that they should be recognized and respected. But they were a few in number. Slavery was strongly intrenched and defended. Its power was everywhere felt; its influence penetrated the state, the church, society. It was a fearful sin and crime against God and against man, and eyes to see its wickedness and courage to attack it were given to only a few rare souls. They made the fight manfully and nobly, but they were met and opposed by almost the entire people. An abolitionist was but one against a hundred or a thousand. The assailants of slavery were proscribed, shunned, mobbed, and treated as social outcasts. Neither they nor their children were welcomed in the house of one who was not an abolitionist. The social proscription of those days can scarcely be understood or imagined. Probably the world has never seen a loftier courage or more heroic living than was manifested by the men who saw their duty to the slave, and through the slave to humanity. The slave was a *man*, and, as such, men were ready to suffer all things in his behalf, to die if necessary.

Like all reformers, the abolitionist was aggressive. Slavery was the crime of crimes, and it was, in his conviction, the solemn duty of all men to attack it. Whoever defended or apologized for it was as wicked as the slaveholder. The Whig party was deemed to be governed by the slave-holders,

so the abolitionist withdrew from it and made war upon it. The Constitution was claimed to guarantee the right of property in slaves, and the abolitionists repudiated and denounced the Constitution. But the battle raged fiercest in the church. Slavery was defended from the Bible; church organizations refused, upon the demand of the abolitionists, to pass resolutions against the institution, or to say that slave-holding was incompatible with church-membership or Christian character; while ministers preached in favor of slavery and against the abolitionists.

The little town of Washington was in a fever of excitement. The minister from the pulpit thundered anathemas against the abolitionists, while they, in their turn, denounced the church, and those of its members who apologized for slavery and the slave-holder, as equal in guilt with him. The minister proclaimed the authority of the church to bind its members; the abolitionists, in turn, defied the church. The doctrines of the church came to stand for religion, and the abolitionists attacked not only the church but its creed. The church retorted with the cry of infidelity, excommunicated the unruly and insubordinate members, and was, for the time being, victorious. It will be readily seen that such a conflict went to the roots of religious faith and doctrine. Men became freethinkers, in the sense that they thought freely and fearlessly. Sometimes, doubtless, they were wrong, but always in earnest and outspoken. Creeds could not bind the consciences of such men. They found a law higher than creeds; they inquired only what was duty to God and man, and did their duty as they saw it.

The abolitionists in Washington were few, but with God they were a host. Conspicuous in their leadership was Mr. Gunn's eldest brother John, a man singularly gentle, open-hearted, simple, and honest, but made of the stuff we worship in heroes and martyrs. Although by nature one of the most modest and quiet of men, and shrinking from public gaze, he surprised both friends and foes by becoming one of the boldest, sternest, and most aggressive champions of the slave. His intellect developed into wonderful keenness and power. His courage was undaunted, and, with a very few kindred spirits to aid him, he fought the antislavery battle in Washington to its final success. He was excommunicated, but not before he had practically excommunicated the church. The minister shunned and attacked him by turns, but, whether shunning or attacking, lost ground in the contest.

Lewis, Mr. Gunn's other brother, was a Methodist clergyman, whose profession took him much away from his native town, but whose strong and unique character always impressed his brothers. He also espoused

the cause of the slave, denounced the slave-holder and his abettors, and encountered the persecution which befell the outspoken abolitionist.

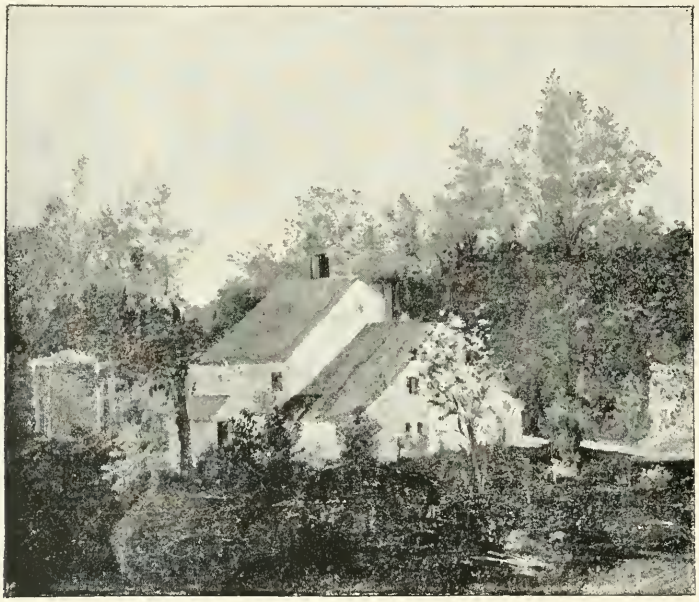
As a clergyman he was practically silenced; the conference would give the abolition preacher no charge, and he retired to the seclusion of his modest farm. Lewis Gunn was a moral hero. The weapons of his warfare were not carnal, but few men ever wielded the sword of the spirit or the battle-axe of the reformer more fearlessly. Had he lived in Boston or Philadelphia he would have been noted as a leading champion of human rights.

Frederick had taken little interest in this contest until about the time of his return from New Preston. But in such a struggle it was impossible for him to be neutral when once his attention was directed to the issue. He began to argue with his brother John, whose mind, gathering fire and acuteness from his convictions, was more than a match for the cooler logic of Frederick. Then he began to read abolition books and papers for the purpose of refuting the arguments contained in them that he might be able to convince his brother that the crusade against slavery was wrong. The result is easily foreseen. He himself was convinced, and with the lofty courage of his innate manliness became a leader on the antislavery side. His fearlessness, his severity of attack, his ability of statement, and his force of argument, marked him out for special condemnation. He was not a church member, his manner was not reverential, he had little regard for the outward formalities of the church, and therefore was the more easily branded an "infidel." The issue between him and the minister was well-defined and undisguised. The minister proclaimed him a heretic. He proclaimed the minister a bigot, and attacked what the minister preached as religion with all the weapons at his command. Argument, invective, ridicule, satire, he used unsparingly. The church members and the whole community other than the abolitionists sided with the minister. Mr. Gunn was stigmatized as an abolitionist and an infidel,—words of intense reproach, the import of which we now but feebly realize.

The effect of his course on his school can be easily fancied. Church members and parents who sided with the minister and the church one by one withdrew their children. Some, who secretly admired his courage and would gladly have continued to patronize him, were forced to withdraw their children through fear of losing their position in society; for Mr. Gunn, in the estimation of the community, was fast becoming an outcast, and those who would employ him as a teacher must share his ostracism. Loss of patronage never for a moment swerved him from his course; perhaps it gave a bitterness to his speech in defense of his cause,

but I do not think it embittered his heart. Possibly it made him defiant of public sentiment in his manner of carrying on the conflict; but I think those who knew him best will join me in saying that his real feeling was that of pity for his opponents, and that his zeal was never prompted by any thought of revenge for his own losses.

Washington was a station on the "underground railroad," and the occasional discovery of a negro at or near the house of some abolitionist was



THE GUNNERY OF THE OLDEN TIME. VIEWED FROM THE GROVE.
(FROM AN EARLY SKETCH BY THOMAS SMALES.)

sufficient evidence that the Fugitive Slave law was deliberately violated by the concealing and assisting of escaping slaves. Many were the meetings held at Mr. Gunn's room and elsewhere, attended only by a few of the more daring abolitionists, in which plans were discussed and matured by which the fleeing bondman was shielded from pursuit and aided in his flight toward Canada and liberty. Incredible as it now seems, such conduct was really considered criminal,—as criminal and sinful as any infraction of the moral law. It was earnestly and solemnly contended that Christian duty

required church members to make every exertion to ascertain to whom the fugitives harbored by the abolitionists belonged, and to aid in their return to their masters. Sermon after sermon was preached, based on Paul's Epistle to Philemon and the assertion that Paul returned Onesimus as a runaway slave, declaring the obligation of Christians to do all in their power to deliver the fugitive slave to his pursuers, and denouncing the sinfulness of all who concealed him or aided his flight. A system of espionage was organized, by those who accepted such preaching, for the purpose of ascertaining whether Mr. Gunn and others were in fact concealing and aiding fugitive slaves, of finding out to whom they belonged, and of furnishing information to their masters which should result in their capture and the criminal prosecution of those who had harbored them. It is believed that such espionage in several instances resulted in putting the agents of slave-holders on the track of the fugitives; but no captures were made, and so great was the care exercised by the abolitionists that sufficient evidence for their prosecution was never obtained. When the pursuit became too warm, the fugitive was driven in the night to the next "station" in Torringford, and the men-hunters were compelled to abandon the chase. Mr. Gunn never denied his violation of the Fugitive Slave law. He asserted his obligation to obey "the higher law" of a common brotherhood. He gloried in whatever obloquy attached to him for being true to humanity in disregarding an inhuman and barbarous enactment.

Three antislavery newspapers,—the *Herald of Freedom*, edited by N. P. Rogers; the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, then edited by Lydia Maria Child; and the *Liberator*, by William Lloyd Garrison,—seem to have had the greatest influence upon his opinions. They are mentioned in the above order, for the reason that they appear to have impressed him in that order. The *Herald of Freedom*, breathing the fiery zeal and scathing denunciation of its editor, seems to have most inspired him, while the no less radical but more gentle writings of Mrs. Child not only convinced his intellect but filled his heart with her own sweet spirit. Such a conflict had a wider reach than the question of the right or wrong of human slavery. The very foundations of human belief were involved; all creeds, all faiths, all principles were questioned. It was an era of intense thought, of rapid progress. Some great thinkers challenged the world's thought. Carlyle, Emerson, Theodore Parker, were appealing to mankind to cut loose from formal beliefs and question Truth fearlessly. Mr. Gunn read their writings and admired their thoughts. To read Carlyle, Emerson, or Parker sympathetically was, in that community, conclusive proof of infidelity. To quote them was to render one as obnoxious as to advocate the views advanced

by Tom Paine in his "Age of Reason." Mr. Gunn never avoided the conflict. Public meetings were the special method of spreading abolition principles. Lecturers from abroad, men of rare eloquence, expounded the great truths of freedom. Abby Kelly was one of the lecturers. Probably Judea was more indignantly hostile to her than to any other champion of the cause. The action of the church regarding her has been described in a previous chapter. All these meetings, held within a radius of several miles, were attended and promoted by Mr. Gunn. "Mob law" was then not unfrequent. Many of the abolitionists were non-resistants, but Mr. Gunn was not. He was exceptionally strong and active. It was understood that if mobbed or attacked he would defend himself and his associates. Many were the mutterings and threatenings at meetings where he was in attendance, but the attack was never made. His presence, doubtless, prevented many a scene of mob violence. Men respected his physical strength and courage if they did not his convictions. He seldom spoke in public. I remember but two or three instances in which he took part in antislavery meetings, and then without formality or attempt at eloquence. But in private conversation he let pass no opportunity of enforcing his principles. In conversational discussions he was invincible. He seemed to know that he was strongest there. Wherever men met, abolition and the abolitionists were the topics of talk; and wherever the subject was broached in his presence he took up the cudgels in their behalf. Of course it was ruin to his school. In 1843–4 the number of his pupils was reduced to eleven—all, I think, children of abolitionists.

The trustees of the "Academy" had prohibited its use by him, and so his "room" in his sister's house, before spoken of, was fitted up as a school-room. Teacher and scholars were now alike under a social ban, and were practically forbidden entrance to a majority of the families in Judea society. In 1844–5 his scholars were but nine. These were his darkest days. In the fall of 1845 some friends in New Preston invited him to return to that society and teach there again. Possibly a little local rivalry set the tide in this direction; the acquaintances whom he made there in his former engagement sympathized with him in his persecution, and though not abolitionists they were friends of Mr. Gunn, and proposed, as they expressed it, to "show Judea that Mr. Gunn could teach school in New Preston if he *was* an abolitionist." When it was known that he proposed again to open a school in New Preston, his opponents in Judea used every effort to persuade parents not to send their children to him. Everything was said that could be to show that he held opinions which made him a teacher to whom it was dangerous to intrust the training of

youth; all his sayings respecting the church, ministers, church members, the Sabbath, the Bible, were not only made use of, but were deliberately exaggerated and given meanings he never intended they should have. The charge that he was an abolitionist could not seriously injure his prospects in New Preston, and so the greater stress was laid upon his "heresy," upon his "infidelity." In many instances persons who had intended and promised to send him pupils were either dissuaded or frightened, but the friends who had invited him and pledged themselves to support him stood true; many abolitionists from surrounding towns sent their sons and daugh-

ters, and so the school was a success. It was continued through the winters of 1845–6 and 1846–7. Early in 1846 he began a correspondence with a dear friend whose good opinion he valued, and whose mind he feared had been poisoned by the reports which his enemies had circulated as to his opinions and his assumed irreligious belief. Extracts from that correspondence will be found among his written words which form the concluding chapter of this book. They give not merely a vivid pen-picture of the hatred and bitterness of this epoch, but attest how far ahead of his times was his undaunted spirit, how bravely he waged the battle, and how far removed from doubt and unbelief were the convictions which urged him on to duty.

During his teaching in New Preston his summers were passed in Judea, and he was frequently at his sister's during the winter months.

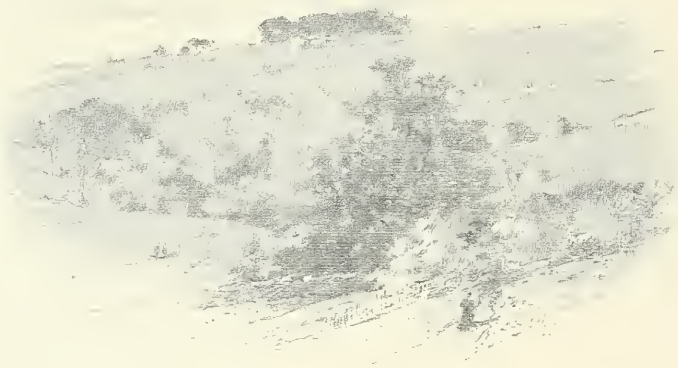
From his college days he had felt an attachment for Miss Abigail I. Brinsmade, daughter of General Daniel B. Brinsmade, which had increased with manhood, and ripened into a deep and tender love. His endeavor to secure a reciprocal affection on her part was made under difficulties. General Brinsmade was too noble and liberal a man to close the door of his house against Mr. Gunn's visits, as did many other of the leading citizens of Judea; but he was warmly attached to the church, its doctrines, and its forms, and while in his own heart he felt that slavery was wrong, he felt no less that the abolitionists were wrong in their attack on the church. While he could not justify the clergyman in his severe course toward the abolitionists, he could not condemn him without, in his own view of the matter, abandoning his fealty to the church. Mr. Gunn was most outspoken against the church and Rev. Mr. Hayes, and General Brinsmade, while he did not believe Mr. Gunn to be an infidel, could not approve his proclaimed opinions on religious topics; nor could he be entirely indifferent to the low esteem in which Mr. Gunn was held by most of the community. While, therefore, Mr. Gunn was not excluded from the family, he certainly was discouraged as a suitor. It required great courage and independence on Miss Brinsmade's part to accept his attentions; but she had been acquainted with him from his boyhood, she knew his noble nature, and could not be convinced by any clamor of prejudice that he was unworthy of her. Seldom able to meet, except in the presence of others, they compared views in a correspondence which lasted for years, and fully disclosed to each the depths of the other's character. They became engaged, but the engagement was kept secret by them until the consent of General and Mrs. Brinsmade, somewhat tardily given, was secured, when it was made public. When Mr. Gunn was once accepted as the future son-in-law of General Brinsmade his position was measurably strengthened in the community. The Brinsmade family was one of the most influential in Washington, and to attack Mr. Gunn now was not so safe. But whatever Mr. Hayes' mistakes may have been, cowardice was not one of his failings. His denunciation of Mr. Gunn as an infidel, a man dangerous to society, a person to be shunned and avoided, was continued. General Brinsmade and his family mildly resented his assaults, and Mr. Hayes carried the war into the midst of them. Mary Brinsmade, Abbie's younger sister, had been most successful in establishing a young ladies' Seminary in Judea. She became famous as a teacher, and many young ladies of distinguished families from all parts of the country were her pupils. Calisthenics were adopted as a school-exercise, and occasionally the pupils engaged in parlor danc-

ing, in which young gentlemen also participated. On one or two occasions, at General Brinsmade's, the company was entertained by some simple tableaux, in which a niece of General Brinsmade took part with others from the Seminary. Without warning, like thunder from a clear sky, Mr. Hayes preached a sermon denouncing calisthenics, promiscuous dancing, and tableaux, as the open service of Satan and the sure concomitants of vice. In directness of attack, and pointed reference to those who had participated in such amusements, he adopted the style of his former pulpit attacks upon Mr. Gunn and the abolitionists. But he had gone too far. The friends of General Brinsmade and his family rallied to their support. The proposed attempt to discipline the young ladies was abandoned, and a majority of the church and society concluded that Mr. Hayes was the real "disturber of Israel." The six months' notice provided for in his settlement was given, and his connection with the church as its pastor was dissolved. With his dismissal tranquillity was gradually restored, and the troubles in church and society healed. The abolitionists who had been excommunicated were (privately, though, not publicly) requested to reunite with the church, but declined. The contest, however, was ended. The abolitionists were no longer despised; no longer derided or proscribed. They had won the fight. Mr. Gunn was largely its hero and leader.

Justice to Mr. Hayes requires the statement that subsequent reflection led him to modify his views of the antislavery movement, and softened his feelings toward the abolitionists, particularly toward Mr. Gunn, and it was one of the great joys of Mr. Gunn's later years to know that all the old bitterness had given place to kindly sentiments. He was profoundly moved when he learned a few years before his death of the change of feeling on the part of Mr. Hayes, the members of whose family were among Mr. Gunn's most esteemed friends.

Dates have been to some extent anticipated in bringing the history of the struggle to its close. Before the dismissal of Mr. Hayes by the church, Mr. Gunn had gone to Towanda, Pennsylvania, to take charge of the Academy there. Towanda was the home of David Wilmot, the author and champion of the "Wilmot Proviso," whose Congressional district had rallied to his support with wonderful unanimity, and where to be an abolitionist did not subject a man to obloquy. At Towanda lived Henry Booth, a native of Roxbury and an old friend of Mr. Gunn, who, sympathizing with him in his persecution, having confidence in his gift of teaching, and believing that Towanda offered to him an opportunity for a large success, persuaded Mr. Gunn to relinquish his school in New Preston and estab-

lish himself there. He went, not without many misgivings. He loved his home, his native place, and doubted his ability to succeed in a new field; but he felt the necessity of doing something which should give him the means to provide a home for his future bride. He felt a spasm of the ordinary ambition of men; the ambition to make money. His ideas of the home which he wanted, and the life which he and his chosen one would spend in it, were characteristic of the man. A few extracts from his letters



GLIMPSE FROM A GUNNERY WINDOW.

to Miss Brinsmade may be introduced here, as they open a window into his inner life:

"One thought troubles me. I think of it a great deal. I feel that I am good for nothing, am doing nothing, am engaged in no business, have no profession, no activity, no energy, no industry. I am lazy, shiftless, improvident, good for nothing. I can not set myself to work. True, I have been busy heretofore, so that I have not had time to leave home much. My sister depends on me for a good many services which nobody else could render; but still I ought to have a life business, a steady and remunerative occupation, a home and a livelihood, so that you and I can pass the remainder of our days in happiness and usefulness. I long and pray for some "birth of Providence," as Cromwell used to say, to place me in the field of my labors or show me for what good thing I was created. I have some poor talent for teaching, but dare not rely on it, because the unpopularity of my religious opinions, as well as my strict adherence to unpopular reforms,

would always render me an object of suspicion. I can not rely on this in an illiberal world; people will not tolerate me in that capacity. I could carry a hod or dig a ditch, and find employment in spite of my opinions; but men will not allow the teacher of their children to have a soul of his own. If I were to establish an academy, it would be banned and blasted; so I dare not think of that. . . . I thought the assurance of your love would inspire me, would show me what I ought to do. I said, in a little while I shall find my work. I thought soon to be in business, but midsummer has come and here I am. Now you must advise me, inspire me, drive me away, send me to Oregon if you will, but you must make me do something."

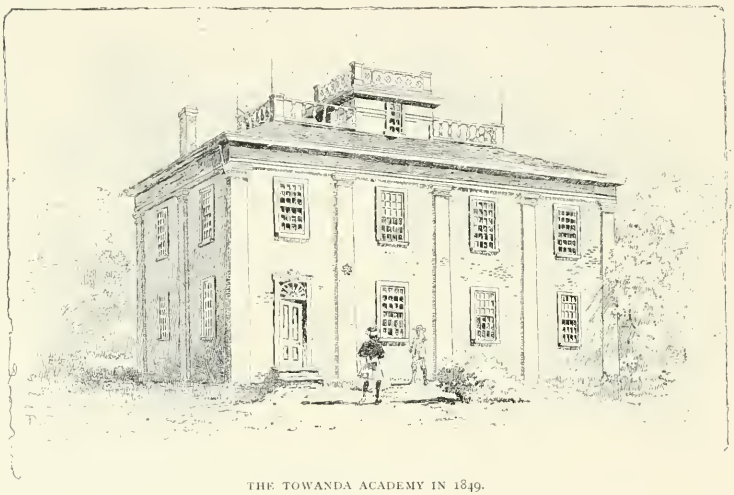
How little he realized then that he was to find his mission, his "life business," in teaching. But he was not always thus despondent. In another letter, written like the last from New Preston, in the summer of 1847, he says:

"Let me tell you my dream of happiness. A sunny nook in some quiet little home, with friends, the few that *love* us, books full of noble thoughts that encourage us in a truly heroic spirit, flowers that keep the heart ever young while the head grows old, leisure to cultivate our minds, to grow up together to the standard of a noble Christian character, and the ever-pleasant consciousness that we are fulfilling the mission whereunto a loving Father hath sent us. This has been my delightful day-dream. I have scarcely dared hope for it, but now I *know* that your heart as well as mine longs for such a life. We will never let our souls grow old worshiping Mammon. We will never forget, as so many do, the culture of our higher life, the living a spiritual life; we will listen to the great voices that through the world are uttering the mighty words by which society is stirred; we will do our part to elevate human life, to disseminate and exemplify those high sentiments whereby the next era of man is to be more noble than any the world ever knew. The great movements of the age, we will keep a careful eye on them, while, day by day, between ourselves and the world around us, we will lead a life of loving fidelity. We must not forget this. It is what God wants his creatures to do. How the world almost universally forgets this; how they live as though to make money, to gain popularity, to *acquire* something *out* of them, was the great end of existence, letting *character, soul culture*, growth in soul, go uncared for, as though these were of no consequence! I have been afraid lest, if I entered the strife with them, I should become like unto them. . . .

"What a life we could lead in such a home! My great anxiety is to find such a home, to find my work which shall secure us such a home, to put myself in a situation to give you such a home, where the friends, the books and the flowers, and the leisure for enjoying them, may all be ours—to find this, and quickly. . . . We must talk it up, we must discuss all kinds of business. One thing I want: a business which shall keep me at home—such a life as I have led for some years. If I only knew how to compass it! I have been very happy with my sister and friends, very happy; it has been a joy to me to live. . . . I hate to go off the

Green. I hate to come to New Preston. But then, knowing I must come, I come contented. Oh, that I had my life mapped out before me, a fixed home, a sure business, a certainty of a livelihood." *

What a contrast between his aspirations and the ambition of the present day. Money-making, money-getting, money-power, had no place in his longings. His was a great soul; and it was too completely absorbed with great thoughts to leave any room for selfish desires.



THE TOWANDA ACADEMY IN 1849.
(RESTORED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS. DRAWN BY F. V. DU MOND.)

On the 1st of September, 1847, he opened his school in Towanda. The enterprise was most promising. His methods of teaching were new, his discipline unique, and, though somewhat criticised, the school was, on the whole, popular. Scholars multiplied, and before the close of the first term numbered more than one hundred. Mr. Gunn looked forward to his marriage at no distant day. He seemed to have "established an academy" that was not to be "banned and blasted" on account of his opinions, and to have found the "work" which was to secure him the home of his dreams.

In March, 1848, at the end of his second school term, he returned to Washington to be united to one who had already ennobled and sweetened

* Other letters from Mr. Gunn, contemporaneous with the above, were originally included in this chapter, but have been transferred to "Mr. Gunn's Written Words" at the end of the volume.

his life, and who thenceforth was to become part of it. He was married, on the 16th of April following, in the church which had been the scene of so many conflicts, and in which he had been so fiercely assailed. The wedding ceremony was performed just as the sun was sinking to rest over the western hills he loved so much. The village lads, unable to forget the stories of his youthful bell-ringing pranks, revived the traditional custom for the occasion, and the village-bell pealed out its happy notes as the wedding-party left the church. Returning to Towanda in time for the summer term he resumed his school, which was continued through the summer, autumn, and winter of 1848, and the spring of 1849.

During the winter he began housekeeping in the second story of a quiet, unpretentious frame house, near the north end of the main street. The "snug nook," the "quiet little home," consisted of two rooms; but it was brightened by contentment and hallowed by love, and lacked only the presence of the far-away Judea friends. Here the first child, Daniel Brinsmade Gunn, named after his grandfather, was born, January 9, 1849.

After the birth of Dannie, a longing to return to Washington, amounting almost to home-sickness, took possession of his heart, shared to some extent by Mrs. Gunn. Like all true-born Judeans, they yearned to live again within its borders. They longed for the companionship of the relatives and friends they had left there. Society in Towanda was of a different type. It lacked the simplicity, the freedom, the warm-heartedness to which they had been accustomed; it was formal, and for those days fashionable and elegant, and Mr. Gunn felt that he could not long continue a contented and congenial element in the community. He came more and more to see that his "life-work" was to teach, and his judgment as well as his intense love of locality told him that Judea was his appointed "field of labor." The "birth of Providence" for which he had prayed had taken place. In Judea the verdict against him had been reversed, the old-time prejudice had died away. He was assured by General Brinsmade and other influential friends that the time had come when he could establish a school there without opposition. He needed little urging to decide him. In the autumn of 1849 he returned, and began teaching again in the Academy on the Green. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Canfield then owned and occupied the house which was the nucleus of the present Gunnery. It was not until October, 1850, that, through the generous provision of General Brinsmade, Mr. and Mrs. Gunn became its owners and keepers, and started the family school which for so many years has been famous. They began with a dozen boys, and it was not until 1860 that the number increased, and meanwhile there were two or three

THE RUNNEL BELOW THE GUNNERY.

years when it was reduced; but there were always the day scholars. Though their family of boys was small, and their purse was light, Mr. and Mrs. Gunn had the home of their hopes and prayers, in which they were constantly together, and in which their thoughts and their endeavors were all for the same object. Their labors and their self-denials were unceasing, and sometimes the purse was empty; yet, as surely as it became so, their anxiety was relieved by some unexpected payment, and they learned a peaceful trust in God's care of them in that particular as in every other. They seemed to rejoice in the self-denials which enabled them to give to those in need, and to confer kindnesses on those they loved. Their daughter Mary was born January 20th, 1853.

From such beginnings, and with its foundations laid deep in patience, self-denial, and fortitude amid persecution, sprang the Gunnery School. The field on which the battle had been so well fought became the field on which the grand success of the master's life was subsequently wrought out. The very house into which, in 1844, he retreated, with the little handful of scholars that could not be driven away from him, became the educational home of hundreds who to-day, scattered through many states, and in many lands, revere his memory. Of the "Gunnery," its history, its character, its memories, others will write.

I must close this labor of love with the briefest summary of his character.

Mr. Gunn was a rarely developed man, possessing largely all those generous qualities and characteristics which inspire confidence and love in others. Keen and vigorous of intellect, he was tender and true of heart. He was proud, not haughty. His pride was that of conscious nobility and rectitude. He loved God, loved man, loved truth; and he served God, served man, served truth. He hated evil, wrong, falseness, meanness, and he made war on them always. He was unflinching in his devotion to principle — uncompromising in his conflict with the wrong. He was pure and virtuous in life, reverent toward goodness and purity, but contemptuous toward bigotry and shams. He had the courage of his convictions, and practiced rigidly what he believed. He was generous in his sympathies, warm in his friendships, ardent in his love. There was no malice in his nature. Open and frank in his intercourse, helpful in conduct, his example and teaching were an inspiration. His great aim was to live a noble life himself, and aid others to live such a life. His ideal standard of living was more divine than human, and his struggle was to attain his ideal. He may have been faulty; who is perfect? He may have been harsh in his judgments at times; but it was not because his nature was harsh. He was gentle and tender as a woman; but in the championship of the weak he struck harder than he thought. He was unambitious, careless of worldly honors, indifferent to wealth or fame. Had he chosen he could have easily filled a larger place in the world's notice. He neither achieved nor sought success as the world measures success; but he realized the great aim of his life in that he lived and died a true man, and impressed on many lives the seal of a sterling manhood.

III

Mr. Gunn as the Citizen

AS the Gunnery grew in prosperity and prominence it naturally became so much a part of Washington that its founder could not fail to fill a leading place in the little community. The same traits that marked his unique discipline of the school were shown in all his relations to local affairs. His knowledge of boy nature was part of a larger knowledge of human nature in general; and in much the same way that he shaped youthful character in the school-room, he molded public opinion outside of it. For he was not merely a schoolmaster by profession, but a born leader of men by virtue of broad and commanding qualities, which impressed themselves upon all who knew him, and which in a larger field of activity might have gained him a world-wide name. Ambitious chiefly to live a life of the fullest manhood, his indifference to fame and fortune limited the circle of his reputation, yet strengthened his influence in this chosen locality, and brought him into closer relations with the people of his native town than could have been held by one whose interests were widely diffused.

The preceding chapter has recounted the struggles of his early manhood, when he stood in defiant opposition to public opinion, the determined champion of humanity and freedom, denounced from the pulpit, and condemned by his neighbors to a condition of social ostracism that was in striking contrast with the honor in which he was held during the last thirty years of his life. Such influence as he had during that earlier period was apparently a negative quantity. Yet then it was that he showed most strongly the manliest traits of his character, the fearless devotion to truth and right, the outspoken hatred of all wrong and injustice, which were the source of his power for good in the community, and which required the harshness of adversity for their development. So

he must himself have felt when he wrote to her who afterwards became his wife:

"We should be pale and sickly of soul like greenhouse plants if fed only on dew and fanned only by the zephyr. . . . We need all influences. I have been growing, I fain would hope, in some degree as God would have me. . . . I for my share have had abundance of storms and wintry ice—the hate of those I could have loved—assaults from envenomed tongues, the opprobrium of those reputed good—my name has been cast out as evil; those whom I have loved have been warned against me. I have been obliged to bear coldness of look, unkindness of speech. . . . This disapprobation of my neighbors to a nature so fond of being loved as I am has been my portion of the winter's cold and iciness. This has braced my spirit, and has taught me self-reliance to absolve me to myself, and to walk in the light of my own conscience, however dim and flickering that light may be. . . . If I were dumb when humanity wants my voice, if I were to suppress my convictions and fetter my soul for the sake of retaining their friendship, I should never dare look my own soul in the face again. . . . Better to lose all my friends by being thoroughly understood than to obtain them by appearing what I am not."

In the words of the Spanish proverb, "All things are possible to him who can wait"; and Mr. Gunn had not long to wait, for within two years after writing the words above quoted he had returned to Washington and established the Gunnery School, and from then on to the time of his death he continued to gain in the esteem of the towns-people.

The turning of the tide in his favor was due to various causes, most obviously and immediately to his marriage. In fact, Mr. Gunn is said to have once deliberately assigned this as the sole reason of his success, and certainly this was one of the marriages that are thought to be made in heaven,—a rare union of minds harmonious in their aims and ideals, yet differing in such a way as to balance each other. Mrs. Gunn was in many ways the complement of his nature. From his earliest manhood she was the inspiration of his highest thought, elevating his standard of conduct, yet tempering the radical, impetuous elements of his character with a sweet, womanly conservatism. She fully justified his hope that in their marriage they "might lead a useful life, culturing in each other a love for goodness and nobleness, and a supreme confidence in God." There is no question that his alliance to one of the most respected families in the community, with the high standing of Daniel B. Brinsmade, his father-in-law, was of great advantage to Mr. Gunn at a critical period in his career. But the deeper cause of his success is to be found in the character of the man himself more than in this or in any external circumstances.

At the same time other things were working in his favor. A change of public sentiment was everywhere taking place on the question of slavery, which had been the immediate occasion of his unpopularity. A few had always recognized the true nobility of his nature, and this number rapidly increased upon his return as the founder of the school. Moreover, as the opposition subsided, his own outspoken aggressiveness was diminished. Experience taught him the value of tact and conciliation in dealing with

WASHINGTON GREEN.
[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMAS SMALES.]

men who opposed him through a misconception, though he never restrained his indignation against willful wrongdoing. His instinctive understanding of human nature blended with natural qualities of leadership to give him an influence that grew with each year.

He was not a regular attendant at town meetings, but was usually present when measures of importance were discussed, and particularly when his counsel was really needed. In such case all sides of a question shared his consideration. But he never failed to take a position that there was no mistaking. In fact, he not only took sides himself, but obliged others

to do so. It has been said of him that he could not abide the man with two opinions, and still less the man without any. Yet this positiveness of character was never displayed in an offensive or domineering manner. He had an inimitable way of stating his views with a humor peculiar to himself, which allayed instead of arousing the spirit of opposition, and stood him in good stead whenever he had to make friends for a new measure at first unpopular. It often happened that he would be called into the meeting as an adviser, when the diversity of opinions and the discussion of ill-considered views had resulted in such a confusion of ideas that there was no prospect of agreeing upon any plan of action. Then it was that some clear-headed person would quietly slip out of the hall and down the hill to the little room in the tower, where Mr. Gunn could almost always be found. As soon as the matter was stated to him, his ready knowledge of local affairs enabled him to understand the situation almost instinctively, and by the time he had reached the hall his mind had grasped all the essential points involved, and was ready to elucidate it to the perplexed assembly. When Mr. Gunn arose to explain himself to the audience of farmers, all eyes centered on his stalwart form, as he glanced around with the humorous twinkle of his eye which presaged the joke or facetious statement of the question that was followed by a burst of laughter, and put all the listeners into a good humor, preparing them for a favorable consideration of his reasons, which were advanced with a clearness and persuasiveness that seldom failed to convince the majority of hearers, and to reconcile all the opposing views.

The homely illustrations he used on such occasions were so well adapted to his rural audience that some of them have acquired the currency of village proverbs. The following, though characteristic enough, is by no means the best that might have been preserved: A certain measure had been persistently opposed by one man, though favored by all the others. Mr. Gunn advised them "to go ahead, and then if Mr. ——— (the dissenter) continues to hold back, let him till he breaks the breeching." Not an elegant metaphor surely, but very forcible to the mind of a farmer.

He was no autocrat. He could always give full weight to opposing considerations and suggestions by others, and if, as seldom happened, his own plan was not adopted, no petty resentment lingered in his mind. Even when subsequent events proved the correctness of his views, he was never heard to use the words "I told you so," or any equivalent of that phrase. He was far above favoring any plan simply because it was his own, and no man could drop personal feeling more readily. An arch foe of his, a Democrat, once ran for selectman of the town. Mr. Gunn, who saw

the fitness of the man for some local exigency, voted for him, and was delighted when the return of the ballots gave him a majority of one vote.

It was only when a principle of right and wrong was involved that his mind could admit of no debate or compromise. And on the temperance question he was more ready to act than to speak, though he could, and sometimes did, both in a very characteristic way. When he had just returned from college, an ardent advocate of temperance, barn-raisings throughout the country were usually accomplished by the joint labor of all the men in the neighborhood, who, in return for their assistance, were treated to a plentiful supply of liquor by the owner of the barn. The result was often a disgraceful scene of disorder, and the better class of the community had already begun a reform. But there was a certain locality known by the sulphurous name of "Hell Hollow," where a barn was to be raised, and the near neighbors utterly refused to take any part in what they derisively called a "cold-water" raising. Mr. Gunn determined that the barn should be raised without resort to whisky. Though many doubted his ability to do this, he succeeded in mustering a sufficient force on the ground early in the morning of the appointed day, and thus stole a march on his "ardent-spirit friends," who looked on jeering at the teetotalers, but lending no hand in the work. The "good wife" then brought forward the refreshments, consisting of cake and cold water. An old gray-headed sinner among the recusants, of whom there were some forty standing around, not one having lifted a finger except to raise the cake to his mouth, came up to Mr. Gunn and, slapping him on the shoulder, said, "Young man! you look like a chap who can give a toast. Come, give us one!" Mr. Gunn filled his glass to the brim with cold water, and raising it exclaimed, "Here's success to the cold-water raising, and no thanks to 'Hell Hollow,' or any of the devils in it."

His aggressiveness in the matter of total abstinence may be judged by a single example. During the building of the railroad a man opened in Washington a low groggery for the sale of drinks to the workmen grading the line. He drove a profitable trade until he was found out. A party of substantial citizens, led by Mr. Gunn, instantly visited the hut where the liquors were sold, razed it to the turf, and poured every drop of liquor on the ground. To the threat of prosecution for damages he promptly replied, "I take all the responsibility, sir."

When a thing needed help he gave it. His fertility of resource was always equal to the emergency. And thus it came to pass that when any public enterprise was broached one of the first questions would be, "Have you seen Mr. Gunn; what does he say about it?" If his assistance had

been promised, it was sufficient. "Go ahead" was the word, and go it did. The extent of his influence can in some degree be measured by the remark often heard since his death, "We have no Mr. Gunn to help us now."

There are many instances of his kindness and almost prodigal generosity, some of which have been mentioned in other chapters. In all cases he seemed never to think of himself in comparison with others. He had contributed largely to the building of the new town hall, when, thinking that still larger accommodations would be needed, he added the rear gallery entirely at his own expense. His acts of generosity sometimes took an original form, as when, on several occasions, he obtained permission to plow, fertilize, and sow a worn-out meadow owned by a widow

or man too poor to cultivate it, afterward taking great satisfaction in the sight of the new crop of fresh green herbage which he had produced. He once also gave a considerable sum of money to an Irishman for the purpose of adding a cornice to a humble and unsightly dwelling that had been built on the public road and greatly annoyed Mr. Gunn's æsthetic sense; and when a laboring woman, white-washing a wall, splashed on the floor, and attributed it to a bad brush, Mr. Gunn handed her a two-dollar bill for a new one, "just to make it right."

A poor townsman, in whom Mr. Gunn had no reason to interest himself, had been convicted of theft and imprisoned. On the very day of his return from jail Mr. Gunn sent for him, received him in a friendly way, and engaged him to go to work for him at once.

He felt the same interest in the improvement of the towns-people as in that of his pupils, though the needs of the two were, in general, very different. The delicately-nurtured boy from the city was made to join in active sports and lead a hardy, out-door life to teach him manliness, forti-

tude, and self-reliance. The natives of Washington had less need of such training. Like Mr. Gunn himself, they all had more or less experience of "rock-ribbed soil and wintry blasts." They required most the warm sunshine of genial, humanizing intercourse, social amenities, the refining influences of books, lectures, and dramatic entertainments; and it was to these objects that the efforts of Mr. Gunn were chiefly directed.

When the Gunnery School was established in the modest little cottage, it gave the master and mistress a home of their own and an opportunity to carry into effect a long-cherished plan for bringing the people of Washington into better social relations with one another. Mr. Gunn believed that the greatest need of a rural community was a freer commingling of its members, a relaxation of the grim, half-isolated existence that had characterized Puritan New England. He wished that the young people especially should be provided with innocent amusements. In the eyes of the older generation, card-playing and dancing were born of the devil; but he saw that such diversions were harmless in themselves and could easily be made useful factors of social life. For this reason he not only tolerated, but in a temperate way encouraged them.

The mother of two of his boys who had been kept from card-playing was rather shocked, on visiting Washington shortly after sending them to the Gunnery, to find the youngsters deep in the mysteries of "Everlasting," or some equally simple game, and asked Mr. Gunn if he really thought it wise for boys to be trusted with cards. He said: "Well, you may be pretty sure they will learn to play cards some time and some where. The only question, aside from the harmlessness of the amusement, is whether it is not better for them to do so openly and at home." The boys were permitted to play cards at home from that day.

As a means of bringing together the school and the towns-people, old and young, he established the Friday evening receptions at the Gunnery. "Reception" is rather a formal word to give to those happy gatherings which had nothing formal or regular about them, except the time at which they were held; for they have been of regular weekly recurrence from the beginning, or with scarcely an interval in school-time or vacation. They will remain in the minds of Gunnery scholars as long as the memory can recall a single scene of school-days. And no one can doubt the good effect of the receptions in brightening, refining, and improving the social life of the little village.

Mr. Gunn was naturally consulted about every question that arose, and he had thus many opportunities for working good results, in a quiet way, by friendly talks with the neighbors who came to see him in his little sit-

ON BELL HILL.

ting-room. He had an intuitive perception of the needs of those about him, and he encouraged them in everything that could be made to work for their benefit. Boys especially he encouraged to have opinions of their own, and not to drift with the current of hearsay. Every form of idle gossip he discouraged in the strongest possible way, giving no credence whatever to a rumor that was not supported by proofs, and utterly dismissing it from his mind, but not until he had first visited the informer with a sound moral lecture. But even from this his humor often took away the sting, as it so frequently did from his punishment of boys. This keen sense of the ridiculous was apt to be uppermost in his mind at all times and made him good company for every one. This was the one trait of his character that appealed to all, and that old and young alike could appreciate; it kept alive the spirit of youth in his heart, and remained still bright even in the last hours of his illness.

He was always quick to see when anything could be turned to account in a useful way. As one instance of this may be mentioned his choice of such plays as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Neighbor Jackwood," to be performed in the School Exhibition at the close of each term. He saw in them a means of bringing vividly before his local audience the evils of slavery, and of extinguishing the last remnant of pro-slavery sentiment that still lingered in the community. The performance that might otherwise have been simply an exercise for the Gunnery scholars was thus rendered undoubtedly effective in appealing, through its realistic representation, to minds which could not have been reached by direct argument.

Soon after the founding of the school Mr. Gunn became the prime mover in another enterprise which had more especial reference to the improvement of older people — namely, the village library. If not the actual originator of this institution, he took so active a part in planning it that his election as its first president followed as a matter of course; and

the odd manner of circulating the volumes, if not suggested by him, is certainly characteristic of his methods. On a certain day of each month all the books were separately sold off at auction to the highest bidder, who acquired simply the privilege of keeping his purchase until the next auction day, the proceeds of the sale being devoted to increasing the library. The president was *ex officio* auctioneer, and the pioneer members of the association can still recall the excitement that attended those earlier sales under the stimulus of keen and humorous comment upon the titles and contents of his wares by the auctioneer, who knew them well and was so successful that in several cases, it is said, as much as the entire price of a coveted new book was paid merely to secure to the buyer the first reading of it. The Gunnery boys were permitted to bid for books, and one of them learned his first lesson on the importance of knowing what he was buying when he bid in a book called "Dunn Brown Abroad." "You don't want that, Johnny," said Mr. Gunn, after he had knocked down the book to the persistent bidder—and Johnny found that he didn't want it. He was only ten years old, and thought he was securing further information about his favorite hero—a sort of sequel to "Tom Brown at Rugby."

The founding of the library was followed by that of the Judea Lyceum, which was organized by Mr. Gunn, and without his active assistance would have been no more than the ordinary village debating society. He presided at the earlier meetings, introduced questions of political and social import as subjects of debate, and especially encouraged the discussion of current topics of the day. He taught the members to closely observe parliamentary rules, and gave them elocutionary drill and instruction, all of which he was abundantly qualified to do. Under his direction the society became, far more than the average of its kind, a useful factor in developing the minds of its members, some of whom became distinguished in after-life; and one, now sitting in the United States Senate, gratefully recalls the discipline gained in those unrecorded debates on the rustic floor of the Judea Lyceum.

The Dramatic Association was an important outgrowth of the school exhibition. As the school grew in favor, parents and relatives of scholars from surrounding towns attended the performance of plays, older people took parts in the cast, and this naturally led to the organization of a society for theatricals. It was expected that the character of the performance would warrant a charge for admission, but it was first of all unanimously resolved by the association that all the receipts should be applied to some form of public benefit. The first play selected was Sheridan's "Rivals," which was given March 10, 1870, in the then newly completed

Farmers' Hall, which was adorned with pictures and plaster casts from the proceeds of the entertainment. Other performances soon realized the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars, which was used in building a generous bay-window to the parsonage—an application of the money which Mr. Gunn had facetiously suggested as an effective means of setting at rest the minister's doubts concerning the propriety of theatricals. The Dramatic Association has survived its founder, and is still as flourishing as when he directed its affairs. It has realized more than three thousand dollars as its total receipts, all of the money having been used for the improvement of the village in ways suggested by Mr. Gunn, and during his life-time under his direction. But the greater benefit which Washington derived from the "Dramatics" was in the improved social relations of its people, who were brought together at the Green from miles around for an evening of rational enjoyment such as would otherwise be unknown

A SIDE-HILL, NEAR THE GUNNERY.

to them. Next to the Gunnery receptions, the Dramatic Association has contributed more than anything else in Washington to dissipate that narrow, out-of-the-world feeling, which is characteristic of small rural communities.

The financial success of these entertainments encouraged Mr. Gunn to plan for a town course of lectures by noted men. A committee was authorized to make engagements with some of the most distinguished lecturers in the country, who, of course, received their regular prices, and, though the little village of less than thirty families could not of itself have provided a paying audience, the enterprise as a whole was made profitable through the attendance from the surrounding country. The chances of loss, however, were apparently so great that they would probably never have been taken but for the earnest desire of the teacher and his untiring exertions to secure the means of intellectual culture for his towns-people. Yet so quietly and unobtrusively was his work done that

few were ever aware of the important part he played in bringing a large number of famous men to lecture in Washington.

The instances cited are enough to show the traits which made Mr. Gunn the first citizen of the place, in whose strong personality a steady stream of charity, civic virtue, and progressive impulse had its bounteous spring. Ardent, public-spirited, and fearlessly fair, the stimulating figure of Mr. Gunn as the good citizen is scarcely overshadowed by that of the instructor.

For all the good he did, Mr. Gunn was far from being a professed reformer. He had none of the zeal or self-conscious devotion to a cause which belongs to such a character. In fact, men usually classed as reformers

THE ROXBURY ROAD.

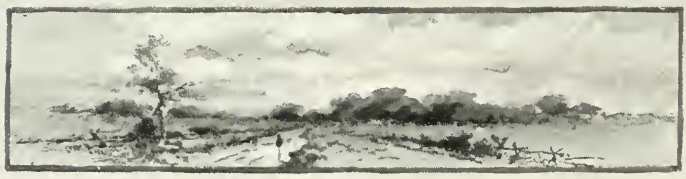
would not have understood him. His motives were simply a healthy human interest in all phases of life, and an earnest desire to benefit those about him. He won sooner or later the esteem of all who had at first condemned him, and the sincerity of his motives was never doubted; yet he was so spontaneous, so little given to using conventional forms and phrases, that many failed to appreciate the serious side of his nature. This was partly due, no doubt, to his very characteristic attitude toward the church. He had vigorously opposed the pro-slavery sermons of the

AN OLD LAND-MARK.

Rev. Mr. Hayes, but with all succeeding ministers personally he stood on the best of terms, giving them aid by substantial acts of kindness, seconding their efforts, and proving himself in many trials a warm and steadfast friend. No one who thoroughly knew him could doubt, and his letters abundantly show, his rare elevation of character, spiritually no less than morally. But it was well known that he had never become a member of the church. Loyalty to his conscience did not permit him to subscribe to certain theological dogmas which his mind rejected, but which were regarded by the church as essential; so that in the strict, conventional sense of the term he was not a religious man. Yet in all practical Christian works, and in everything that concerned the welfare of the church, he took so active a part that it has been aptly said that, though he could not be regarded as a pillar of the church upholding it on the inside, he was like a strong buttress supporting it from without.

When all this has been said, there remains a sense of the inadequacy of any mere summary of facts to portray the influence of such a man upon the community in which he lived. The subtle, unconscious impress of a noble personality that was felt by all, the manliness of character that showed itself often in the commonest acts, the example of a life free from sordid, selfish aims, can none of them be measured by tangible results. The

more deep and far-reaching consequences of Mr. Gunn's life have been and are yet to be realized in the lives of those made better by his presence; and no one can doubt that the town has shared with the school in reaping the fruit of his unselfish labor. Indeed, the memory of school and town is closely blended in the thoughts of the old Gunnery boys who revisit the place,—some to make summer homes for themselves near to the spot where their happiest years were passed, and amid scenes that recall their walks and converse with the beloved teacher who is with them no longer. And thus, perchance, even to the most material appreciation, the destinies of the simple village of Washington have been changed unconsciously by him who now lies at rest in the grave on the hill-side near the scene of his life's labor.



CHURCH HILL PLATEAU.

IV

Mr. Gunn as the School-master

IF one may speak in a vein of paradox, the radical idea of Mr. Gunn's system of school government was to have as little government as possible; or, more fitly, it may be called a scheme of self-control rooted in the personal conscience of the boy, and least felt because least exerted. A school, in Mr. Gunn's theory and largely in his practice, was a mimic republic, the head of which ruled by a kind of delegated power, only to be exercised within the limits of the common good. The more memory reverts to the administration of the Gunnery, the more palpable and clear becomes this conception of the teacher. All his analogies were drawn ideally from the composition and functions of a well-ordered State. The scholars were to him embryo citizens, interested in the weal of the school community, and each charged, as an individual, with the duty of conserving it. Mutual confidence was the common ground on which met master and pupil, the ruler and the ruled. No man more willingly than Mr. Gunn, however, conceded the imperfections and difficulties of the plan. When the best political system shaped by the ballots and laws of mature men falls far short of Utopia, few could argue perfection in self-government by boys. Nevertheless, the scheme was chosen deliberately by the master; through all his long career as an instructor he clung to it tenaciously as the best working theory for a school; all his keen and sagacious insight into the character of boys and his utmost resources as a

teacher were drawn upon to carry through that theory; and the final success that crowned his work and made famous the Gunnery and its head amply vindicated his judgment.

Two special influences, however, were potent in promoting the success of the Gunnery experiment. One was the rare genius of its projector, and that unerring instinct which guided him in molding for good ends the traits of boys. A second and more accidental element was the happy chance that environed the school by a peculiarly exemplary community. Washington, as has been shown in previous chapters, did not escape the tempests, theological and political, that swept over New England during the first half of the century. But at most these have been temporary episodes, breezes which have ruffled, not changed, the even current of social life in the town. One may look far through New England before he finds a village made up of social ingredients so pure, so unaffected, and so sweet, as were united on that bucolic hill-top. It was a sort of benign commune in its even division of property, its social equalities, its harmony of interests. Neighbors ran in and out at will through one another's doors without the formality of knocking; no factory classes were there to debase the tone of public morals; crime and vice were well-nigh unknown, or came as startling phenomena that shocked the village to its depths; for years before the coming of the railroad no citizen locked his doors at night; while prohibition of liquor-selling was always enforced with a rigidity almost fierce. Add to these local traits public spirit, hospitality, general education, and a widely diffused intelligence, and it will be seen how well the place was adapted for a training school for boys. No narrow code of pedagogical rules or rigid bounds were needed to enforce discipline, for the Gunnery lad, go where he would, encountered only sweetness and sound morals. Of equal moment as bearing on the outcome of the Gunnery plan was the keen sympathy and interest between the village and the school. Each seemed to live for the common good of both, and each reflected on the other the mutual good-will. Town boys and Gunnery boys fraternized on even terms, and so identified were the school and village that one hardly knew where the one ended and the other began. The active interest of the teacher in all town affairs, the attendance of day scholars of both sexes, the ball games, and the annual school exhibitions, all tended to perpetuate and solidify the union. In all the forces which wrought for the Gunnery its stature and its growth, this environment of a temperate, wholesome, and harmonious community must be counted the first.

Throughout his scheme of discipline Mr. Gunn always set the mere

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FAMILIAR OUTLINES.

training of the intellect in a remote second place. His central objects were manhood, moral courage, physique, and that grandest of human traits expressed by the word *character*. Without these he conceived that the boy's maturer life would be like a house set on a flimsy base, easy to be wrecked at the first blast of the world's temptations. He used often to call bookish learning an affectation, and the pursuit of it a loss of time, both for teacher and pupil, unless the boy had enduring and manful traits. In every estimate of the Gunnery system of education this supreme aim of the teacher must be kept in view. It explains a laxity of rules, which under other

local conditions might have been fatal to the order of a school; it gives a clew to methods that at first glance seem pedantic and whimsical; and it sheds most luminous light on the subtle inner spirit of the school-life, on the deep and lasting affections, and on the tender memories which shine backward on the old days, wherever now in the big world a Gunnery boy makes his home.

The teacher passed away in the fullness of his fame and usefulness; but he lived long enough to hear those whom he taught as lads sanction his system with their matured judgment as men; to find them by word and example testifying to the benign influence of his training; to see that every school reunion brought them flocking back for a brief but happy holiday; to know that wherever his boys had scattered they nurtured loving memories of scenes that the ordinary grown-up school-boy too often recalls with cynicism or hate. And when the old teacher finally slept, the tearful throng of old boys who gathered from far and near to bear him to his grave bore solemn witness to the mighty influence of his life and work. When one compares with that strenuous and ennobling career of the teacher-parent the lives of hundreds of men whom the world deems good instructors; men who may make boys learn but cannot make them love; who treat boys as young imps to be thwarted and harassed by cruel devices; who reveal in their own daily conduct a hundred petty meannesses; and who are finally remembered by their old pupils only with contempt — when the contrast is made between qualities like these and those of the head of the Gunnery, one realizes how far removed from the dismal routine of the pedagogue is the office of the true and earnest instructor.

On the eastern slope of the Washington Green stood the little, square, drab-hued building in which Mr. Gunn for many years taught his boys. It was a plain, unpretentious structure with its rough entry, its lower story used for the school, and its upper room, where town meetings, an occasional petty trial before a justice of the peace, and now and then a local entertainment, used to be held. Enter once again, in memory, that school-room, now disused after the lapse of years! It is neat and tidy, with well-swept floors, freshly-painted desks, and seats worn smooth by many a generation of boys. Its walls are prettily papered, and engravings hung at intervals redeem it from all likeness to the old-fashioned country school-room, with its dismal and colorless monotony. Behind the desks are thirty boys and a dozen girls. The boys range from the farmer's lad with his misshapen sack-coat, blunt, angular boots, and sunbrown face, to the newest arrival from the city, with lily cheeks and the tailor's superlative triumph in his garb. In front sits the teacher, a man six feet high, of mighty thews, with the head of a Scandinavian Viking and the frame of a gladiator, but

with a sly twinkle of the eye and a mobile face that breaks easily into a sunny smile. A slender, carefully-whittled hickory-rod — his "cudgel," Mr. Gunn used to call it — rests loosely in his hand. On a cushioned chair near by a young greyhound is sleeping, and another dog of smaller size rests, nose on paw, upon his master's knees. The open windows flood the school-room with sunlight and fragrant air. Outside, the maples are quivering in the breeze, and the sharp twitter of a bird or the rasping note of the locust cuts the hot stillness of the day. Glancing out of the window you may see dispersed on a rocky ledge, or under the shadowy maples, half a dozen boys of trusted scholarship conning their books. The school is quiet and orderly. If a boy is detected idling, the quick eye of the teacher marks him down, and some keen shaft of pleasantry draws

NEAR "KIRBY CORNERS."

the attention of the school to the offender, and turns him back blushing to his task; or, should he be caught again, he is perhaps sent out of doors to hug a tree for an hour, or pulverize a brick for a like period. Sometimes the big heart of the teacher swerved from penalty to pity. A steady boy of twelve or thirteen years perchance nodded in the heat over his book. Often then Mr. Gunn would signal him gently with his forefinger, and climbing into the master's lap the youngster would sleep peacefully while the teacher heard recitation, and the pet dog, driven from its warm perch, sulked jealously to the door. Very rarely — not more than half a dozen times a year — and only in extreme cases, was the rod used; but when it fell it came down with a vigor and emphasis that passes verbal metaphor; nor did the boy, big or little, ever live that for an instant dared confront that Hercules in strength and omnipotent Jove in angry looks. As well defy the lightning or with puny fists beat back the onset of a

locomotive. The annals of the school record only one case of even verbal defiance. "You haven't the pluck, sir, to say boo to a goose," cried the master once to a listless but high-spirited pupil. "Boo!" shouted the angry lad, looking Mr. Gunn straight in the eye. For an instant the master's face flushed with anger, but a titter of the school reminded him of the hit, and he joined his boys in a hearty round of laughter. A good joke or quick sally even at his own expense was the master's weakest point, and many the trembling culprit who by some fortuitously odd reply softened the teacher's anger and mitigated penalty.

The school exercises were devoid of all religious observance except the reading of a chapter of the Bible, verse by verse, in rotation at the opening of the morning session; and even this was dropped in later years, when the Bible in Public Schools became a semi-political question, appealing to Mr. Gunn's acute sense of religious liberty. As to the average of scholarship, it was unquestionably low. The boys, as a rule, studied in a rather desultory and aimless fashion. There was no incentive of graded marks, and there was slight punishment even for repeated remissness at lessons. But the boys were mostly young, and of the older ones few were making definite plans for college. From fitting boys for the higher education the master habitually shrank. He detested the narrow drill and super-refined cunning by which boys were crammed like wadded cannon with knowledge to be shot off once at an examination. His method of teaching the dead languages was original and characteristic. "If a boy can once read the text fluently and correctly," he used to say, "the syntax will come of itself." So a boy found himself reciting two hundred lines of Virgil a day, or half as much Homer, long before he knew the jargon of *oratio obliqua* or potential optatives. It went hard at first with those lads when later on they faced the iron drill of the collegiate schools. Nevertheless their quick facility in graceful translation eased their way, and a few months usually found them abreast or ahead of their mates. With scarcely an exception they afterward took good places in college, and were graduated with many honors. Teaching decimals and the proper place of the decimal point in a row of figures were two of the master's special hobbies. "Every boy," he used to say, "has a decimal point in his life, and when the crisis comes has got to know where to put it."

In the teaching of the English literary branches Mr. Gunn was strict and unflinching. Reading aloud was taught to the whole school for an hour each day, the text-book being usually either a Shaksperean reader or a poem of Sir Walter Scott, parts of which the school would recite in unison. Pure inflection, correct accent, and smooth rhythm were insisted

on as rigorously as in a school of the drama. The scholars grew so familiar with the "Lady of the Lake" and "Marmion" that they could recite from them for half an hour without a break in the loud and musical chorus. Sometimes, when the school was assembled for the reading exercise, and as Mr. Gunn began to ascend the flight of stairs to the school-room, he would repeat a line, perhaps

"Far up the lengthening lake were spied
Four darkening specks upon the tide,"

A RESORT FOR PENANCE.

and instantly the roomful of voices joined in with his, and "amain they plied the ancient Highland strain," till he had reached his platform and his arm-chair, and

"Ever, as on they bore, more loud
And louder rung the pibroch proud."

Each Friday afternoon was given up to declamation and composition, which the teacher, himself a capital speaker and writer, criticised mercilessly.

At the close of the winter term, for two weeks all regular study gave way to preparation for the yearly exhibition of the school, lasting for three nights with its programme of songs, plays, and declamations, humorous

and somber. The performances were given in the upper story of the "Seminary," so called after its change from an old Methodist chapel; and by reason of the faithful training of Mr. Gunn the dramatic entertainments produced were often of a very high order of merit. These exhibitions were great events in the yearly annals of the little town, and finally became so famous that people from neighboring villages came long distances over the muddy, spring roads to crowd in under the curved rafters of the smoke-stained ceiling, and witness the plays; nor ever, particularly during the abolition struggle, did the master fail to point a political moral by dramas like "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or "Dred," besides a plentiful admixture in the shorter pieces of antislavery prose and verse. An incident that occurred at one of these entertainments hits off at a stroke the humorous susceptibility of the man. Among the members of the school was a Yankee lad, whom we may effectually disguise under the surname of Brown. This boy was a singular and amusing character. Physically, though almost six feet high, he was so gaunt and elongated that he was dubbed by the school nickname of "Bones." One of the brightest lads in the school, he was also a perfect apostle of mischief, in and out of scrapes from morn till night. What was more original was his coolness, which no crisis could disturb, and a readiness of repartee which rose to every emergency. On that particular exhibition night the leading piece was a dramatic version of Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii," a play abounding in melodramatic effects and an effulgence of red fire. The powder imported from New-York which produced the lurid stage-fires of those days also emitted a terribly pungent smoke, and to carry off the vapor Mr. Gunn had invented a flue, connecting with a stove-pipe which led through a window behind the stage. At rehearsals the contrivance had worked admirably; but on the night of the play, owing to a change of weather, the flue proved a radical failure, so that every atom of smoke drifted out in a thick cloud upon the audience, throwing them into paroxysms of coughing. Presently the coughing subsided, when Brown, seeing the fun relax, began a volley of ear-rending "hawks." The sharp eye of Mr. Gunn lighted on the focal point of this new spasm. Presently the curtain at the wings opened, and the stern face of the master appeared as with ominous forefinger he summoned Brown behind the scenes. Suddenly the main curtain rose. Enter Mr. Gunn leading the attenuated Brown by the ear.

"This, ladies and gentlemen," said the master, "is Mr. William Brown, who has just been disturbing our exhibition so outrageously."

Brown never flinched. Eyeing the crowded assembly with a patronizing air, he bowed gracefully through some ninety degrees of arc and

responded: "Good-evening, ladies and gentlemen. I'm exceedingly happy to meet you."

For a moment the master's eye flashed fire. He threw one annihilating look at the cool offender, while the audience, catching the fun of the situation, burst into laughter, in which Mr. Gunn joined heartily as he rang the curtain down.

Brown, with his immense fertility as a mischief-maker, was so picturesque a figure in the activities of the Gunnery that he must not be dismissed without reference to another of his characteristic tricks. He and

From Gibson's "Pastoral Days." Copyrighted, 1880, by Harper & Brothers.

A "WAITING-PLACE."

the writer were chums in one of the upper chambers of the present "Hexie," in those days christened the "Wash-house" from the weekly use of the basement as a purgatory for the family linen. One of the closet doors of our room was a capital butt for the paper target of a parlor-pistol, and ere long a circumference as large as a hat-rim looked like the apex of a pepper-caster. Then Brown, who in his manifold resources was a sort of school boy Ulysses, set his wits to work to cover up the betraying bullet-holes. Ere long he devised a code of highly moral regulations for the government of the boys rooming in the wash-house. These he handsomely engrossed on a large sheet of white paper

and pasted over the perforated space. Brown's triumph was complete when Mr. Gunn on one of his nightly rounds at bed-time read the rules over and specially commended one clause that forbade all practice with parlor-pistols, which just at that time had become a perilous nuisance. In the household renovations, during the next vacation, Mr. Gunn must have discovered the holes, for we found the mask removed and the shot-marks filled with putty and repainted. But the master made no allusion to the offense, and we inferred that, as usual, a good joke had pulled us through.

A more striking example illustrates one phase of the peculiar discipline of the Gunnery. In the society of the quaint village pretty girls were uncommon, and a lively thrill of sentiment vibrated through the breasts of the older boys when a ruddy Western belle of a decided type of beauty visited a family in the town. The new-comer was, of course, in great demand as a partner at the village gatherings, and became the spring of heart-burnings without number which it is no part of these pages to record. Two of the older boys, however, were unduly smitten, and their rivalry for the charmer's favor culminated in acute jealousy which their perverse mates fanned to flame. It was decided finally that nothing less than a pugilistic meeting could balm the wounded honor of the love-sick foes. A rough code modeled on the rules of the prize-ring was drawn up, and the two stalwart striplings met in a secluded glade of the grove behind the Gunnery. The next morning the vanquished appeared at breakfast a woful spectacle, wearing the red marks of the fray. Mr. Gunn quietly learned the details but never uttered a word. He recognized in the resort to force by big boys an arbiter from whose decisions there was no appeal; and, in fact, after the momentary flutter of excitement caused by the fight, the whole affair was forgotten, and the antagonists ere long, with the departure of the fair object, became good friends.

So, in another case, where Mr. Gunn overheard a steady boy and good scholar cursing his room-mate roundly, the master listened until he learned the extreme provocation, then stole quietly away, and a gentle though earnest admonition a few days after was all that followed. A final instance even more impressively illustrates the teacher's non-interference theory in the case of big boys and his subtle recognition of what few instructors would deem their rights. A famous game of base-ball had been played at Litchfield between the Gunnery nine and a team chosen from Litchfield residents and picked players from Dr. Richard's school in that town. As usual, the Gunnery club won an easy victory. The Litchfield team, though worsted at base-ball, contained two precocious young

billiard-players, and, nettled by defeat, they challenged the two best handlers of the cue in the Washington nine to a match of three hundred points on the only table that Litchfield then boasted—a half-sized affair with battered cushions, scarred and plastered cloth, and six pockets, each as big as a two-quart measure. Every one familiar with the game of billiards knows

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PENITENTIAL MEMORIES.

its inherent perversities and how the most desperate chances, aided by the nervousness of rivals and a little good luck, often prevail over superior skill. This was precisely the event in that famous match. Never did balls roll more viciously for Litchfield's unnerved representatives or

better than for the much-scratching pair of tyros from the Gunnery. Just as the struggle was at fever-heat the door-way darkened and the ominous figure of Mr. Gunn entered the room. The air was hazy with the rich gloom of tobacco smoke—which nobody detested more than Mr. Gunn—and a well-stocked bar reared its hated outlines in plain sight. Every Washington lad with a cigar dropped it, paled with the crisis, and expected nothing less than to be tumbled, neck and heels, out of doors. But the master quickly withdrew without uttering a syllable. Those who know aver that he never referred to the intrusion again beyond a gratified chuckle when he heard of the result of the game.

The instances cited, in which Mr. Gunn winked at serious technical violation of the school-rules, were very rare, however, and affected only the older scholars. The rush of generous impulse seemed for the moment to make the master a veritable boy again, sweeping down the barriers of age, and conquering all scruples of authority. They were touches of humanity that revealed the young heart always palpitating in the bosom of the grown man. But usually in misdemeanors of the kind, and particularly to any offense that smacked of meanness, Mr. Gunn was unbending. A lie was his peculiar abomination, to be visited by the severest punishment, and reckoned well-nigh unpardonable in a big boy. Drinking and smoking ranked next to falsehood in his hatred. Once or twice he found that an epidemic of smoking had crept insidiously into the school. He gave each offender an active emetic, and sent him to bed for a whole day. The use of filthy or profane words usually entailed the same drastic remedy. But the fiercest bursts of the master's anger and his harshest penalties visited any form of intemperance. A boy who on a day's trip to Waramaug Lake or to New Milford even entered a grog-shop (Mr. Gunn never used any other term for a place where liquors were sold), lost the master's confidence completely, and for repeated transgression might expect expulsion. By moral suasion, by personal example, by every illustration of the vice that he could fancy, he impressed on his boys the woes of drunkenness, their duties as total abstainers, and the deadly perils that lurked in the slightest indulgence.

This steady inculcation of temperance was but one offshoot of his system of direct instruction as to the duties of citizenship. In his school-talks his most vivid metaphors were those drawn from the relation of the citizen voter to his community and State. Every afternoon toward the close of the school session, when the lumbering stage-coach brought the daily newspaper, the sheet was read for half an hour to the boys, with a running fire of crisp comments, each conveying some earnest hint as to public duty; and

BUTTERFLY HUNTERS

all this civic instruction was emphasized by the master's own personal and strenuous part in every town enterprise from the building of a new railroad down to a petty caucus of his political party. He ignored office, yet that very fact seemed to stimulate his sense of civic responsibility. Once he accepted, more by way of fun than anything else, the humble office of hayward, an unpopular Yankee functionary charged with the duty of impounding stray cattle. Mr. Gunn often used to pull out his commission and read it with jocular glee; but vagrant cattle nevertheless always went into limbo, save in one case, where he himself paid a poor man's pound fee. As school visitor he once had a written report to make to a town meeting. The report had for years been deemed a mere formality, but when the assembled freemen treated Mr. Gunn's as such he stopped reading abruptly and refused to proceed unless they cared to listen. Four of his boys once bought liquor at a grog-shop in New Preston. He summoned the seller promptly before a justice, assumed himself the office of prosecutor, forced his boys to testify, made a ringing appeal for temperance, and got the offender roundly fined.

A whole chapter of this volume might fitly be given up to a narrative

of the grotesque punishments which Mr. Gunn visited on petty offenses in his school and family. A boy of uncommon diffidence might be sent to call on some village spinster or, worse yet for the blushing youngster, on some comely village lass. A youth too boisterous would be dismissed for a four-mile walk, ordered to hold a chip in his mouth for an hour, or to run a dozen times around the church on the Green, sounding the tin dinner-horn at each corner in rotation. Two small boys caught fighting were often ordered to sit, one in the other's lap, taking turns thus for an hour or two. Pounding a log with a heavy club was a favorite panacea for superfluous energy in the family sitting-room. Once a mischievous youngster was seen sprinkling a dog's face with water at the tank behind the Gunnery. The master, who had a tender spot in his heart for animals, stole up behind the offender and ducked him liberally, to give him, as he said afterward, an inkling of the feelings of the dog. At the Gunnery it used to be a custom to allow a boy to take the anniversary of his birth as a holiday, and a too clever lad was detected by Mr. Gunn celebrating thus his third birthday within a single year. The next genuine anniversary of the boy's birth came on a Saturday, which the recusant celebrated by hugging a tree for several hours while his school-mates enjoyed the regular school holiday. A resident of Washington tells how, years ago, he found at the fork of two roads and hugging a sign-post in anything but sentimental fashion, a youth whose only reply to questions was, "I'm a poor miserable sinner," that being the formula of penance which the master had prescribed. A dozen lads some twenty years ago were caught raiding the bow-apple trees of the neighbors. Mr. Gunn made them draw up a formal address of apology, bear it in procession to each of the amazed owners of the trees, read it on their knees, and pray forgiveness. A single truant once caught committing the same offense in the orchard of a poor widow was sent to work all day picking up stones in one of her fields. The most awkward youngster in the school, who had stepped for the second time on a young chicken with deadly consequences, had for twelve hours to wear the fowl hung to his neck as a locket. In the same way Mr. Gunn had before cured a cat-killing dog by hanging one of the dead animals around the brute's neck. One of the larger boys tormented a chum of inferior age by putting a chestnut-burr in his bed. The next morning he found the burr on his breakfast-plate and no other breakfast to be had. A boy who had stoned a cow was sent to deliver a penitential oration for half an hour to the whole herd in the barn-yard. When a very young boy after repeated warnings appeared in school with soiled face and hands he was sent down to the family

washer-woman, with a quarter of a dollar in his pocket, with orders that she was to charge extra if she found the contract too large. Similarly, when the master once broke a new cane on a very bad offender, he entered a charge for it of fifty cents against the lad's father, who paid it cheerfully, and actually sent a letter to the master thanking him for having laid the rod so hard on the wayward son.

Actual wickedness was severely punished by Mr. Gunn, sometimes in the good, old-fashioned way; but his motive in inflicting for minor faults the odd penalties here alluded to seemed to be to take cognizance of the error in a manner that would sufficiently incommode the culprit without hurting his self-respect or leaving an angry smart. The boy appreciated the fact that "he stood corrected"; but he also appreciated the humorous side of the penalty. Those who revisited Washington after leaving school sought no familiar haunt with more interest than the shrines to which they had made penitential pilgrimages under orders—Kirby Corners, a gentle jog around the square; the old saw-mill in the hollow, which, visited at night, was weird and ghostly enough to sober the wildest urchin; Moody Barn, as redolent of pleasant memories as of new-mown hay; and, for more serious faults, distant Judd's Bridge.

"Old White,"* Mr. Gunn's Gothic steed, in her later years only kept alive for Auld Lang Syne, and long ago gathered to her equine fathers, used to be constantly preyed upon by the boys who drew hairs from her archaic tail for their rabbit snares, until a very palpable stump protruded. The embryo foresters when discovered in the proceeding were ordered to restore the hairs, which they did, after a temporary fashion, with mucilage and cobbler's wax. One day in school the boys seemed uncommonly listless. At last one of the laziest of all complained of being sick. "Any boy who's sick, hold up his hand." More than half the lads "in fun" did so, but their fun ended abruptly when the master sent them down to Mrs. Gunn to receive each of them a strong medicinal dose of boneset-tea. School sickness was at a discount for several weeks after that.

During the writer's stay at the school, Mr. Gunn took offense at the habit of many boys of carrying their hands in their pantaloon pockets and

* Old White for a long time ranked as one of the institutions of the Gunnery. Her angularity was evidently organic, and beyond the cure of fodder. Mr. Hurlburt, years before the episode cited, had brought her from New Haven, her owner having offered her for twenty-five dollars, provided a kind master could be found. When Mr. Gunn called to see her with a view to purchase, he eyed the quaint animal quizzically for a few moments. "Well," quoth he, "I'll take her if you say so. She's got a good tail." Her willingness to "go" as fast as her poor foundered legs would let her gave easy currency to the legend that she had been a great racer, and at least one generation of Gunnery boys graduated in the full belief that she was a retired Queen of the Turf.

appointed a committee to sew up the pockets of offenders; in less than a day half the pockets of the school were closed, including those of the committee and of the teacher himself, who cheerfully submitted to his own penalty. It came out in a family meeting that some of the little fellows had fallen so far into temptation as to smoke sweet fern, and this was the sentence passed upon them: each boy within a week had to gather twenty bushels of sweet fern, and lay it in a heap in the grove for Mr. Gunn's inspection. These boys were busy mortals for the next few days, and they afforded considerable amusement as they were seen trudging along the roads and bearing to the Gunnery big armfuls of that sturdy, fragrant New England weed. This little interview described by a friend was one of many as characteristic: Mr. Gunn was sitting on the piazza with a boy in his arms. A handkerchief tied closely around the boy's face drew my attention to him, and I asked him if he was suffering from toothache. "Oh, no," said Mr. Gunn, without waiting for a reply from the boy; "his mouth is disabled; it has forgotten how to speak the truth,— to speak just what he thinks and knows, no more and no less."

He insisted on neatness and order, and often a family meeting was called and made a court of inquiry over a bit of paper found on the lawn, or a peanut-shuck on the stairs. Once there was a question as to the history of several pieces of orange-peel in the grass in front of the house. The forty boys were summoned and made to stand in a row on the long piazza. Mr. Gunn called upon each one to state what he knew about the orange-peel, and at the end of the investigation he formed the dozen or more culprits into file, the tallest at the head, and made them march in solemn procession about the yard until they had picked up all the offending scraps, and then to the pig-sty to deposit them in their proper place.

One of the graduates of half a generation ago contributes a story in all its phases so characteristic of the Gunnery life as to justify its insertion here without essential change: "I wanted to wake up early in the morning to go trout fishing; having no alarm-clock, the notion of taking to my room one of the family roosters to crow at dawn was suggested to Mr. Gunn, who laughed at the plan and said he had no objection to my taking a rooster, cow, or any other barn-yard creature to bed with me if I chose. So I placed the big Brahma cock on the back of a chair and went to sleep. It so happened that I occupied a skylight room, and when the moon rose about twelve that night the rooster thought it dawn, and sent forth his shrill clarion. The sound woke several of the larger boys, who came in, and while one knocked the bird under the bed, another gave me a spanking. Next day when I reported the facts to Mr. Gunn, the scene that followed

was very amusing. He asked my age, which was eleven years, then the number of slaps I had received, which I reported to be thirteen. Then he addressed the school, telling all the boys who were eleven years old to stand, and asked how many would like to give Tom V ———, who often teased the smaller boys, thirteen good slaps on the particular spot where he had struck me. All were eager to get even with him. So at noon Tom was ordered to bend over the church-steps, and the boys were given permission to choose their own weapons as the offender had chosen his. I was

TRAMPING-GROUNDS.

made captain of the procession, and urged my subordinates to hit hard. From a few boys Tom got a spanking of ordinary degree with the bare hand or a shingle with a hole in it: but I recall two long-suffering boys who had taken from a near fence a chestnut-rail, which they proposed to use as a battering-ram on Tom's person. The idea was borrowed from Greek history and the siege of Troy by battering-rams. Mr. Gunn, however, interposed to thwart the excess of justice, and the culprit was effectually punished without it."

The master's system of penalties as illustrated by these examples may at first sight seem pedantic and more humorous than disciplinary. But the keen instinct of the teacher made them singularly effective. His quick eye took in the failings of a boy at a glance, and every one of his off-hand penances for peccadilloes were leveled unerringly at some flaw of character. Every institution of the school, even to the sports of the field, was

impressed into his punitive code. A boy sulky or effeminate would be ordered to go a-fishing, sent into the *mêlée* of a foot-ball game, or put on second base, in those days of lively balls the key position of a base-ball game. Many old boys of twenty years ago will recall an Ohio lad, fat, pulpy, and so incurably homesick that during each daily cycle of his two years' stay he used to blot off the date from the almanac so as to comfort himself by some material emblem of the lapse of time. Mr. Gunn found him moping one day and sent him to second base. The players plied him with work, and for half an hour he stood there dodging balls, a pallid picture of woe. At last there came to him a hot line ball straight from the bat. For one fatal instant the victim lost his head until too late to elude the ball, which caught him fairly in the pit of his rounded stomach. With a yell of anguish he bowed over, the ball "stuck" in the fold of the body, and the striker was declared "out" amid shrieks of merriment.

The discipline of the household centered most effectively in that original institution called the "family meeting," which began some twenty years ago, the leading features of which will be described in a later chapter.

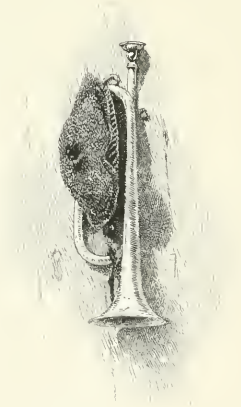
During the civil war, under the spur of the martial fervor of the times, the master adopted drilling as a branch of the school curriculum, muskets being supplied from the State armory. The drill-master was a warm-hearted but choleric German nobleman then in exile from home for some political offense, but now restored to his ancestral domains and a member of the German Reichstag. With his martial function in the school he united instruction in the modern languages, fencing, dancing, and horsemanship. One of his peculiar lines of punishment was snapping the head of a pupil with his stout middle finger in a singularly acute and convincing way. In the drill, though he had Prussian notions of exact discipline, he was sadly handicapped by his broken English, which, with its decrepit tenses and wandering genders, was a source to all of us of unbounded fun. In some of his more angry moods his grammar was of astounding originality. Once, for instance, when his company was fronted in double lines, he gave the order, "Right wheel," correcting it instantly into "Left wheel"; but his perverse rank and file, ever prompt to take advantage of his slips, wheeled both wings into each other in wild confusion. Then the frantic drill-master rushed among his demoralized troops, cuffing officers and privates right and left, as he yelled, "Captain Parsons, you are a geese," and pointing to various others, "You geese, he geese, him geese, *all* gooze," emphasizing the last expletive with a wild fling of both arms in air. The provocation in this case was one specimen out of many by which the refractory company harassed its leader; and, if its perversity

in mimic warfare were any test, in actual strife it would have been terrible only to itself.

Mr. Gunn's intense realism and contempt for hypocrisy and cant have been portrayed in an earlier chapter. In his methods of discipline they took the shape of humanizing boys and making them natural rather than giving them an artificial polish. "Will you give me some '*on*velopes?'" said a boy one day to the master. "No, sir," he replied, "but I will give you some en*vel*opes." He used to tell with zest of a college professor who, pointing out a common road-side plant, remarked to a passing countryman, "That's a splendid specimen of *Verbascum thapsus*." "Gosh," responded the rustic, "I thought 't was mullein." Mere tell-tales in the school he despised. "Don't dare to come to me with your petty complaints," he used to say, "but learn to take care of them yourselves and to distinguish between personal squabbles and things that threaten the order of the school." As to formal religious training, there was little or none at the Gunnery. Sunday was made as sunny for the boys as was consistent with public proprieties. The scholars had to attend one session of church and also Sunday-school; a letter had to be written home by each of the small boys, and occasionally a malefactor was sentenced to read a sermon of Mr. Beecher's; otherwise, save in its family meeting and its prohibition of sports and games, the Sabbath was simply a quiet and restful holiday. Cards, round dances, and other alleged inventions of the adversary were on week days and out of school hours not merely tolerated but encouraged. "They are good in themselves," the teacher used to say, "and only a wrong spirit makes them wrong." As to dancing, we may add, Mr. Gunn regarded it as only one phase of that refining influence of pure-minded girls which at the Gunnery was so constantly educating the boy for woman's society and companionship.

As this chapter draws to its close the reader may be conscious of a strange anomaly. Many words have been used to describe a complex system of discipline the real results of which were to minimize all discipline. The original and many-sided quality of the master's government has made it necessary to illustrate his sway with a minuteness which may seem to argue a burdensome and ramified set of whimsical rules rather than the breezy freedom which actually pervaded our school-life; but just as good citizens under true civic liberty never feel the law that they never violate, so at the Gunnery the great majority of lads never realized any severe restraint at all. At no point were the rational pleasures of youth barred; never did penalty follow any act but an abuse of liberty; and all a boy had to do was to obey natural laws, and enjoy privileges

that could scarcely have been larger in his own home. So, while a volume might be penned on the subject of Gunnery discipline, it is not on that discipline that the backward look of the old Gunnery boy ever pauses. We recall rather an era of uncurbed freedom in a spot hallowed by home affections without home effeminacies, where every bad trait of the boy was systematically assailed and every good quality strengthened, so far as might be, to take its final place in an enduring character and robust manhood.



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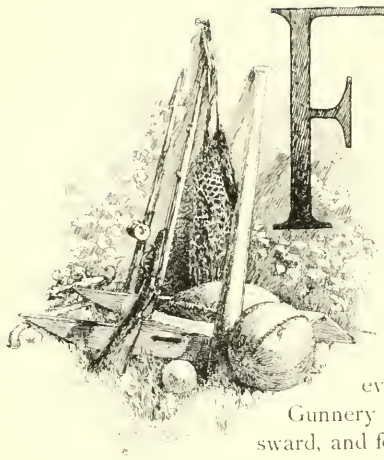
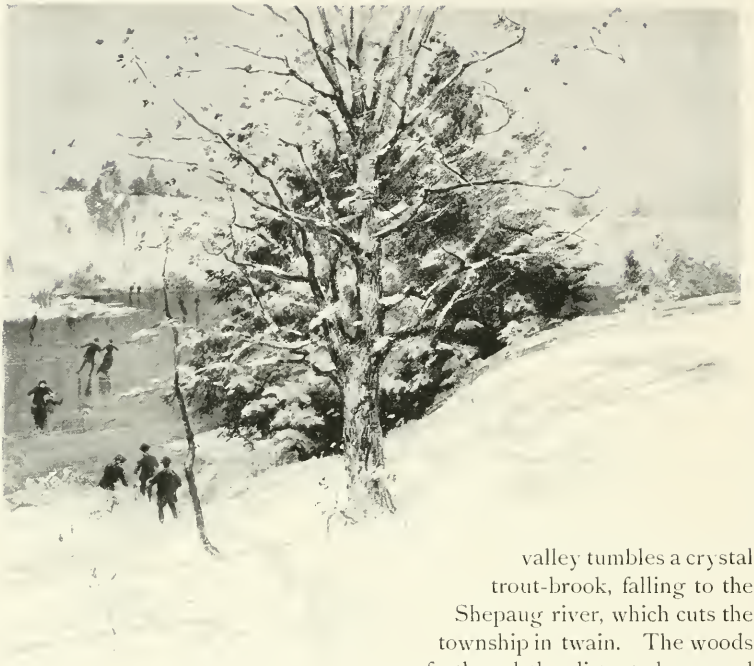
Gunnery Sports



FEW of us, now entering the noonday shadows of life, who twenty years ago passed through the gracious experiences of the Gunnery, can forget its pleasant cycle of school-boy sports. To the stripling anywhere, who is a true boy and inherits the normal passions of boyhood, the bat, the oar, and the reel are as natural as his own growth. But at the Gunnery this innate impulse of youth was strengthened by some novel local forces; for nowhere ever had boys a fairer field than at the Gunnery for emulative struggle on the greensward, and for the more solitary delights of woods and waters. The master encouraged and almost compelled every kind of rational exercise as part of his scheme of character-building. He lent to sports not merely the stimulus of his personal example, but the keener spur of personal enthusiasm. Being in many phases of his personality a scarcely disguised boy himself, he had a heart-felt love of boy's play. No narrow bounds of space pent up our ardor, for every lad could roam at will through the township and on his Saturday holiday was allowed to make long, lonely excursions to lake or river, limited as to distance only by his own endurance.

The region itself was an Eden for the young sportsman. No hills in picturesque New England are steeper, no wooded glades fairer, than those that in every direction encircle the little hill-top village. Through every



OVER THE BLACK ICE.

valley tumbles a crystal trout-brook, falling to the Shepaug river, which cuts the township in twain. The woods feathered the distant slopes and climbed to the crests where broad reaches of underbrush covered the nested partridge and quail. In winter there was for coasting the steep hill at the very doors of the Gunnery, worn by the runners of the sleighs to icy smoothness; or the near mill-pond in the valley, where, ere the early snow fell, or after some short-lived thaw, the boys buckled on their glancing skates.

But it was chiefly on base-ball, played upon the village green during the long summer term, that the sportive zeal of the school centered; and what genuine boy could resist the enticements of a game which drew together all the villagers as spectators, and numbered the master himself among its most fervent votaries, while at matches the girls kept score, and some of the more emotional drowned defeat in tears!

The annals of the primitive game of "base"—the "ball" is comparatively a modern affix—go back in New England to a period beyond the ken of the present generation. It was a rude sport then in the ancestral Yankee day, differing widely in details from the present form of the game, though in general outline somewhat like it. The ball was of the "pud-

ding" order, made of slackly wound yarn, roughly sewed within quarter sections of thin calfskin, and so soft that its impact even on callow parts of the human frame produced none of the startling sensations of the more recent cannon-ball in leather. Struck on the lower quarter, after the fashion of "fouls," that original sphere took, when whizzing in air, an oblong shape, and its erratic leaps on a rough ground defied the most expert. The bat was of any contour or size, from a whittled-off picket torn from a convenient fence to a four-foot section of a bean-pole. The striker

A BALL MATCH.—FROM AN EARLY PHOTOGRAPH.

ran on all hits, even on "tips," and the highest art of the old rustic player was exerted to hit a "back" ball to some point far remote from the general field of players. In this way advantage was taken of the projected force of the ball, resulting in some tremendous hits. The forerunner of the present pitcher in those ancestral times threw the ball overhand, and the modern system of taking the ball on the fly close behind the bat was antedated by the primitive catcher, who, moreover, when uncommonly skilled, reached over the batsman's shoulder and took the ball before it reached what is now the home-plate. Perhaps, however, the most curious and original rule of all was one allowing the player to be put out when run-

ning bases by hitting him with the thrown ball; if the runner was missed, the ball, of course, flew to infinite realms of space, and the player could usually finish his run in security. Another lively feature was the privilege a player had, after a long hit, of going twice around the bases if he could; and if he accomplished this sort of double home-run, he canceled all the "outs" on his side.

Washington gray-beards still remember Mr. Gunn's proficiency in the sport. He played thrower and catcher with equal facility, and he was famous for the unerring precision with which at long distances he hit the base-runner.

Gradually this old diversion was merged, a quarter of a century ago, into the early forms of what is now the refined game of base-ball. The new sport, with its intricate and ever-expanding code of rules, first took root in the cities, whence it was exported to the country by the city youth in rural boarding-schools, and it was adopted by the Gunnery striplings in Washington probably as early as in any other Yankee village. Many of us can recall vividly the swift rise of the game to a popularity little short of frenzy. Every village and hamlet sang the praises of its nine, and in the cities the list of clubs rivaled the Homeric catalogue of the ships. Youth and beauty, tottering age and sedate manhood, all clustered at matches around the fateful diamond, and the vindictive rivalry generated between local nines at times resembled more the deadly feud of a Corsican vendetta than the manly emulation of a sport. As played in that period by bucolic nines, the new game had a democratic range and flavor. During half the time of a match the rivals wrangled as a kind of joint committee on rules, and every spectator constituted himself an assistant umpire with a voice if not a vote. The position of the umpire proper was most somber and depressing. Lucky the man who in that gloomy judgment-seat passed the ordeal of a match without being superseded. A phrase by which the writer once heard a country captain describe his nine, hits off aptly in a sentence this parliamentary era of our national sport. "Our nine," said he, "can't bat much or throw much or catch much, but they're first-rate *talkers*."

At the Gunnery and in the staid farm towns that adjoin Washington the game was played in a more pacific temper, and an umpire's life never was seriously imperiled. To gain a place on the first nine of the school was a Gunnery boy's hottest ambition, sought far more strenuously than the later prizes battled for so fiercely in the larger rivalries of life. Beginning with the year 1859, when two matches with a brawny nine from Litchfield, composed largely of old "wicket" players,

ended in defeats, each summer at the Gunnery has brought its lusty base-ball ambitions, its faithful practice, and its half-dozen regular matches with country clubs. The first nine of the school never had the muscles or years that fitted it to cope with the teams of strong men which it was compelled to face. One or two veteran players, including Mr. Gunn and a hard-handed countryman or two not usually members of the school, made up its quota of grown men; but its practice and training were incessant. Each evening of the long summer days the boys, after supper, trudged up the steep hill to the Green to "choose up" and practice until the ball could barely be descried in the deepening twilight. At noon, in the

A PATH BY THE LAKE.

short morning recess, even on Saturday evenings after fatiguing excursions, the inevitable group of ball-players took their places on the Green. The nine finally chosen after this long sifting practice accomplished wonders. When pitted against the powerful teams of whiskered athletes from abroad, it seemed a group of dwarfs facing Titans. But its thorough training, nicer knowledge of the fine points of the game, and accurate hitting, easily made it for many years the champion club of the county. To see a boy of thirteen facing a hot "liner" from the bat of a rustic giant, or a far-away "sky-scraper" caught on the run by a youngster who on the slope of the distant left field looked no bigger than a child, was no uncommon episode of those days. What enthusiasm, never wakened since by our college victories over the gladiatorial Atlantics or Eckfords, fired the Gunnery stripling of that era! and how the blood darted to our finger-ends at the base hit that at last let in the winning run of the game! If the nine were defeated,—a rare event on Washington Green,—the effect on the little community was startling in its pathos. The girls fairly wept in their acute sorrow, and the rugged citizens of the village grew grim as bereaved mourners at a funeral. A thick gloom settled on the town, and

for hours the little village seemed like a Southern city during pestilence. In after years, if the writer may now confess it reluctantly, no ball victories were ever more exhilarating than those sometimes won by his native Litchfield team over the Gunnery nine. The human heart at best is depraved, and there came over us in Litchfield a kind of satanic delight in the prowess which could not merely defeat so doughty a foe as the Gunnery team, but, at the same blow, inflict a tremendous local calamity.

How vividly stream back the lights of memory to that familiar scene at the old ball-ground on the day fixed for a match game! For days before there has been a buzz of speculation as to the positions of the players, the possible absence of this or that member of the nine, and fearful rumors as to the skill of the adversary. At last comes the momentous day, and the hour when some watchful small boy runs up breathless to herald to the waiting spectators the coming wagon of the big rivals from Litchfield, Woodbury, or New Milford. The day is one fit for the very gods of the ball-field. A gentle breeze waves the rustling maples darkening in the deep shadow cast athwart the field by the much-battered church. The sun, in a clear blue sky, suffuses in light the whole picture, save where the great far hills lift their slopes to the horizon bathed in a dreamy haze. And then the scene upon the ball-ground itself! The bevies of pretty girls, each with her score-sheet, fringing the sward with lines of beauty or grouped in living bouquets in the near yards; the young players in position on the field, confronting a nine of twice their muscle and size; and over all the predominating figure of Mr. Gunn covering the first base with broad chest and bare brown arms,— the frame of a bearded Hercules hiding the heart of a boy. With what profound emotions the fortunes of that day were scanned; how hearty the applause that stirred the bosom of the player after a good hit; how rasping the misery that, for the moment, followed his error; and finally, the congratulations in victory, the sympathies in defeat! It is one of the saddest thoughts of life that with man's estate we have grown callous to those old blood-thrills, losing in our blunted manhood not merely the emotions, but all capacity for them; so that now not the highest achievement of wealth or fame could give us that old quiver of delight stirred by a home-run on Washington Green. The old player who goes back now to that field of his early triumphs finds that much is changed. Ball-playing has been interdicted on the Green, where a grass-grown sward covers up the old base-lines, and hides the worn oval around the home-plate. He recognizes, not without search, the spot where the master played first base with his nine and across which, as it seemed not by chance, his coffin was borne to its hill-side grave. But no change

can efface for the old Gunnery ball-player the sweet and solemn memories that gather about the spot. Again he hears the shouts of victory, and sees the clustered spectators, the sun-lit field, and the familiar figures of the old players manning the bases. Whither have they departed, how have they fared in this grim, selfish, responsible struggle of life — some who were children then with grown-up children of their own now; some pierced by enduring sorrow in desolated homes, others in happy households with child-faces round the hearth-stone; some recoiling in the long battle of life, and a little band fighting wearily to fame in its van; some poor, some prospered, and not a few against whose names is set already that great final "Out" which waits in time to be scored against us all.

It must be conceded, in fairness, that the exceptional configuration of the Washington ball-field, and our familiarity with its peculiar local effects, were somewhat important factors in our long run of success. The much-pounded church, with its blinds splintered by vagrant balls, stood close by the third base, intercepting foul flies, and forming a most effectual back-stop for any balls thrown from the pitcher to the baseman. "If we can't beat you, we'll knock your darned old sanctuary to pieces at any rate," was the malediction of a big batsman from Plymouth, who once, at the close of a losing game, hit ball after ball thwacking against its venerable clapboards; and his phrase, no doubt, expressed the truculent feeling of many visiting nines after defeat on our home-field. Moreover, the soil of the Green, packed hard by the feet of the Washington generations that have traversed it, made the ball bound with a brisk persistence that for some innings decidedly puzzled strangers. The importance of the steep slope in left field, trending down to the edge of the Gunnery hill, was also acutely appreciated by the local nine; while the store which loomed up beside right field, flanked by grassy yards, was a favored spot for the long left-handed parabolas for which Mr. Gunn was both famous and trustworthy. Mr. Gunn himself was about the only one to secure the advantage of lifting the ball over "Grandma Brinsmade's house," which bordered on right field; but no one grudged him the home-runs he made by his prowess, and all joined in the hearty laugh he had ample time to indulge in after completing his run, before the ball was found. Our old set phrase about the field, "as fair for one side as the other," with which we met objection, was not quite conclusive, coming as it did from a nine trained to the local lesions of the soil.

Nevertheless, a club which proved as thoroughly as did ours its skill on alien fields must have had something more than domestic prowess. Our proficiency must be ascribed rather to the master's insistence on faithful prac-

tice, and to his personal presence on that first base, which he held by a sort of prescriptive right. His play of his position was nearly perfect, and many were the wide-thrown balls which that far-stretching left hand of his — once despairingly termed by a visitor the "hand of Providence" — reached and held. Almost fantastic now, in view of the accepted theories of school discipline, seems the encouragement he gave to the game. He masked but ill under the duties of the teacher his profound love of the sport. School "let out" for a match, for a game in honor of a visiting old boy

A WINTER HUNT.

who had been a player, for almost any excuse under which the base-ball impulse lurked; and the captain of the nine never went to him in vain to get permission for those pleasant out-of-town trips to play a match on a school day. During the summer term of 1865, if the writer remembers accurately, out of six matches played, four came off on extemporized holidays, and the skilled nine of that season won five out of the six contests, each being played against a strong team of men.

Many were the curious incidents, most of them forgotten, that from time to time gave spice to the game during its long popularity at the Gunnery, where it is still played as a systematic sport. Once in a match game,

when the bases were full, a fair right-field ball was hit through the store window, and after making a lively circuit through the Yankee notions on the shelves, ended its erratic trip under a large iron safe, whence it was not dislodged for half an hour. Occasionally the ball caught in the forks of the lofty maples, and once it lodged in the church belfry. Several times in the writer's memory it entered the church windows, compelling a long and sacrilegious hunt under the pew seats. A very funny episode once took place at a game organized among the young ladies of the village, who in those days wore hoop skirts of ample circumference, which acted as a sort of drag-net, entangling anything caught in their intricate meshes. A fair player struck a ball at the home-plate which, as she started to run, bounded into her skirts, all unobserved by her, and caught there. "Run, run!" cried the spectators, and she flew around the bases, making a clean home-run before the ball dropped and rolled on the ground, to the uproarious delight of the lookers-on, including Mr. Beecher, whose keen enjoyment of the episode is recalled by many of us, and who promptly christened the little maid the "Belle of the Ball-ground."

As base-ball was the foremost sport of summer, so was foot-ball the dominant game during the long Washington winters, and as far back as thirty years ago it was played constantly on the snow-covered Green. Unlike base-ball, this sport at the Gunnery has undergone no variations, and a simple set of rules has preserved for it the freedom and range of which the Rugby code has robbed it at our colleges. Let any old boy who remembers how the game was played at Washington, with the steady struggle, the continuous excitement, and the arduous skill displayed in "babying" and the old "toe catch," visit nowadays one of the modern set-tos between the picked elevens of our colleges; he will find half the time fixed for the game wasted in tedious delay, discussion, or technical wrangle. The referee plays a large fraction of the game; the ball, during its brief spasms of life, is handled or thrown instead of kicked, and the very title of the game has become a misnomer. This attempt to make the game more scientific has completely refined away its spirit and cost it that free "all-over" play which used to be its unique charm.

In the Gunnery game there were no upright posts for goals of the modern pattern, but simply the two fences at either end of the long green, against which the ball had to be forced to score a victory; and a catch on the fly or bound as well as a "pick-up" from the toe — a trick, though it seems very simple to the eye, acquired only by long practice — were the conditions of a free kick. Except in an honest effort to catch it, the ball could not be touched by the hand of a player, and his supreme art

was to "baby"—or, as the verb then was, "puggle"—the nimble globe by short kicks past his adversaries. In this puggling, now a lost art in foot-ball, and really a skillful system of boxing the ball with the feet, the deftness reached by some of the old Gunnery players would astound the spectators of the modern "forensic" foot-ball match. In the genesis of the game at the Gunnery the primitive ball was a leathern case sometimes filled with hay, but more often expanded by a blown-up bladder securely laced in. At the writer's time, however, this rough ball had been discarded for

STEEP ROCK.

the air-tight rubber case blown up with a tube. Whatever the criticism that may be passed on our old-fashioned sport, it proved its practical merits by its popularity at the Gunnery. All through the long winters, in snow and in slush, under sunshine and cloud, young and old, including not a few grown-up citizens of the village, took part in the contests. Single games rarely lasted more than fifteen minutes, but liveliness is a mild term to describe their activities. The ball flew briskly from end to

'WE WENT A-GYPSYING.'

end of the long field; at one instant "babyed" by an expert, anon flying far in air, and again, in less time than it takes to say it, the focus of a melee of kicking, struggling, tumbling boys. Everywhere was swift movement, change, and a shifting, yet ever-present center of interest and excitement. Many were the headlong pitches on the snow, and Mr. Gunn himself not seldom measured his length after collision with some brawny day scholar with flesh hardened by summer toil on the farm. But not tumbles on the snow, nor feet moist from the all-penetrating Yankee slush, nor storm nor rain curbed the young player of that day, whose youth was strong in its flushing health,

its quick pulse-throbs, and its indomitable vigor. How one sighs in these later days, when the flesh weakens so readily, for that old time when we sped over Washington Green and were tireless as young hounds after hours of active play!

One or two of our minor games at the Gunnery, played with a ball and now almost obsolete, may be recorded as curiosities of outdoor amusement in New England twenty-five years ago.

A game popular with the younger lads at the Gunnery was styled "Roly Boly." The essential outfit consisted of a rubber ball, a little heap of broken bits of clam-shell, and a group of small holes in the ground a few inches apart. The bowler, who himself had chosen one of the holes, took the ball, and from a line a dozen feet away rolled it gently toward the honeycomb. If it fell into one of the holes, the owner seized the ball, and, without chasing, tried to hit one of his fleeing mates. If he succeeded, the victim got a bit of clam-shell into his hole and became bowler; if he failed, he got a clam-token for himself. Whenever the clam tally in a particular hole reached six, the game took on a fresh and invigorating phase of penalty. The "six-man," as he was called, threw the ball three times against the church, and the spot where it struck the ground after its farthest recoil was marked by a line. Then the victim, facing against the church, with ducked head gave each player a number of throws against him, equal always to six, minus the clam-shells in the thrower's hole. With a goodly number of players who were precise and muscular marksmen the game had enlivening effects, varying with the hardness of the ball and the density of the six-man's integuments.

For coasting, that most common but perhaps most fascinating of winter sports, the long slope of roadway which the Gunnery fronted was a spot after the school-boy's own heart. Beginning at the Green, the road ran down a few rods to an abrupt corner, and perhaps an eighth of a mile below and near the foot was a second sharp curve. Reasoning on abstract principles of boy pleasure, these corners modified the fun by reducing velocity; but from the boy's point of view they were really a huge advantage, for they gave a spice of danger and exacted no small skill in steering. It was usually several days after a deep snow-fall before this splendid slope got into prime condition for making speed. The dry snow would not pack, and the ridge in the middle of the roadway, on either side of which the runners of the farmers' sleighs dug their furrows, was a grievous test of school-boy patience. But ere long this ridge succumbed, and the whole roadway was leveled to an icy surface of hardened snow. Down this steep incline we used to speed by actual timing as fast as a railroad

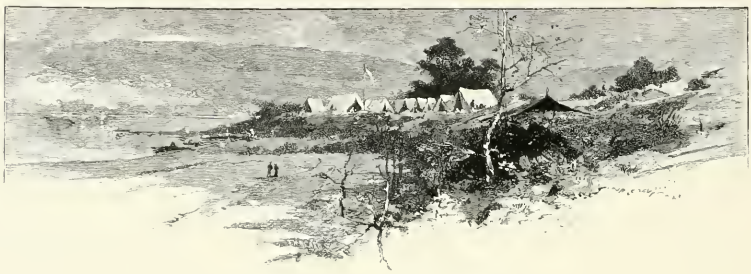
train. Over the frequent "thank-you-marms" the flying sleds leaped like greyhounds, clearing a dozen feet at a bound, and on the sudden turns the sideway momentum wrecked many a bold coaster on the unbeaten snow. To that Gunnery hill, on a bright moonlight night, the soft rays glancing through the naked trees and touching with silvery sheen the icy track, the slope thronged with lads and lasses, peals of laughter in the air, and the swift sleds shooting down in dark procession — to such a scene, often an episode of winter life at the Gunnery, memory still flies lovingly back. The city tyro whose sled has never tempted bolder venture than the

"CAMP COMFORT," AT OLD MILFORD.

gentle slope of a hillock in a vacant lot never knows the skill which a practiced coaster uses on an ice mountain like that before the Gunnery, for steering a sled is an art acquired only by persistence and at the cost of many a disciplinary tumble. The sled-pilot's foot wrongly placed for an instant wrecks his snow craft as surely as the wrong turn of the tiller capsizes a yacht in a gale. The coaster must not steer too much or he reduces speed, yet at critical points he must bear down at exactly the proper angle with all the strain he can exert; all this on a flimsy framework of wood, darting forty miles an hour and leaping every little obstruction with a mighty bump. With practice, however, a sled became almost a part of a boy, and by some automatic process he learned to steer by a shifting movement of the body, scarcely touching the foot at all to the ground except on the sharper curves.

Four miles north of Washington, in a deep cleft of the mountains, lies Waramaug lake, one of New England's fairest sheets of water, and now with the advent of the railroad popularized into a summer resort. At no place more than half a mile wide, the mountain spurs dive into it on every side and rise from its depths to the height of a thousand feet, crowned by the "Pinnacle," a bare dome of rock, rounding skyward from the

tree-tops. From the Pinnacle, reached through a bushy path after a long and devious climb, a grand view opens to the eye,—far to the north-west the hazy Catskills, eastward the Litchfield ridges, and, below, the winding lake and a green checker-board of meadow lands. The lake has long been a spot of supreme felicity for Gunnery lads, and the Saturday trips thither used to be longed for through the week in the fervent spirit with which the Mohammedan dreams of Paradise. Many a time on Friday nights, with well stocked lunch-basket and bait-box, did we traverse the two long hills between the Gunnery and the lake, where, at Boar's



GUNNERY CAMP AT POINT BEAUTIFUL.

Head or near some convenient barn, we went to rest in the mysterious mountain silences broken only by the plaintive, double note of the whip-poor-will. We knew that the half-hour before sunrise was worth all the rest of the day for hooking the black bass, king regnant of the game fish of New England waters. The first dull light of dawn always found us pulling to the fishing grounds. With what trepidation then we dropped the big stone anchor and waited for the steady, strong dip of the rod by which the bass signals his bite! Often there was a whole day of disappointment, for the bass is the most whimsical of fishes as to his feed and his times and places for taking bait. But now and then we found the fish in the nipping and eager humor which assured glorious sport. Almost at the first throw, one of us would strike a two-pounder. Then came a rush like a race-horse, a whirr of the rattling reel, a sudden slack of the line as the mad fish leaped in air, with gills expanded and every fin erect, to dislodge the restraining barb. That crisis past, after a series of fierce lunges, with the line quivering athwart the fingers, how gleefully we dragged at last the finny victim to his doom! Once during our fishing at the lake, a big bass, maddened by the hook, fell into the boat at his first leap. In another famous instance the fish made his run under the boat;

then came the inevitable leap, and the taut line threw him back over the gunwale on the side opposite where he had bitten. They tell in later times how a school of large bass that had run down from Bantam lake in Litchfield gathered in Platt's mill-pond, west of the Gunnery; how the owner of the only eligible spot for taking them forbade fishing on his

THE LAST CAMPING-GROUND—HAWES' POINT.

land; and how one day a diminutive Gunnery boy, whose fishing prowess seemed limited to unwary "pumpkin-seeds," was allowed by the owner to drop his line in the favored spot, only to have his sport summarily interdicted when, at his first throw, he landed a three-pound bass. At the lake, as stated, sport was capricious; but it is on record that on one memorable day, after a night of rain, two of us caught a round hundred bass. That phenomenal catch, as the writer recalls it, covered completely the bottom

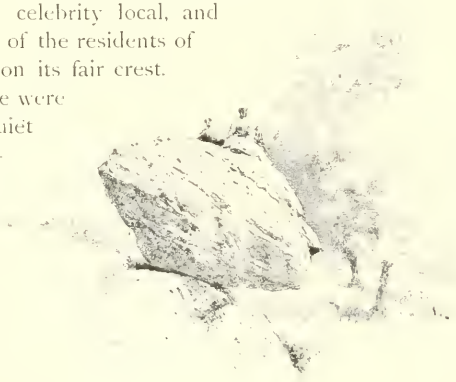
SAMSON'S ROCK.

of the boat, and but for a convenient lift in a farmer's wagon never would have reached the Gunnery.

Earlier in the season, while the bass were still breeding on their sand disks, those of us who best loved angling used to make long trout-fishing excursions, whipping the dashing mountain brooks or wading down the Shepaug, where larger though rarer fish repaid the angler's skill. In trouting, too, the wider scope of the art, and the constant variety as one tramped from one ripple or waterfall to another, gave keener zest than monotonous boat-fishing on still waters. Hunting, at the Gunnery, came later in the season, and, without dogs, was rather ill repaid in the thick Washington underbrush. But, nevertheless, in popularity at the school it rivaled fishing, and had its own round of delights for those who trudged through the rustling leaves of the woods during the breezy November days. The master was himself a capital shot with the rifle, which in later times always lay by his side during his summer drives, to the doom of many an unwitting woodchuck. In shooting, as in angling, Mr. Gunn allowed a latitude almost excessive; yet, though small boys carried guns and hunted in company, no serious accident in that or any other sport has thus far marred the annals of thirty years of school-boy life at the Gunnery. Perhaps the immunity of the boys from mishaps with fire-arms should be largely attributed to one of his queer inverted apothegms founded on his acute knowledge of boy character. "Never be afraid of loaded guns," he used to say; "it is the gun that isn't loaded that always kills somebody."

Sometimes in summer the whole school went for a night's camp to Steep Rock, a name far too prosaic and tame to fit the unappreciated wonders of nature it describes. A mile and a half south-west of the village, after climbing a steep Hill of Difficulty, one comes to a neat farm-house, flanked by a rustic gate that opens to a lane wrinkled by the spring rains into stony ravines. A half-mile farther on is a slope of meadow capped by a narrow fringe of woods. Pass through this little border of trees that like an eyebrow arches the approach to the rock, and with a few steps the grand work of nature bursts upon the sight. You stand on the brink of a vast gulf, but a gulf filled with picturesque beauties. Directly in front and sheer down, as it seems to the eye, breaks a precipice five hundred feet high. Right and left the cliff turns in a mathematical curve, sloping down in diminishing spurs to a wooded level on either side half a mile away. Trees and underbrush hide the gaunt surfaces, and far below, close at the foot of the cliff, the Shepaug forms a grand semicircle as perfect in its lines as if nature had done her work with a compass. It seems as if one might jump from the edge of the precipice to the clear water rippling below in the sunlight, although in reality it takes a vigorous throw from the top to land a stone in the river. With the trees in full leaf, the Shepaug running with abundant waters and the wind-gusts beating the rounded slopes of foliage into waves, the picture is indescribably beautiful. After many journeyings through Europe's scenic places, the visitor sees Steep Rock now with unabated admiration of its bold picturesqueness and wonder at its limited fame. In the White Mountains no tourist would pass it by, and in England, long ere this, that splendid amphitheater of nature would have attained national renown. Yet, strangely enough, its visitors are few, its celebrity local, and not one in twenty even of the residents of near towns has set foot on its fair crest.

Outings nearer home were taken in the form of quiet picnics at "Amy's Grotto," Prospect Hill, or Samson's Rock—the latter one of nature's curious freaks, a huge boulder dropped by the ancient flood or avalanche into secure but unstable position



on an outcropping side-hill ledge, in such fashion that, like Archimedes of old, a child with a "*pou sto*" and a fence rail could easily rock it to and fro. Samson's Rock did duty not only for gatherings of the many but as a trysting-place for the two, and more than one Gunnery boy loves it as the safe and silent witness of the beginning of tender associations which have continued to this day.

But all these excursions were trivial incidents at the Gunnery compared with the three trips which the whole household took to the seashore in the years 1861, 1863, and 1865. Each August of those years the old school-boy home was depopulated while we made the journey of forty miles to Welch's Point, which juts into Long Island Sound, two miles south of Milford, Connecticut. Old boys came back to join the merry troop which, reënforced by local friends of the school, many of them young ladies, made up a party of sixty or more. For months this "gipsying," as we named it, was anticipated with much busy preparation, and many a sigh over the slowness of the passing days. The girls made themselves vivandière costumes of flannel, and every boy looked well to his guns and fish-lines. It was an eventful and joyous day when the loaded wagons, the donkeys, and the long troop of boys and girls dressed in all the hues of the rainbow, began their seaward march down the river road, making the old woods echo with laughter and song. For thirty miles the journey took us through the bold valleys of the Shepaug and Housatonic, along a shaded road cut from the hills and giving at every turn some new scene of beauty through the long river vistas. At night we camped in two or three big tents, and the close of the second day found us settled down at the Point, with the salt waves breaking on the bluff a few rods away. It was a jocund ten days that followed, with its sport in the surf, its evening songs, its dances on the turf by night, its ball games, and its touches of more tender sentiment in the moonlight,

> "Where youths and maidens, sitting 'neath the moon,
> Dreamed o'er the fond old dream, from which we wake too soon."

When we first followed the rivers to the sea, in 1861, we were fired by the news from the seat of war. If the joyful word of a Union victory at Bull Run was turned the next day to a message of defeat and panic, it only served to turn our youthful elation into boyish defiance; and a fresh impulse stirred our souls as we listened to that grandest of war-songs, the Battle Hymn of the Republic. No one who camped by the sea with us then can ever forget the thrill as there rang upon the air of night, from the

throat of the sweet singer, as she stood there in the firelight, those inspiring words:

> "I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
> They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
> I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
> Our God is marching on."

At a later period this annual sea-side jaunt gave place to a Gunnery camp at Point Beautiful, on Lake Waramaug, whose nearer waters, good fishing, and picturesque shores made it an ideal spot for a summer's

THE RABBIT TRAP.

holiday. But with the change in the Gunnery school terms, and the transfer of the long vacation to midsummer, gipsying, with its memorable delights, has passed away. Nor can more than the curtest allusion be made here to the long series of minor sports,—the semi-weekly swim in the deep, still nooks of the Shepaug; to winter skating on the mill-pond, the runs of hare and hounds through the snowy woods; the eager quest among the traps and snares; the autumnal games of "shinny" on the

Green or, later, above the black ice on the pond, and the continuous and varied round of indoor jollities which marked the sweet home-life of the Gunnery during summer suns and winter snows.

Thrice have the graduates of the Gunnery gathered to renew their school-boy sports at reunions of old boys held in 1869, '70, and '72. Those three gatherings will be recalled as red-letter occasions in the long quarter century of the school under Mr. Gunn. The master was seemingly in his prime: a lighter tint of gray in his locks and a few deepening wrinkles were all the signs that gave token of the advancing age that was so soon to be shadowed by the disease that took him away. The whole school, and, indeed, all the community, surrendered themselves to the vacation pleasures of those gala weeks. The master entered into the spirit of the

HARE AND HOUNDS.

time with his familiar zest, and revived his youth to welcome the old boys who thronged from near and far back to their old home. They came from all over the land — from marts of trade and busy professions, some with the

ON THE ROAD TO THE RIVER.

school-boy flush still on their cheeks, some with wives and children, and not a few great, whiskered fellows with hair streaked with gray. Again the master took his old place upon the ball-ground; again the old Green rang with the old-time voices, and the round of boyhood sports was repeated in woods and on waters, at the welcoming households of the village, and the pleasant gatherings at the Gunnery. What memories came rushing back, as in a flood, when the old fellows woke beneath the ancient roof-tree, or when those of the same school era gathered to review life experiences — to tell of those who had prospered or had fallen by the way, and to compare those varied phases of life-work in which the master's method of character-building had wrought so much and so well! In later times the reunions were found too difficult of arrangement for both the master and the alumni to be regularly continued. The old boys were invited and welcomed to the lake-side camp at Point Beautiful, and many took for years their brief summer play-time there. But to most of us the larger school reunions gave the last touch of the Gunnery sports which have since sunk so far below the horizon that sober manhood can only call them up as a mirage, a vision, a memory.

As boys we felt in all the sports of the Gunnery only the element of direct pleasure. The master's deep plan of character-structure, now revealed to our maturer sight, was masked then. For, though he relished

the fun with the foremost of us, underneath all his encouragement of sports ran his deep conviction that they strengthened not merely muscle and nerve, but character as well. To him the shock of the foot-ball melée, the emergencies of a close base-ball game, the self-restraints, the skill, the pluck that sports of the field enforced, were tests of boy-fiber which, often renewed, constructed a muscular character as surely as a muscular body. A lad flying like a bird down the Gunnery hill, steering his fragile sled around the curves with cool precision; another charging into the ruck of a foot-ball game, enduring with fortitude knocks and tumbles and rasping kicks; a youth of fourteen on the home-plate facing the crisis of a base-ball match, with hundreds of spectators hoping or dreading his coming hit; or another boy, versed in the craft of woods and waters, bringing down the partridge on the wing, or playing to his death the plunging bass,— all these, to the master's eye, were so many symbols of a system whose sequel and fruition were to be found in a solid and self-reliant manhood. Yet if to our maturer vision this wise scheme of the master were even now unrevealed,— if our present memory ran back merely to the sports alone, without their subtle meanings,— still there would be far more than could be portrayed here. For what words printed or spoken ever yet reproduced the unwritten thrills of boyhood? Words,

MITCHELL'S HOLE.

indeed, are scarcely more than sad ghostly monuments that record without renewing the figures of the dusky past. But that past, as a whole, still rises in the loving consciousness of every old Gunnery boy. The written sketch, with its dim outlines of the old time, he

reads between the lines. He peoples it anew with familiar forms of old playmates now departed into the shadows; and his fancy fills its voids with a hundred episodes of personal experience, which the pen, at best, can portray but faintly. But whether recollection takes up that old life of ours in its outline or its detail, it will ever remain the same—a hallowed and blessed beacon whose lights gleam far down the rough track of life, and stream backward on an early vision of sun-lit trees, waving grass, and rippling waters, with youth for an inspiration and pleasure for a guide.

ON BEE BROOK.

THE MOTHER OF THE GUNNERY.

VI

The Home-life

A HOME may be likened to a fountain in many ways, but in none more aptly than by saying that it can never rise higher than its source. Parents furnish every fireside with character as well as with chairs and tables, and the finest knackery and furbishment cannot hide the power of the home either for good or for evil. There are crystallized the elements that form the nucleus of the child's future growth, and his entire career is colored by the lights and shades of home life.

When Mr. Gunn called the school which his genius had established "a home for boys," he stated the simple, exact truth. To many schools that designation has been given by their promoters, and in many of them it is nothing more than a piece of cant vulgarized in the school circular; but Mr. Gunn had the wisdom to place his school in a genuine and lovely home, and its success followed as a matter of course.

No one who has experienced it can ever forget that awful desolation which consumed him when, in the days before the railroad reached Judea, weary and homesick he came to the end of that dragging ten-miles crawl from New Milford, and was left for the first time by the lumbering stage-coach at the door of the Gunnery. It was as if a lump of cold lead among his vitals had become suddenly endowed with an animated viciousness and, besides depressing him with its dull weight of inertia, was gnawing at his very heart. But scarcely had he crossed the threshold of that dear old house under the hill when his depression passed away, and he emerged from his gloom into the happy glow of a warm and welcoming

home. The chill that hangs like a dank mist over many a well-meaning boarding-school was here found to exist only in the boy's fancy; and the forlorn and saddened urchin to whom, as the stage climbed that final hill, every turn of the wheels was a reminder that one circumference less lay between him and abject misery, fell into the center of a circle within which, never changing, were cheerful love and tender solicitude. This could never have been, except for the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Gunn both had the parental instinct so strong that they really took to their hearts each individual boy and brooded over him as if he were their own flesh and blood. There were ever chords of sweet sympathy, sometimes strangely stretched by the boy's own fault but never broken, which bound him fast to those gentle spirits who ruled and guided us all.

So true is this that, as the writer pauses at his task and looks back upon that distant but vivid picture which outlines the scenes of his early boyhood, he finds no distinction made by Mr. or Mrs. Gunn between the love which they gave him and that which they gave to their own children. Doubtless the difference was there, but so thoroughly inclusive was the paternity of the master of the Gunnery and the maternity of its mistress that to the mind of one boy at least it never existed. We were thrown together, Dannie Gunn, Mary and I, in the days when the school was far smaller than now, and the family circle less extended. We grew from early childhood, side by side, and were nearly of the same age.

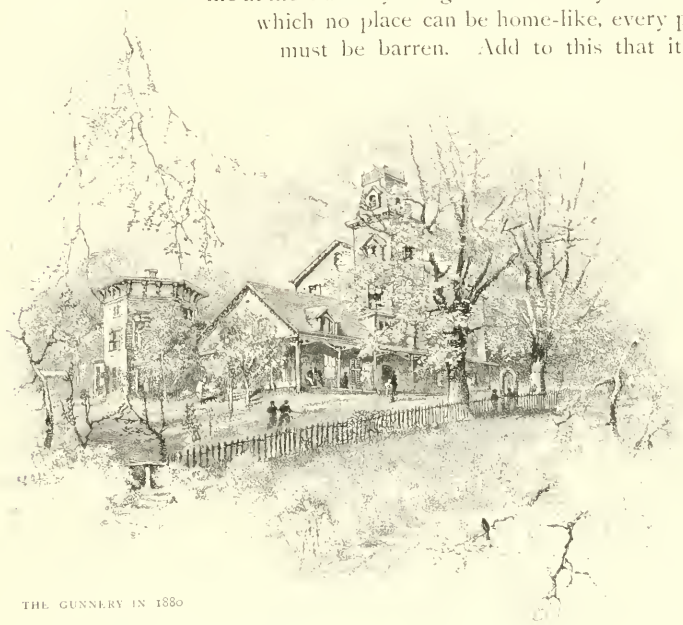
Dannie — an honest, sturdy, manly little fellow, a leader among his mates, quick of mind, apt of body, fearless, truthful, and straightforward, with an inherited scorn for meanness of every kind, and generous to a fault — inspired in the writer a brother's love which has survived all the changes of twenty-five years and will continue ever as a fragrant memory of halcyon days. He was carried to his last resting-place before his career had fairly begun, and it is fitting that this tribute to his memory should be set in enduring form by one who knew him intimately, and loved him the more as he knew him the better.

Mary — in those days, a cheerful, light-hearted, frolicsome little maiden, with childish ways that were ever tempered by a vein of womanly dignity as sister and companion — taught every boy with whom she was associated the lessons that a sweet girlhood always impresses, and to-day she carries on her shoulders the burden of perpetuating at the Gunnery the genius and character inherited from her parents. It is largely due to her efforts that the effects which Mr. Gunn wrought did not perish when his body was laid at rest upon the western slope of that sun-kissed hill; and, as an old boy of the sixties watches the genial sweetness and equable

serenity that beam through her glasses now, he lives again his boyhood days and sees her mother's spirit still hovering over the Gunnery, warming every chill with its glow and tempering all commotion with its calmness.

We three loved in Mr. and Mrs. Gunn the same father and mother; and yet one of the three was really an alien, with home ties binding him to another center, and two were actually their own children.

This all-embracing parental love was at the foundation of the home-life at the Gunnery. It gave to each boy that without which no place can be home-like, every place must be barren. Add to this that it was



THE GUNNERY IN 1880

a home, in which the father was firm, but just and loving withal; at times stern and severe, but never failing to unite with his sternness a clearly defined purpose to help the culprit on toward higher things; again the righteous judge, but judging with a countenance from which shone kindly sympathy and fatherly companionship — add also that in Mrs. Gunn was largely developed the character of mediator; that her evenness of temper and unfailing sunshine of good-will and serenity were ever prominent, always acting as a check upon any tendency in

Mr. Gunn's nature toward gloom and despondency — add again that the environment of the school was fortunately such that it very materially assisted Mr. and Mrs. Gunn in their endeavors, and it is no longer a mystery that so many boys have added luster to the Gunnery by clean and honest living when they have passed beyond its portals.

It has fallen to the lot of the writer to portray the life in this ideal home. To cover all the years from its inception to the close of Mr. Gunn's life would require a volume, but perhaps a fair idea of the whole may be derived from a glance back into the years lying round about the early sixties.

It may be the tendency of the last generation to be conservative and old fogyish, and to cling tenaciously to the manners and traditions of the past, but the writer has always felt that the home influences were most subtly true, most sensitively effective, in the days that preceded the extensive alterations of the Gunnery building and the enlargement of the school. The mind travels back with a peculiarly appreciative sympathy to the old house as it stood at that time, nearly in its original form.

There was the large family-room running through the house from east to west, made by cutting out a part of the partition between front and rear, and so forming a passage-way of moderate width, with comfortably cushioned settees on either side. On those settees it was the delight of the mischievous to sprawl, so carelessly disposing of the ungainly nether extremities furnished by nature to boys of tender years that the passer-by was sure to come into contact with them, by accident or otherwise, and go careening along toward his destination like a ship at sea.

There was the much-enduring piano at the back, the passive promoter of various worn-out tunes with which those old walls, if anything be left of them, must still quiver, and which rise up unmelodious in the waking dreams of every old boy of that period. It went through all experiences possible to a piano, from five-finger exercises to the Fifth Symphony, and that it did not escape greater perils all will remember who were at the Gunnery when "Chick" Raymond pulled out its vitals to see how they were made. That ancient piano has of late been translated to a new realm of art, and serves as the board upon which delicate drawings for this volume are traced by the artist's pencil. Dumb and motionless in the new school-house stand its remains, and one can in fancy hear the vigorous protest that an instrument formerly so important would make were the key-board replaced and its power of sound restored.

There were the book-cases built into the walls round about, and filled to overflowing with well-thumbed volumes gathered from every branch

of standard literature; and three or four large round tables were scattered over the room, each surrounded with boys of all ages, from seven to seventeen, occupied with studies, or reading, or games, each in its hour and place.

What a picture of joyous family life that old room presented in the long winter evenings! Every table held its large oil-lamp, carrying a

STUDYING FROM NATURE AND FROM BOOKS.

shade of some enlivening color, and the chairs were drawn up close from every side. During the hour devoted to study silence prevailed, but when the clock chimed the hour of eight, books were shoved into the center of the table; cards, backgammon, and chess-boards came out, and a chattering, happy hour was passed. A space was cleared away at the western end of the room; some musical brother or sister ground out a lively tune upon the piano, and an impromptu dance began. The excep-

tional boy, whose inclinations ran toward quiet and solitude, betook himself, book in hand, to the adjoining room on the left known as the parlor, — although no room was accounted too good or too precious for general everyday use — and true happiness and comfort, occasionally modified by the noise which is inseparable from youthful lungs and legs, pervaded the atmosphere. At the stroke of nine, the dancing and games and reading ceased as if by magic; there was a grand rush after Mr. and Mrs. Gunn to give and receive the good-night kiss, and then the crowd of contented boys melted away into the sleeping-rooms above. A delightful memory of the days when the family was small and manageable is connected with those winter evenings — Saturdays especially — when Mrs. Gunn read to the assembled youngsters from "Oliver Twist" and other good books, while the boys departed in pairs for their hot bath in the wash-house, returning half ready for bed, to get in whispers what they had lost of the story, and cuddle up in a warm corner with a pet kitten until the reading was over.

On the right of the hall, as one entered the house, was the dining-room with its long tables always bounteously laden with wholesome food. Then there were the little tête-à-tête tables in the corners, each accommodating two boys. How we used to strive to become worthy of a seat in those corners; for to each of them was brought a heaping plate of pancakes, such as at the larger tables was made to suffice for some half-dozen eager-eyed gourmands. The desire to occupy those tables resulted in an acute rivalry, and to be awarded a seat at them was a token of merit and a badge of good conduct.

There was the spring at the kitchen-door, bubbling up into its sunken barrel; the woodshed beyond, with sleeping-rooms above, and to the north, across the driveway, the wash-house with its big iron caldron below and second story so arranged as to furnish snug quarters for four boys. Time, the destroyer, at last drove forth both kettle and boys; the architect and carpenter arrived, and that famous structure was remodeled, rechristened the "Hexie" (from its hexagonal shape), and became thenceforth a vestal shrine, within which the young ladies of the family retired from the vulgar gaze. It was long before the former occupants could be reconciled to this departure, and bitter was the warfare kept up over the name — the boys clinging to the original term "wash-house"; the girls demanding the more euphonious "Hexie." A compromise on "Washa-hoosa" was rejected, and at length, in accordance with the law of the survival of the fittest, the ladies had their will about the matter.

The sleeping-rooms above in the main house were of all sizes, shapes,

and descriptions, and into them, as the fame of the school grew, the boys were stuffed like herrings in a box. To such refinement was this stuffing process carried that one intelligent observer was heard to express his surprise because he did not see a pair of legs sticking out of every chimney-top. For economy of room, Mrs. Gunn invented the "double-decker" bed, built upon the principle of berths in a ship or sleeping-car, so that

IN THE TOWER.

two boys only covered the superficial area formerly occupied by one. But snugly as we were packed into those little rooms with the sloping ceilings, such discrimination was shown in the designation of room-mates that every one assimilated with his sleeping companions, and no one had the feeling that his neighbor crowded.

One of the most charming recollections of life at the Gunnery is of the almost nightly pilgrimages made by Mr. Gunn through the dormitories. Soon after the boys had retired to their rooms, he would come upstairs carrying a lamp which, shedding its light before him, heralded his approach. He would then visit one room or another, or all of them in turn, as the fancy seized him. Perhaps he would stop only a moment to bid a cheery good-night and pleasant dreams to the occupants; again he would put down his lamp and visit for a half-hour or more. In these visits by night his intuitive knowledge of boys' hearts and characters shone forth with particular luster. The boy whose conscience was haunted by a wicked deed done during the day would feel, after he had gone, that an offended deity had swept through his room and left it desolate. He would toss and tumble and fret himself into sleep, only to awake in the morning with the conviction that the times were out of joint. Another boy in whom a tendency along some special line of thought was developing would find a sympathetic companion in Mr. Gunn, who evinced a deep interest in the subject so near the boy's heart. To some little fellow smarting under a fancied wrong inflicted by a companion he was the tender, loving, compassionate friend and protector. He would lie down upon the bed beside him, draw the lad's head upon his shoulder, and comfort him until the world again seemed bright and cheery, and his dreams for that night at least were unbroken. To the boy of virtuous life this bedside visitation was a balm of comfort; to the boy with a turn toward vice it a was purge of investigation; to both it was a help toward higher and cleaner living. Mr. Gunn once said that he never felt that he had established relations with a boy until he had lain by him on his bed and talked with him of his mother. His visits were not regular, but there was always a possibility that he might come, and the expectation of his presence was a constant check upon riot and disorder. The rising bell was the signal for a merry shouting which sounded from room to room and roused the sleepiest. Every day was begun in this way.

Off the family-room below, already described, was the bedroom occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Gunn; and even in those careless days many a boy's heart was touched with pity at the thought that the night, which meant rest and quiet and secluded comfort to most of the world, should be passed by the heads of our family in such a place, at best only a corridor, joining two important centers of family reunion — so dark that lamps were sometimes lighted in the day-time; so damp that mold was tempted to collect upon the articles it contained; so dismal that nothing less than a wonderful love and magnificent cheerfulness could have rendered it

habitable at all. It was characteristic of both Mr. and Mrs. Gunn that by far the most inconvenient and unpleasant part of the house should have been taken by them for their own use.

These uncomfortable quarters were the highway from the sitting-room to the "tower" beyond. Here was the center of the circle; here the point from which radiated all the influences that upheld the family government, and lent to it so large a measure of success; here we gathered for the highest social joys; here we dragged ourselves for examination, and for merited punishment when we were offenders. Years have rolled

THE BONFIRE IN THE GROVE

away, trials and penalties have faded into the mist of the forgotten, and we only remember that quaint hexagonal room as the casket which contained the essence of that home-life so difficult to catch and place in cold words upon the paper. That old tower-room, gone to-day into the gulf of improvement which swallows up many a pleasant memory, was fortunately caught by the art of the photographer, just before its transformation in 1885, and those who loved it in the good old times need not lose its proportions and surroundings. Again are seen its queer corners and angles, its bay-window, with a wealth of vines and flowers within and glimpses of nature without; its cozy resting-places, both of chair and sofa, scattered confusedly but invitingly about; the six-cornered table, the capacious arm-chair with its afghan, always suggesting Mr. Gunn; its lamps and book-cases and barrel-chairs; the pile of stockings, darned

and otherwise. We have only to recall that kingly figure, with its bright smile of welcome for all, and we are carried in the twinkling of an eye back to the times we are trying to describe.

There Mr. Gunn could be found every evening, and about him clustered young and old, to be within the range of his companionship. If visitors were in the town they were sure to come; many dear friends who lived about the Green would drop in for a social chat; those boys who were not deep in books or sport edged in and sat in the corners, or stood about the walls; the young lady teachers who added so much to the success of the Gunnery by their true womanliness and self-sacrificing devotion were there; and often some old boy who had drifted back to his former home, or perchance a parent with boys then at the school, swelled the group. Then was Mr. Gunn at his best. No subject was beyond his reach; poetry, history, philosophy, politics; the leading men and topics of the day; the works of God in the vast domain of nature — all furnished him with texts for new and original sayings, and it was in itself a liberal education to be a listener at those nightly symposia. Occasionally the peace and tranquility of the gathering was disturbed for a moment by some urchin who rushed in to prefer a complaint against an offending companion. Prompt as the lightning flash came the command, "Arrest Jones and bring him here at once." Equally prompt the examination, and swift the judgment. The boys departed, the one rejoicing that his rights had been vindicated, the other subdued but satisfied that justice impartial had been administered. A moment's curious thought on the part of the company over the offense and the unique punishment which it had called forth, and every mind reverted to the subject uppermost before the interruption, and the intellectual feast continued.

If a boy were ill and unable to attend to his duties, the tower was turned into a hospital, and sitting there in the sunshine, under Mrs. Gunn's motherly care and tender nursing, he half forgot his aches and pains, or was nearly content to undergo them for the happy sense of being coddled and cared for which followed in their train.

Here, too, were given and enjoyed those cozy Sunday evening lunches to which at one time or another each boy was admitted. Mr. Gunn's love for poetry was native and intense, his power of presenting the writer's thought in all its fullness wonderful, and in many a soul was stimulated the poetic fancy as he listened to the strong rendition of the stirring verses of Lowell or Emerson, Longfellow or Whittier. After those informal meals he was very apt to pick up a volume of one of his favorite authors, and in many an ear still ring the mournful cadences of his voice

as he read "I weep for Adonais, he is dead," or from the noble "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty." To larger audiences he read the "Biglow Papers," with running comments upon the great events which Lowell has so cleverly satirized.

There was one feature of the family circle rarely absent from those gatherings in the tower, whose introduction here deserves a separate paragraph. Pug—sleek-coated, black and white, curly-tailed canine of uncertain breed and temper—like every animal that came within his reach endeared herself to Mr. Gunn's heart, and was part and parcel

A SLOPE ON THE BRINSMADE FARM.

of himself for years. Her head, faithfully represented by the artist, long hung upon the wall of that tower-room, and in later days has served to bring to the mind of him who looks upon it subduing memories of the master who loved her and whom she loved. A picture stands out plainly on the canvas of the past to-day. Mr. Gunn, stretched out full length in that big arm-chair, his head thrown back, his legs straight out before him, his massive chest, fit for a model of Hercules, and that little wriggling specimen of feminine caninity pattering up and down upon him and kissing his forehead, eyes, lips, nose, ears, and beard, with a fervor almost too affecting. Suddenly her caresses cease, and with a bound, snap, snarl, and vicious bark, she emphasizes her disapproval of the noise with which some urchin clatters up the stairs to the rooms above, and in another moment she is back again upon her master's knee, ready to chase imaginary cats and boys, or to catch phantom woodchucks in the realms of

dream-land. Her origin has been traced back to a benevolent washerwoman of Hibernian extraction; her market value would be best expressed in decimals; but nevertheless she made her way into Mr. Gunn's heart, and was, whatever else may be said of her, a component part of the family life at the Gunnery. It must have been a touch of that same power which enabled Mr. Gunn to accept and love the most disagreeable of boys, and cling to him in tenderness after the last hope had disappeared of developing gentleness and decency in his nature, which enabled him to accept with a fondness that was close to adoration a dog which, by the godless youth of that generation, was accounted cross-grained and useless beyond her kind. Blessed be thy memory, Pug! Thou art reverenced to-day for that which, though hidden from the common eye, was spread before the vision of our friend and master, and it is hoped that in the broader fields which thy presence now illumines some of the ungraciousness which marred thy earthly pilgrimage may have faded and flown forever.

Another feature of the family life was the group of donkeys. Never was that plodding beast more completely the emblem of patience and of that virtue which provides its own reward than at the Gunnery. The original acquisition was named Fanny, and from her sprang those useful if not ornamental animals, "Scham," named after Schamyl, a noted chief of Daghestan, who made some stir in those days, and "Telegraph," so called because he first saw the light about the time of the landing of the first ocean cable. The monument which those dumb beasts deserve should be of enduring brass. They were the delight of every boy, and in many an excursion over the hills and through the wooded hollows of old Judea they added to the common stock of comfort by their patient jogging strength.

It was the writer's fate to be present when they were found one morning in the road below the house, hamstrung, dragging their bleeding stumps along behind them, and loading the air with piteous donkey-cries. A more fiendish act was never perpetrated in Washington. It was a heathenish malignity that could execute upon an innocent, dumb animal a revengeful purpose against Mr. Gunn. If the man whose hand performed that deed lives to-day and reads these pages, may he feel afresh the contempt of all who have associations with the Gunnery.

Old White, the horse, who lived a long life of usefulness, and passed away full of years and honor; Andy and Uly, her progeny,—the one named after Major Anderson, the other after General Grant,—deserve more than a passing mention. It may seem queer to the uninitiated that the horses

"AMY'S GROTTO."

and donkeys should be classed as features of the family life, but such, in fact, they were. They were often the first acquaintances a boy made in Washington. So thoroughly did they consider themselves to be members of the family that it was no unusual thing to see them winning their way into the kitchen and begging in dumb confidence for the cold pancake which they believed belonged to them of right. They have been known to look so high as to offer their assistance at gatherings in the family-room, but there the line was drawn and the unwarranted assumption repelled. Mr. Gunn was not versed in the art of horsemanship, but he had that thorough sympathy with all animals which gave him the power to compel their submission, and never were horses more tractable than those which

had grown up with him from early colthood. This fondness for animals was transferred to the boys, and bird-cages and rabbit-pens, baby woodchucks, and squirrels red and gray, could be found in many a room. Cats were omnipresent and prolific, and it was never safe to seat one's self without an examination, lest the intended chair had been preëmpted by some purring, satisfied kitten.

The maintenance of animal pets in the household was in keeping with the encouragement the boys received from Mr. Gunn to acquire familiarity with every living thing and, indeed, with all nature. A tendency to investigate nature frequently led the master to be lenient in regard to inattention to the regular school curriculum on the part of a youngster who was absorbed in finding out for himself the mysteries of bug and butterfly. The study of entomology was one that boys could easily pursue, and Mr. Gunn especially encouraged that. A wave of enthusiasm swept through the school. Every boy had his collection of moths and butterflies; his array of chrysalides, for the breaking of which he eagerly watched; his happy family of larvæ, big and little, each kept well-supplied with the leaves on which it fed until it retired into cocoon or chrysalis, to await its transformation. Long and happy hours were spent in watching every motion of these interesting creatures, repulsive or beautiful according to the temper of the observer.

One of the boys secured a great nest of "apple-tree worms," which he deposited in a candy-box placed in his bureau drawer. The industrious crawlers found many avenues of escape from their dark and insecure prison, and soon spread through the bureau and the room; and the boy's room-mate vows to this day that he made a nightly examination of his bed and removed numbers of unwelcome intruders before retiring. His ardor for science was not great enough to endure that degree of familiarity!

The picture of the house-life is not complete without the presence of Aunt Betsy Parish, the presiding genius of the mending-basket; she of the angular figure, unadorned calico gowns, square-cut features, and a nose which was the noblest Roman of them all. The weekly washing was her domain. To her kind offices were referred stockings without heels, under-clothes of varying consistency, tatters and tears, rips and breaks of all kinds and descriptions. To her, as she sat plying her busy needle in the old tower-room, migrated every boy whose wearing apparel had come to grief through sports by field and flood. Her memory is revered by the writer, but there lingers a sense of wrong done somewhere and somehow; for into his youthful mind she instilled a faith that he was more to her

than other boys — nay, more, that his name was actually "writ down" in a corner of her memorandum-book; a distinction awarded to few, and one which signified that the fortunate boy would be remembered in her last will and testament. Time has fled; Aunt Betsy is at rest with many another kindly, well-remembered character; but it is presumed that the memorandum-book has perished, or that the special leaf containing that name has been torn out, for the faith compelled by the old lady's promises has long since crumbled into incredulity.

Aunt Betsy also lives again as the cause of a chilly tramp to Moody barn, in the deepest winter snow, on the coldest winter night, within the writer's recollection. She slept or tried to sleep directly under our quarters in the tower, where we occupied the upper story. Late one night we improvised a gymnastic exhibition, just before retiring; but the success of the performance was sadly marred by the inopportune arrival of Mr. Gunn, who, in addition to sundry more cogent suggestions, advised us that nothing short of a walk to the well-known Moody barn could cool the extreme enthusiasm and high animal spirits which seemed to possess us. Next morning it came out that our walk was due to the fact that the good old lady had been disturbed in her maiden slumbers by our noise, and we were ordered to apologize to her for our thoughtlessness. Those concerned will never forget the kindly sparkle that beamed through her spectacles as we filed in, one by one, spread a large handkerchief upon the floor at her feet, and, kneeling thereon, begged her pardon in deep humility.

As the school grew it became necessary that Mr. Gunn should have assistants in his teaching, and as many of the boys were very small and of tender years, he wisely chose young ladies for that purpose. They became inmates of the family, and from association with them the boys derived much benefit. Many of us were at the rudest and most uncultivated stage of boyhood, lacking the graces which society brings, and constant contact with grown-up girls of refinement and strong character did much to smooth away the rough corners and produce that polish without which the brightest intellect is handicapped in the race of life.

To this end also the Friday night receptions furnished material aid,— receptions which have been well described elsewhere,* and will only receive here a passing allusion. On that evening for many years all the

* Besides the reminiscences included in this volume, a number of incidents connected with Mr. Gunn's peculiar, ingenious and effective code of discipline are chronicled in W. Hamilton Gibson's "Pastoral Days," the author finding in Washington his originals for "Snug Hamlet," "Mr. Snug," and "The Snuggery" school.

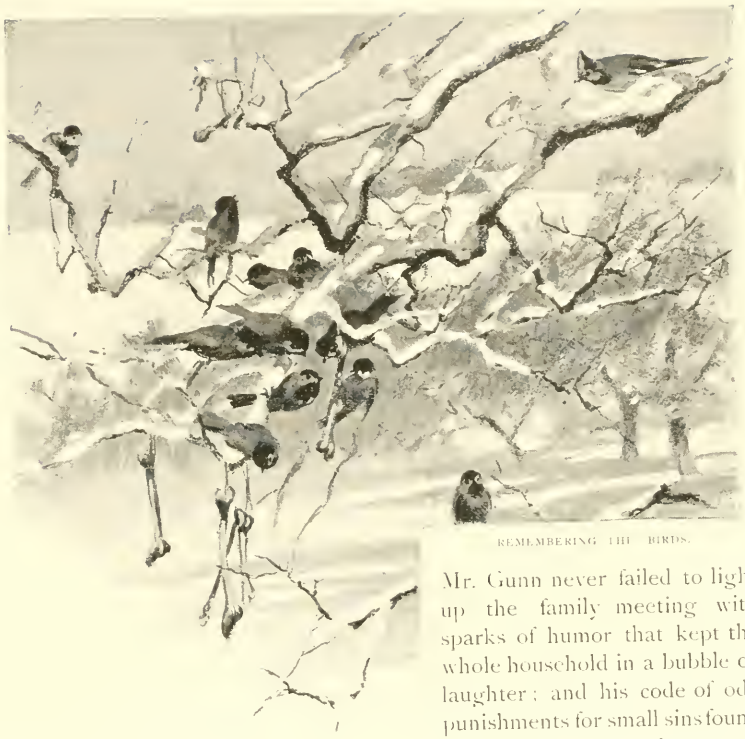
In Dr. J. G. Holland's "Arthur Bonnicastle," also, some of the features of Gunnery life are described with a fidelity that left no Gunnery boy in doubt as to the identity in real life of "Mr. Bird."

residents of the town were invited to the Gunnery and cordially welcomed. The rooms were brightened with such decoration as the fields and woods afforded; simple refreshments were prepared; the boys arrayed themselves in their best apparel, and an informal social evening was thoroughly enjoyed. Frequently an impromptu charade would be given, or a short drama,—and the acting was far above the average of amateurs.

Perhaps at no point was the genius of Mr. Gunn more fully revealed than in the unique family gathering, kept up to this day, and familiar to every Gunnery boy as the "family meeting." After dinner each Sunday afternoon the whole family, except the servants, gathered together, in summer under the vine-clad porch on the south side of the Gunnery, in winter within the large sitting-room. This conclave was the grand tribunal of the household, with the master for chief judge. To its arbitration were submitted any irregularity of the week before, or, indeed, any subject relating to domestic order or plans. The boys understood that this was the time to prefer complaints, to expose any lurking iniquity, or ask open advice. Many were the secret offenses disclosed, many the wrongs righted and just penalties imposed by this novel tribunal, which cemented a confidence between teacher and pupil very efficient in the general discipline of the school. The chief judge after rendering his decision often asked a show of hands, and if any boy dissented, his objection was asked for and sometimes allowed. Special sessions of the family meeting called to pass upon grave offenses now and then resulted in the punishment of the whole family of boys, either by the curtailment of privilege or the infliction of positive penalty. At these original gatherings the genius of the master was on wings. Sitting in his chair before his boy constituency, his glancing eye swept up and down the long line of lads seeming fairly to screw out the inmost secrets of their hearts. Callous the guilty youngster who did not quail under the ordeal and sharp the punishment that followed the "you're lying, sir!" with which the teacher's cross-examination now and then ended. If no serious matter was at issue,

whose school was called "The Bird's Nest." The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in his letters to *The Independent*, and Clarence Deming, in his correspondence with *The Evening Post*, have likewise found in the Gunnery material for very charming and interesting pictures of a unique phase of boy life.

It may be said here that "The Gunnery" has not always been known by that name. For many years, including, indeed, the period when most of the contributors to this volume were under its roof, it was known simply as "Mr. Gunn's School." "The Gunnery" was a term used at first by the boys facetiously, which was so obviously felicitous as to be generally accepted, and in the end officially adopted. But that we all — of whatever "period" — now use the term familiarly and unconsciously, is only an illustration of the close touch we have kept with our Alma Mater since we left her fostering care.



REMEMBERING THE BIRDS.

Mr. Gunn never failed to light up the family meeting with sparks of humor that kept the whole household in a bubble of laughter; and his code of odd punishments for small sins found ample scope in the judgments of this funny court. Under his administration this family council became a benign inquisition for eradicating school vices, stimulating confidence between the household and its head, enforcing a sense of justice among boys, and promoting the general order and well-being of the school family.

The grove south of the house was a very important factor in the home-life. Under its spreading chestnut-trees the boys were wont to walk and rehearse their parts for dramas and declamation, or grind into their memories pages of the books which they were studying. Under its fallen leaves they searched for the hiding chestnut in the autumn, and played at prisoner's base with the gnarled old trunks for goals. Upon its dry moss they rolled up in their blankets on warm summer nights and slept the sleep of unthinking boyhood, lulled by the music of the wind among

its branches, guarded by the sentinel stars in its canopy above. It was there that in the season the merry corn-roasts were held. The fire was heaped high with dead limbs, and cast its flickering lights and shadows far into the gloom. Music made the feet tingle, and, with an abandon upon which in calmer years one looks back with envy, we cut original pigeon-wings and danced and capered through the Virginia Reel or Money Musk. While the dancing went on the ears of green-corn changed into a crisp, luscious brown, and the entire company, sitting in groups about the fire, ate until appetites, sharpened to an edge by that keen Judean air, were appetites no longer.

Mr. Gunn's fondness for nature and faith in her power as an educator induced him to permit occasionally the "school-walk," which at last grew into a permanent institution. A particularly bright and lovely spring day, or one of those rich mellow mornings only found in a New England October, would call to mind the expected walk, and a family meeting would settle upon its propriety. Mrs. Gunn, with the small boys and the luncheon stowed away in the large carriage, followed the nearest highway to the place of destination, while the rest of us, with "Pater" Gunn in the lead, trudged away over the fields and through the woods, coming upon many a fair scene never before discovered, and reaching finally some vantage ground from which the bold outlines of the Judean hills unfolded before our vision.

On these tramps those who were fortunate enough to keep close to Mr. Gunn were filled with information about bird and animal, tree and flower. The name and purpose of every natural object, the habits and haunts of every living thing seemed stored away in his mind and always at his command, and he loved especially to help his boys on to something of the same knowledge. A bird's egg found by some sharp-eyed youngster, and borne up to Mr. Gunn in triumph, would call forth a chapter upon ornithology; and thus we all grew into closer relations with nature and her ways. Happy memories of out-door life! Through it we all gained that fondness for nature and sturdy physique which in varying degree are the possession of every Gunnery boy.

Our experience in all those yearly outings, sleeping side by side in the pure air, listening to the murmuring breezes and the rippling waters, bound us the closer to one another and to our master, and fastened beyond unloosing the cord which (if followed) leads us all directly back to the center of our young lives together in old Judea.

Mr. Gunn was not what an orthodox deacon of the old school would call a professor of religion, and yet he was an intensely religious man.

His early experience, and indeed the trend of his character, were such that he could have little sympathy for iron-bound creeds; but his love for his fellow-man and for God's handiwork, the world and all that is therein, was so forceful that he was led close to the heart of his Maker. He abhorred the cant and hypocrisy which occasional disciples have allowed to grow like barnacles upon the hull of their belief, and never hesitated to denounce them in unmeasured terms. Through a study of nature he led his boys in the path he himself had followed up to nature's God, and taught them to look for the beautiful lessons to be found in the leaf and brook and wayside flower.

He sometimes craved the soothing influence of solitary communion with nature. He was subject to periods of despondency, and at such times was filled with a fear that his life was a failure; that he was not helping his fellows as he should; that his influence was shorn, and that there was nothing worth living for. When most depressed he would disappear for the day, and wander about among his favorite haunts in the fields and woods. In these tramps he would invariably come around to a certain tulip-tree, and as he saw how bravely and unostentatiously it went on from year to year, accomplishing its task and bringing forth in due time its blossoms, he would gain a new inspiration, and return home refreshed and ready with renewed vigor to fight out his appointed task to the end.

There was one window in the house looking toward the west, and almost against its panes a large apricot-tree lowered its branches. Mr. Gunn had a habit of hanging bits of chicken-bones upon the twigs for the birds that twittered about the house. The birds soon came to recognize the bounty of their friend, and all day long the chickadees and sparrows chirped and fluttered without fear among the branches. At the time of nest-building Mrs. Gunn would cut up stocking-yarn into short lengths and hang them upon the tree, and the little birds with a chirp of thankfulness seized upon them to furnish the homes they were providing for their mates.

Sunday was made as sunny for the boys as was consistent with public proprieties. The scholars had to attend one session of church and also Sunday-school. It needed more than a poor excuse to enable a boy to avoid the rather longish Sunday morning sermon with which the parson was wont to edify his flock.

Many will remember a certain boy, then a mere stripling, whose father preached so well that it almost furnished the son with an excuse for avoiding other men's ministrations. He was remarkable for the facility with which he invented reasons for staying at home on Sunday mornings, and

among others was the mysterious loss of his shoes. The excuse passed muster once, but when a second time the same shoes were conveniently missing, Mr. Gunn sent for him to come to the tower, and he soon appeared in his stocking-feet. One lightning-like glance Mr. Gunn gave him, and then exclaimed, "Pull off those stockings, sir; take the blacking-brush, give your feet a thorough polishing, and start for church at once,—go, sir!" It is needless to add that the lost shoes miraculously appeared.

After the church services and dinner followed the family meeting, more or less brief; and after that, the customary Sunday letter home having been written by each of the boys, they were free to wander at will over the hills, the only restriction being that their manner should be decorous and quiet — such as befitted the rest and peace of a New England Sabbath.

Such, very imperfectly sketched, is the picture of home-life at the Gunnery in the olden times. No hand can ever do it justice; no pen can ever catch and retain the subtle aroma of that ideal New England school home. The aroma was there, however, and still lingers about the lives of all who were admitted within its influence.

We end where we began, with this, that one of the truest things that can be said about Mr. Gunn, and one for which his life will be chiefly remembered, is that he gave to many a boy what the parents found to be beyond their resources,—a home, built upon an exhaustive love and tender sympathy, and governed by a generous freedom tempered by fatherly justice.

VII

Last Days and Last Rites

ALL readers of "Tom Brown at Rugby" remember that pathetic scene at its close in which the youthful hero of the story—type of the manly, erring, human school-boy, in a tale almost too real to seem like fiction—learned of the death of Dr. Arnold, the Master of Rugby. Thoughtless, careless, self-centered though he had always been the blow unnerved him, and the revelation it brought him of his own love and reverence for his best friend, never realized before, sobered and saddened him. In the recreations and jollities of his companions he no longer had a part; his college vacation was spoiled; and, his spirit grown solemn in the tender illumination of a great grief, he sought the deserted quadrangle of Rugby, and at the tomb of the master consecrated his life to better things. The consecration was destined not to be fulfilled without many missteps; but his bereavement marked the beginning of his battle with himself, and he began worthily the conquest of his own soul.

The death of Mr. Gunn in 1881 was in many ways and in many instances a parallel to the story we have recalled. There were, happily, but few of the Gunnery pupils who were called upon to suffer, as Tom Brown did, the remorse of realizing how little they had valued the wealth of affection that had been bestowed on them; for Mr. Gunn's nature was so outspoken that none of us were ignorant of his deepest feelings toward us, and the frankness of his expression of them prompted each heart to respond in its own measure. If there was a responsive chord, the love of the master found it. But, beyond the few whose good fortune brought them frequently to Washington, there were not many who knew of Mr. Gunn's gradual failing and his final illness until the news of his death involved all in a common grief. Then came back all the memories, of which this book is the grateful record, and we dropped pleasures, business, and

all other duties, to make our pilgrimage to his grave, to testify of our love, and to consecrate ourselves once more to such a life as he had taught us to live.

It was not easy to associate Mr. Gunn with the idea of death. He had been to us the very embodiment of manly strength and physical vigor; and if we did see him grow old, it was into a hale and hearty age that he seemed to glide. We still thought of his splendid form as on the ball-field, on the mountain tramp, and at work in the field, not bent with years, but erect and well-preserved, and recalled the characteristic, determined, impatient shake of his leonine head as he pressed through all obstacles to accomplishment. When we saw him in these later days, most of us grown men, he was enjoying that greatest happiness of the faithful teacher, the tribute of his grateful and appreciative pupils. It was no uncommon thing to see him with a lapful of fathers of families, unrestrained by the conventionalities of any world but the unique world of Washington, talking over the old days, perhaps learning for the first time the secret history of celebrated escapades, mingling mirth and sentiment, laughter and tears. We laid at his feet in those days every tribute he could have desired, and the happiness of knowing that his faithful love had inspired and won that of his boys was given him without limit.

Mr. Gunn was spared the pain of long illness as well as the greater pain, to a proud and sensitive man, of an interval between useful activity and death. He died, as he would have chosen, in the harness. He continued his classes up to the close of the summer term, and then slowly sank away painlessly to sleep. It is true he had withdrawn from some of the more exacting duties of the teacher when, a few years before, he received into his family and brought into his school so competent an assistant as his son-in-law, Mr. John C. Brinsmade. He was relieved of discipline and kept in ignorance of the countless petty annoyances inseparable from a huge family — especially a household of unrelated school urchins, the guidance of whom in peaceful and harmonious existence under one roof is a task as exacting as the organization of all the antagonistic animals into a "Happy Family." For a year or two before his death Mr. Gunn had suffered from trouble with his heart, which more than once forced him to go to Florida and elsewhere for rest and recuperation. Soon after the close of the school term in the summer of 1881 the imperfect action of the heart became more marked, and in a few weeks it was evident that the organ could no longer send nourishing blood through the system, and that a fatal termination was to be expected before long. These tidings were sent to such of the old pupils

as could be reached, and many hastened to Washington in the hope of once more seeing their beloved master alive. There is nothing more pathetic in the history of friendship than some of those meetings. Already doomed to go, and realizing his situation, but yet able to sit on the little porch by the Tower, Mr. Gunn received his visitors at no bedside, but in the open air and in the light of the summer day. The impaired action of the heart at intervals failed to keep the brain awake, and he frequently dozed, unconscious of what was going on about him. Whether or not he dreamed of the past at such times, he frequently roused himself with a quiet laugh and recalled some striking scene of other days, with such gentle, affectionate comment, that we were forced to smile through our tears and to weep as we smiled. Here was a dying man, going with sincere and unaffected solemnity into the presence of his Maker, yet his solicitude was that we might not grieve too much, and his happiness was found in recalling the days in which he had gained our love and had given us his own. The essential Christianity of the man was made manifest by that brave, calm, trustful descent into the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

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We went our ways, and waited. Soon came the dreaded but expected word, and we prepared for the final privilege of showing our love and respect. Mr. Gunn died on August 16th. He had been favored to the last. No distressing death had been allotted to him, not even a few hours' confinement to his bed; but, sitting in his favorite chair, without pain and without a struggle, he instantly passed away.

The funeral of Mr. Gunn was simple and beautiful—as he would have wished it. The conventional funereal accompaniments, which seem fitly to lead only to the grave, were discarded. We wanted to think we were taking our very friend to the gate of heaven, rather than his body to the tomb. No dark, unsightly coffin, but a plain oaken casket; no stately hearse to bear it, but the old familiar body-wagon in which he had so often ridden, enwreathed with vines and drawn by his own white horses slowly up the hill from the Gunnery to the church. There was only a prayer at the Gunnery, in the presence of the family friends gathered about the Tower room where he lay, and the boys—we were all "boys" then, young and old—on the long piazza. Then seven old pupils bore the precious burden out; and mourners and friends—all mourners and all friends—we filed slowly after; and while the Gunnery bell announced the last departure of its master, the answering bell from the church on the Green responded.

The church was filled; prominent citizens from all parts of Litchfield County were there to do him honor. How strange it must have seemed to those who remembered the young man's struggles for mere recognition as an honest, free-minded man! It was said that the attendance was limited only by the number of carriages available to bring the people. Ferns, mosses, golden-rod, and clematis—he taught us their names and showed us their beauties—adorned the little church as though for a wedding, and no set floral piece marred their natural grace. There was a hymn by the choir, "Fading, still fading,"—"Our hymn" Mr. Gunn always called it, for it was sung at his wedding in the twilight; and the gifted young minister, whose hands were so efficiently upheld by Mr. Gunn during his Washington pastorate, and who has since gone to his own reward, spoke a few appreciative words. It was evidently no perfunctory service to the Rev. Mr. Thrall, but his words were a personal tribute to a personal friend. Referring to Mr. Gunn's lifelong abstention from church membership, after eulogizing his character, he added in substance: "I would that all this might have been poured through the channels of the church. It was not. Yet there has been no truer friend of this church, no stronger upholder of its work and its services, than he. We all know why he never became an outward member of this church; and although he never did, I do not hesitate to say he was a Christian—a better Christian than I am."

Justice at last, in the former citadel of injustice and calumny! But Mr. Gunn's friends saw in this not only reparation to him, but the promise of a new heaven on a new earth, where such Christians as he had been should not be cast out. Mr. Gunn had lived until new times had come in the religious world, and, like Moses of old, he was permitted to look over into the land toward which he had helped to lead his generation.

Appropriate services concluded in the church, the long procession once more moved across the Green, and brought the body of the master to the peaceful corner in the cemetery on the hill, which had been in his loving keeping for so long. When, many years before, he had laid there his only son, Dannie, Mr. Gunn felt that a part of his very self was covered by that earth; and in every way possible he had beautified the spot so sacred to him. A few more words were said, a hymn was sung, and the father was laid beside the son; the husband was hidden from the eyes of the doubly bereaved wife; and the beloved master was surrendered by the hands of his reverent pupils to the custody of the faithful soil. It was a memorable scene by the side of that grave. Men wept like children, and family, friends, pupils, neighbors, townsmen, alike gave evidence of the personal bereavement that had come to them in this good man's death.

All through these services the rain was falling; but no manifestation of nature could ever seem unwelcome or inharmonious in connection with Mr. Gunn, who was nature's own and worthy son. No one regretted the rain, and the sunshine would have seemed equally appropriate. It was such a gentle, beneficent rain; and the parched earth so needed it that we felt that it was as he would have had it.

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Again we separated, but not before we had spoken together of a further meeting as Gunnery pupils; no longer to greet, or cheer, or soothe our suffering friend,—his days of weakness were past, and the victory over death was his,—but fitly to commemorate his virtues and his strength. Within a few weeks after the funeral, a largely attended meeting was held at the St. Nicholas Hotel in New-York, where the Gunn Memorial Association was formed, for the double purpose of giving shape and direction to the common interests of all who had been pupils of Mr. Gunn, and of erecting a suitable monument and preparing a memorial volume. There were at this meeting representatives not only of the new and famous "Gunnery," but also of the humble school he had started at Towanda, Pennsylvania, when driven from his own town by cruel pro-slavery persecution. The committees appointed for the various parts of the work received prompt encouragement from the liberal subscriptions on the evening of the first meeting, and their further labors were so prospered that it was possible to select early dates for the erection and unveiling of the monument.

The stone was placed in position during the summer of 1882, and it was originally intended to unveil it on the first anniversary of Mr. Gunn's death, in August; but, in order to secure the attendance of some who were to take part, the exercises were postponed to October 4th, Mr. Gunn's birthday. For these ceremonies there was a large gathering in Washington of friends and former pupils, most of whom were received at the always hospitable Gunnery. Many of them arrived on the day before the exercises, and that evening there was one of those informal general assemblings in the grove back of the Gunnery which were perhaps the most notably characteristic affairs of the Washington outdoor life. It was a bold experiment, to make our reunion in the grove without Mr. Gunn! No spot was more closely identified with his memory, and in no place or manner could we more surely have tested our ability to meet and rejoice that we had known him rather than lament that we had lost him. But we were led by that calm, brave spirit, the serene and faithful executor of her husband's wishes; and she knew that Mr. Gunn would have pre-

ferred everything to be done as though he were with us. So we had the old familiar bonfire, heaped high among the trees, and while the older ones talked in groups, the youngsters amused themselves in the good old way. Some one timidly proposed a dance—that had always been a part of a grove party. Mrs. Gunn did not hesitate long in deciding; the spirit of Mr. Gunn was there, and that said, Yes; so Mrs. Gunn said Yes, and the shadowy figures were soon moving rythmically about in the weird light under the illuminated arch of the branches. The onlookers sat and wondered, not at the levity of this, for it impressed no one as inappropriate, but at the strange spectacle of a celebration like this of a departed friend, which yet seemed to all so eminently fit and in keeping. It was a fresh tribute to Mr. Gunn, and a new evidence of his continuing influence, that we should thus commemorate him.

Monument Day dawned bright and beautiful. The heavens and the teeming earth put on their most attractive guise for the celebration. The church was decorated with branches of autumn leaves and wild flowers, and the throng in attendance more than filled the comfortable capacity of the building. Senator Platt, the President of the Association, presided. The Washington church choir and a quartette from the Mendelssohn Glee Club of New-York sang at appropriate intervals; the Rev. George S. Thrall, whose grateful tribute to Mr. Gunn's efficient aid to the work of the church has been alluded to, offered prayer; and several of the former pupils of the Gunnery made remarks, the direction of which is sufficiently indicated by the following extracts from the speech of Mr. Clarence Deming:

"I remember in the Greek readings of college days a phrase of Homer, which could almost exactly be translated into the English words, 'sweet regret.' It referred, as I recall it, to the meeting of two bands of Greeks, who, after a long separation, after privation and peril, after many had fallen by the way, were reunited, mourning their lost comrades, even in the happy moment which brought the survivors together. If there is any sentiment that fits this day and place it seems to be that old Greek phrase, 'sweet regret.' The rose and cypress to-day blend their garlands, and joy comes a close comrade to sorrow. The jocund Past flits by loaded with memories of old delights on these sun-bathed hills; the somber Present, on the other hand, reminds us grimly that those same delights have gone, and gone forever. Washington seems outwardly still the same; but it is a Washington from which we have drifted far away, its beacon lights fading, as we pass from the quick pulse-throbs of youth into sedate manhood. Even in that special and particular tribute by which, this afternoon, we record our

tender affection for the old master, the same phrase, 'sweet regret,' finds its place. He has gone, but not too soon to infuse his life-work into ours. The death for which we grieve is also a joyful and hallowing reminder that our lives were, for a while, allowed to run parallel with his, and that we received the stimulus of his gracious impulse and example.

"More than a year has now gone by since we gathered to lay our old master at rest yonder on the hillside, overlooking the fair valley, the far hills, and the gleaming river which in life he so much loved. Since then we have passed out of the near shadow of our bereavement, and, I think, reached a point of view from which we see the bold outlines of Mr. Gunn's nature more clearly defined, and the strong personality of the man more lucidly portrayed. As we look back and scan one by one the qualities which made up in him a life as original as it was noble, what impresses me more than all else is, not so much our teacher's upright living, his heroic devotion to principle, his contempt for sham, his utter detestation of all that was mean and unmanly, but rather his singular genius for adapting to boy-training what I may call external accessories. Away from and outside of all the commonplace formulas of the school, Mr. Gunn built up a system of education which penetrated the whole social and physical life of the boy. Mere scholastic culture was, with him, secondary to self-reliance, pure morals, manhood, and that human quality expressed by what I conceive to be almost the strongest word in the English language, *character*. He employed in the construction of this grand and supreme quality expedients and motives which the ordinary teacher either overlooks or despises. We smile, no doubt, at some of the odd methods that he used — at the old family meeting, the master's queer code of penalties, his leniency for what many instructors would call serious offenses, his severe punishment of what some teachers would scarcely call offenses at all. But under the whole system ran the teacher's keen instinct, adapting means to an end. Take, for instance, the sports of the field which he almost enforced as part of the Gunnery scheme of education. I presume we all know well enough that Mr. Gunn had plenty of the boy in him to relish the athletic games in which he rivaled the most ardent of us. But underlying it all was his shrewd perception that those sports gave us nerve and pluck and self-reliance. There was something that smacked of the old Spartan in the firm conviction he had that physical discipline led up to manful traits of character. . . . . .

"We should be ungrateful to the kindly presence here of our Washington friends if we failed to emphasize the gracious influence which this village has exerted in making the Gunnery what it was and what it is. Many

of us have had experience of New England communities, and not a few were born and reared in this county or State; and I am sure that when we measure diffused intelligence, temperance, harmony, purity, and that rarest of traits among Yankee farmers, hospitality, we must concede that this village stands without peer or rival. We recall, too, how strongly the sympathy and sweetness of the social life of the town was reflected upon the Gunnery. The two have been one and indivisible, each forming the other, and interchanging qualities for the common good of both. Indeed, glancing back, it is hard to say where the Gunnery ended and Washington began. If I were to be called upon to name three forces — the trinity of forces — which developed here our school and its unique and loving life, they would be Mr. Gunn, Mrs. Gunn, and Washington.

"There was one side to the character of our old teacher to which I refer with delicacy and with some fear of giving offense, but in justice to him it must not be omitted from any analysis of his traits. I mean the religious side of his nature. Mr. Gunn was not a formally religious man. He belonged, I think, to no ecclesiastical society, certainly he rendered open allegiance to no sect. Yet how that strenuous and exemplary life of his shames the daily record of many men whom the world calls religious! How luminously it contrasts with the visible lives of some people, whom, too often, we find with good church standing in these communities around us; with the class of people, for example, who accept religion for a badge of conceit, and go about self-suffused with their own odor of sanctity; or, that other class, with miasmatic consciences, whose religion is all austerity and woe, who fear God rather than love him; or that familiar class of village Calvins who can hair-split a doctrine, but who may be trusted every time to put the topmost cent on a pound of butter. I say these things with irreverence, not for genuine piety, but for those holy hypocrisies of which Mr. Gunn's character was so living and so scathing a rebuke. And if, as most of us conceive, a Superior Power guides events to moral and divine ends, how unerringly our old teacher's life points to something beyond mortality! For one, I love to think of that life so suffused with humanity, so heroic in its hatred of wrong, so radiant with the religion of good things done, as something which stretches far back past the contentions of sects, the clash of doctrines, and the dogmas of the schools, to those simple words of the Master: 'Follow me.'"

The exercises at the church were concluded with remarks by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. "I could do no less!" he exclaimed, when Senator Platt announced that he had consented to speak of the life and character of Mr. Gunn. "My own sons have been his pupils; and, although I am their

father, he again in many respects was the father of their consciences. To refuse to be present and add some words here to-day, would have seemed to me unnatural.

"I congratulate you; you are a community rich, not in silver nor in gold, but in that which is far more precious, and which silver and gold cannot buy. Henceforth, and for generations, no man of intelligence visiting this beautiful hill-top will fail to ask for the monument which we unveil to-day; for, as on the village green the church spire points heavenward above other roofs, so on that lovely hill-top his monument will be the spire and point upward to God, to Heaven, and to Rest. I could not but feel, when the morning broke over the hills, that God was before us, and had sent his heralds to cleanse the sky, and intended the very air we breathe to stir more purely and sweetly on such a day as this. An October day,—ripe, rich, clear, and beautiful! In such a day he was born. If you think of the year and its changes, June is the month that bursts out from the gates of heaven, with all that is youngest, and clothed with that which is the most tender and beautiful; and October is the month that goes back to heaven and to rest — is nearest to our Creator and to the glories that await us. And just to think that in such a month as this a man should be born whose life was, I had almost said, the union of June and October! It held the tenderness, the freshness, and the valor of youth of the one, and the amplitude and clarity of the other.

"It gives me great satisfaction to attend these services, funereal I will not say, but memorial, in a church without a particle of crape anywhere, with not one shred of black or any of those signs of grief which men almost feel bound by pride and duty to wear. I regard the prevalent customs of Christian men in mourning the departure of those who have gone before as a Paganism that would have put the Pagans themselves to shame. Death is a coronation! Those who have sent heavenward their treasures should follow them with upturned faces, and should even hallow with smiles and resignation that which is to relieve them from this life of earthly sorrow. He has gone into the glories of the Father's Kingdom, leaving poverty and becoming rich; leaving suffering, sickness, and the weakness of the flesh for that life which is destined for those that die in Christ. I was not present at his actual burial, but this day too is closely connected with that small hallowed spot which we call his grave; and I congratulate you that we stand in a church, in a church in New England, a church in Connecticut (where I was born and largely brought up), to see the celebration of death under bright colors. All October has been rifled to bring here these brilliant hues by which nature teaches us that we

become more beautiful as we come nearer to heaven, and that death is its pearly gate. The great blossoms in his life were so white that even to the last days of his life there was no sign of drying up. The sap felt cold, and the roots gave out, but he blossomed to the very end.

"Now in joyful remembrance of him these gems of nature have been brought here; and are they not eminently befitting his character, his tastes, and his habits? Was there anything in heaven above, or in the great atmosphere of the skies, that he did not love? Why, the very clouds and the raging storms were poems to him. Was there anything on the face of the earth that his heart did not go out to in the spirit of Christianity, with sympathy or with admiration? God's handiwork was art to him, and he was both poet and artist, not by creation, but by that intense sympathy which he had in all that constitutes art and poetry. Was there a thing that swam the sea or the river, or anything that flew in the air, was there anything that belonged under ground, or was there anything that lived above it, that Mr. Gunn had not a heart for? Methinks his very dust feels the roots that grow over him, and that he is still in communion with nature through that which is perishable, and which has been given back to the earth again. Born here, remaining here, beginning his simple work without ostensible ambition, with only that hope which comes from aspiration, or loving to do that which is better or best; never at rest, he stood here a school-man, and by a life of perseverance he has made your place illustrious in the annals of New England. Boys from other schools in Great Britain and elsewhere have turned aside from their great cathedrals to look at the place where Arnold was born, and died; and henceforth here will be the history of this life. This is the one simple spot that persons will come to see—the 'Gunnery' that bears his name, the place where his dust lies.

"In all the history of monument-building, I know not one event more touching than that we celebrate to-day. Kings die and monuments are built for them; but they are built out of the public treasury, and the builders call for any amount they need. So they commemorate the illustrious, so they celebrate the dead among bishops, archbishops, kings and princes. We not so. No legislature has contributed to raise this shaft; the great political world has not voted to raise some memorial to a party hero. The young have turned their hearts to gold, and have built a monument to their master. When a man has done that which is a service to his time and a monument is reared to his memory, it stands as interpreter, as a souvenir and suggester, and thousands in time to come will look and inquire who this is that sleeps here, and whose

name is graven in the imperishable stone. And the story of his life will be told to them, and many and many a worthy child will catch an inspiration from it. Being dead, not only will he speak, but the very stones will cry out and speak in his behalf.

"We had here a school-master—a real one. He was fore-ordained from all eternity to be a good school-master. I do not know that there is anything on earth that is more noble than that. When God means to send a guardian spirit for a child into life he gives it to woman, to mother this prince or princess, and into her hand he commits the choicest trusts that are known, as being worthy to care for them. The mother is the highest teacher; and the discipline, the conscience, the regard and the lenity of the mother, represent the type of divine government more nearly than anything we have on earth, or shall ever have. We cannot draw our notions of divine government from kings and laws, which must necessarily be but very crude instruments, and certainly are not fit to be for us the representatives of divine control. The household,—the father and the mother,—they are the only types from which we can learn anything of love; parental government is divine nature. It is the parent who stands at the foot of the cross; and next to him who has made atonement for all the world, the parent is a perpetual atonement for the child; who lives that the child may live, whose body feels, and whose heart seeks his well-being;—this is what it is to be a mother in the true sense. And if there be one who unites in himself all the stalwart qualities of a true manhood and motherhood, you have all that which makes the perfect teacher.

"Far be it from me to say that Mr. Gunn was a man without a flaw; if he had been perfect he would not have been a man. He was a man, worthy of the life he led, and carried his burdens and his faults; but, nevertheless, he united in himself the mother and the father in the shape of a school-master, so that he safely took the child from the mother's lap at home to carry it on into the world. For the most perilous part of a child's life is that in which he is uncertain himself whether he is child or man, that period in which the swelling passions are not yet understood or controlled by the development of the moral sense; and if you can carry a child safely through from the age of twelve to twenty-one,—the hell-gate of life,—he is safe. And Mr. Gunn's was the nature that could take children up into his arms and carry them by his methods safely through the perilous period, setting them the example of a solid man, a man of faith, of intellect and manhood. He interested them and induced them to come to him for advice. He knew not what it was to make irresistible and unbreakable laws and rules, he knew how to throw himself all round

about the child, and in the warmth of his bosom and his heart he could awaken new life in those who were committed to his charge. This is what it was intended a school-master should be; and as such I do not know where to look for his equal.

"My own school life is among my most distinct memories. The school to which I was sent had not one single line of color in it, nothing that I learned, and nothing that I loved, and everything that I hated and loathed. It is a good thing to have a school made so sweet that a child draws out the golden thread of recollection of it clear through the whole length of his life, as many and many a young man going out into this boisterous world holds the recollection of a mother, a thread that we always hold and never lose.

"Afterwards, when I went to Boston, I did learn something; I learned the Latin grammar, and my text-book clear through, but I did not remember one single word of it. I learned also the art of firing wads when the school-master was not looking, and the art of being a victim, and of standing up bravely and taking fifty slaps with a rattan on my hand without crying; though I must confess my fingers felt swollen. Oh! to bring back to the heart the memories of such a school as that! I recollect going to College at Amherst, now grown beautiful, and I learned a great deal there (outside the recitation room). I wandered over the hills. It was there that I went to study; it was there that I learned to find God and nature; it was there that the elements of coming life were given to me. I learned much at Amherst; and yet nothing that ever touched my heart, except to know old Doctor Humphrey. I never got any other idea from him but that he was a man. It is a great thing to have a teacher that will fill out to the scholars the idea, the perfection of a true man, and not one of these pale-faced scholastic men that come from the realm of useless knowledge. A man with a belly and with legs and feet, and fists, and a head; who is not afraid to do this, that, or the other, or to say just what he thinks; a man with forethought and power, and with liberty to feel and to act; loving that which is right, so that he shall never be afraid of wrong-doing, and distinguishing right from evil; and with all that, to carry himself lordly and heavenly — this is what imparts education.

"And it is more if he has the art of instilling the love of truth — and Mr. Gunn did know how to do that; he taught the boys to abhor that which was evil, he abhorred lies and all that which is degrading, and he loved frankness and truth and honor. He every day opened the eyes of the children that they might see the great ends to be achieved in this world. They learned the ways of scholastic thought, and learned the ways of the

just; the ways of truth, and the love of religion. I know it; I sent my boy — knowing who his father was, I sent him here. He came back with less theology, but more religion. It is a great thing to have a school-master that is able to teach not only what is to become of us hereafter, but also what God in providence is saying all the time, what God in nature is extolling all the time; not only to know that Christ died for our salvation, but to be interested in the things that govern nature among men; everything that teaches and concerns the welfare of men, and especially in the great struggles of wrong against right. Many and many a young man came out into the toils of life equipped for the conflict of life by the influences that came from this school-master. Ah! it is a good thing to be a hero, such as Grant, or Sherman, or Sheridan, not fighting for the love of fighting, but for the love of the country and patriotism; but it is nobler to be a hero in the great eternal kingdom, to overthrow the devil and his dominions in every form of meanness and wickedness. There speaks the hero! Of those that seek honor, such are the nearest to God.

"He has not gone from us. He never was so near us; he never was so influential as he is to-day among us. He dwells in the very history of this town; he lives on these hills. His institution is purified, not alone by what overhangs the scene of his life; but there lingers there a benediction emanating from what is missed in the absence of the old master, as of the angels of God, and his memory is more serviceable to this community than his presence now would be. He will still be a blessing that will guide the coming generation in this goodly town of Washington. May the spirit of this man who has quickened the lives of so many never go out; may it abide here!

"If I may be permitted to venture so near a trespass upon family relations, let me also say: God's grace and blessing be upon the head of her that stood by his side, and was mother, as he was mother, and master as he was master, and filled out every nook and corner of the great life in that school, making him largely what he was, or sustaining him in the great conflicts that he was obliged to go through. And as the days are coming,—the Indian-summer days late in the year, the last kiss before the winter — so may your life be blessed to see the riches of the life to come, and to see the life of God in heaven, before the winter of life shall come, and its storm descend. May you come out into that other life where there is no winter, nor days, nor nights, nor any other light than the light that shines in the love of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"And so we go to hold a farewell service in that beautiful place on the hill-top that looks out upon the region around, where his dust will sleep,

and we shall wait in the blessed expectation of hearing that one note which will have in it all the music of time — Welcome, Welcome! And if it be, as Peter intimates, that they that have gone up there shall meet at the gate of heaven the blessings of those whom they have left behind, oh! how blessed will be the outcoming of the school-master, and the children of the school-master with whom he is blessed; and what blessings and greetings will be his in the Fatherland, in the home of the Father in Heaven!"

At the close of the service in the church the company assembled again about the veiled monument in the cemetery, and Senator Platt, in the name of the Association, presented the memorial to the family of Mr. Gunn, and Mr. John C. Brinsmade briefly and felicitously accepted it on their behalf. Senator Platt has more fully treated of his subject in the chapter he has contributed to this book, and his remarks are not reproduced here.

It was at an informal meeting held at the Gunnery that evening, that the preparation of a memorial volume was considered in detail, and if the completion of this work has been less rapidly accomplished than was the erection of the monument, it must be ascribed in part to the growth of the plan during its progress. It has been the contribution of busy men in busy times towards perpetuating the memory of the man to whom their indebtedness has been that of sons to a father, that generations of boys might learn to know, somewhat as they knew him, the Master of the Gunnery.

VIII

MR. GUNN'S WRITTEN WORDS

Except as otherwise noted, the extracts in this chapter are all from letters written by Mr. Gunn in New Preston to Miss Abigail I. Brinsmade, afterwards Mrs. Gunn. It strangely happens that the letters of the period covered by these fragments (1843-1853) are the only ones that have been preserved.

SLAVERY AS SEEN AT THE SOUTH.

HAD hoped that my connection with Dr. Andrews, who has great influence and popularity here and extensive acquaintance among the higher classes, might introduce me to some slave-holders with whom I could converse freely upon their abominable system; but I have given up the hope. The South is worse than I ever thought it. I have had a long, confidential talk with Dr. A. upon the subject. I told him I meant to talk with the gentlemen slave-holders, to whom he introduced me, and was willing for myself to risk the consequences of a stump speech to the people.—at all events, to the candid men I must talk in private at least. He replied: "Upon this subject there are no candid men," and entreated that if not for myself, yet for the sake of him and his family, I would hold my peace. He could protect me from personal violence, but it would be at the sacrifice of all his prospects in life, of his standing in society, and all the interests of his family. He dare not let it be known that I am an abolitionist, nor allow me to speak to his most intimate friends. He felt that I would not refrain in consequence of any fears for myself, and therefore he urged me solely out of regard for himself and my sisters. . . . .

The Dr. wishes me to stay that I may study slavery, but I find in order to do it I must become a slave; besides, what chance have I to study, when I can neither converse with the tyrants nor their victims? Will the masters who will not listen to a word open the doors wide and suffer me to examine at my will? Preposterous! Whatever knowledge I gather will be gained in spite of them. I shall not stay here long on such terms. I will not sacrifice my friends, but they must not expect me to sacrifice myself.—[*Goldsboro, N. C., 1843.*]

BRAVE UTTERANCE A MAN'S DUTY.

Now, see how the case stands. I am an abolitionist among a slave-holding community. I am a teetotaller among a people where the rum-maker and rum-seller are respectable men: a desperate heretic in the midst of a staunch, orthodox people. I am a non-conformist in many things — in some I stand all alone.

Many hate me most cordially, as you know; but I value their opinion so little, it irks me not. I speak plain, *true* words about a church that buys and sells to a life of dissolute wretchedness young girls whom friends love as we love you. I utter a harsh, true word about a ministry that quotes Scripture for the crime; but my friends are shocked — they cannot bear to hear it.

Worse still, I cannot find all the religious notions in which I have been educated to be true, and I say so. Foes call me a heretic, or an infidel, and friends look upon me as a dangerous person. What shall I do,— revoke my views, give up my opinions, fall in with the stream of fashionable religion? Before God, I cannot; my words are true and right to me, with the light I have. How can I surrender my opinions? *that* would be to lose my soul at once, to throw it away as a dangerous thing. Shall I suppress my thoughts in my own breast? Impossible! I must be a man, not a coward. The man who dares not think, or, thinking, dare not speak his thought, is a miserable slave. I must keep my lips free and my soul free. My friends must fall off if they can't bear it. If I were to be dumb when humanity wants my voice, if I were to suppress my convictions and fetter my soul for the sake of retaining their friendship, I should never dare look my own soul in the face again.—[*To Mary M. Brinsmade,* April 2, 1845.*]

* It seems fitting that a word should be said here of the beautiful life which ended but a few months ago, on the seventeenth of April, 1887. The letters quoted above were written to Mary M. Brinsmade the year before she graduated at Mount Holyoke, and entered upon her work of teaching with all the enthusiasm of a disciple of Mary Lyon — a work which she continued for many years. To her pupils she was more than a teacher; she was a great power of fascination and influence, the revealer of a new world of thought and feeling, the inspirer of a new faith in the Love of God, and in the things which are spiritual.

Although the sphere of her influence was changed, it was not lessened by her marriage, in 1864, to Mr. George L. Brown. Perhaps her nature was best disclosed in her home and in her devotion to her husband and her mother; — was there ever a lovelier picture of old age than we had in "Grandma Brinsmade"! How eager were both Mr. and Mrs. Brown to make others happy out of the abundance of their own happiness! "Brownley," their stately house, was a favorite gathering-place of the dwellers on the Green and the hills around it, a center for "reading circles" and intellectual intercourse, a home radiant with sunshine and welcome, no matter what or how great the demand one brought to its door. Mrs. Brown impressed all who knew her with the force of her large nature, and with the breadth and depth of her thought, yet the charm of her tenderness and grace made an impression deeper still. They are few who form friendships so intense and so intimate as hers, yet she was the friend of every one, and especially of those whose lives were the humblest or the saddest.

To lose her is for Washington a great and irreparable loss; it is akin to that of Mr. Gunn, and brings new depths to the realization of our need of him. But in both losses we have a like consolation. We can rejoice that she has entered into the Heavenly joy which even here was so real to her, and we have still the blessing of her influence and the inspiration of her character.

SPRING-TIME.

When the genial spring fills all the air with this spirit of life, this influence we feel but cannot name, that makes the heart expand with a more joyous and bounding life,— then the stupidest boor that from his fresh furrow looks up into the sky and hears the bluebird warble, cannot but worship God. Kind Nature speaks an unheard but a deep-felt voice into his heart, saying, "Be good, be good like the spring; be kind and loving like the Father who sends the soft breeze and the sunlight, the flower's beauty, the bird's music,— love all things."

But better still, kinder than sunshine, than aught Nature shows, is a good, loving look from the face of man. There is nothing like it. Be it from an enemy, even, the heart will be grateful, though it be but a transient glance.

What voices do not such kind looks utter; how eloquently they persuade us to be like God! What bad thoughts, bad words, bad deeds have been repressed by a look of sympathy, a word of friendly confidence. I can well remember what effect you and others had upon me in school when I was morose and ill-tempered. Did you know you had helped me to govern my spirit, more than I have ever helped you to master the Latin? —[*To Mary M. Brinsmade, April, 1845.*]

ON THE INFALLIBILITY OF THE BIBLE.

I believe the Bible to be inspired, but not to be infallible. The Bible itself never makes any such claims. Its authors were all erring, sinful men, with like passions to ours, not free from infirmities. This they knew, and they never claim submission to their opinions as infallible. I know we have been taught differently, but I think such teachings to be based merely upon assumptions. . . .

But I never thought of rejecting the Bible or the Christian religion; on the contrary, I love them both more and more every day. I love the Bible, because I now see wherein it is good and beautiful. I try to appreciate it, to get at the mind and spirit of its writers. Let us help each other to understand it more and more.—[*To Mary M. Brinsmade, December 3, 1845.*]

LIVING ISSUES IN THE LIGHT OF DUTY.

(From a letter written in January, 1846, during the height of his social persecution for abolitionism and alleged infidelity,— the letter being one of the earliest in the correspondence with Abigail I. Brinsmade.)

Have I become false to all my mother's sweet teaching? Is her spirit cheated of its heavenly bliss by the contemplation of my changed character and desperate principles? . . . When just ten years old, I stood above the graves of both father and mother in such desolation of heart as you can never know. My religious education had been the strictest. All the institutions of religion which my mother reverenced, so did I; but I was quickly changed. My brothers were, or became, profane; so did I. Religion became hateful to me. I derided it. I did forget my

mother's teachings, except in the still night-watches. At fourteen or fifteen I became converted — when you and so many joined the church; why I did not I can hardly tell. I have the most vivid and distinct recollection of all my feelings during the time I called myself a Christian. Time passed, the revival died away, and I became as before. I continued reckless of religion until after I left college, when I entered into a controversy with my brother John on abolition. John had never laid aside his religion. The idea of his duty to God never leaves him; it distinguishes him from all men I ever knew. Well, he urged the principles of Freedom upon me. I dissented, and read his books and papers to be able to refute him. Thence I imbibed a spirit I had never known before. The doctrines were self-evident. I submitted at once. There was a kind of heroic ardor about the men who advocated them, in defiance of mobs and the public opinion, which I could not but admire.

To be religious as others are is easy. Fashionable religion bears no cross; it affords no trial of character; but to bear the banner of truth aloft and forward amid a storm of public hatred and wrath and execration, to be hunted and spit upon, ostracised from society, persecuted and calumniated by one's own neighbors, and still not

> "Bate a jot
> Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
> Right onward"—

that required some heroic devotedness of soul. Such I found the abolitionists to be. I learned then what it is to listen to the voice of conscience and follow its teachings. Well, insensibly I began to promulgate these truths. I attended meetings where they were discussed. I continued to read. We went along smoothly till Parson Hayes came out against us; then came the storm. We were not allowed to reply. John talked in church meetings, and then the battle waxed hotter. . . . It came into politics. We followed the principle which requires us to give no aid to slavery. The Whig party we regarded as giving aid to slavery and we abandoned it. It was easy to do that. Meanwhile the discussion was waxing hotter all over the country; we regarded it as the great question of the age. . . .

Let us come to religion. I started from the sin of slavery, . . . then the sin of sustaining slavery. I argued that nothing could be of God which *willfully* sustained slavery; but it was by slow degrees, and with great reluctance, that I admitted the American church to be the great bulwark of the infernal system. . . . I blamed myself for holding back and admitting the truth too slowly; but I did admit and now assert, that no institution nor all institutions are doing so much to perpetuate slavery as the churches in America; that nothing in Judea exerts so great an influence to prevent the people from hearing the truth and adopting it, as *their religion*, their religious teachings, their religious institutions. You see why I have denied the sacred and divine claims of the church corporations and organized clergy of the country. It was Thomas Carlyle who taught me never again to look to such classes of men for guidance; that every man with a true and saving word to utter is divinely inspired for its utterance. . . .

Well, then came the Sabbath; because all over the land it is used not to teach righteousness but sectarianism, and against the slave. Here again I was some years in fixing my opinions clearly and definitely; and I now agree with Luther, Calvin, Melancthon, Milton, and a host of other noble men from whom you differ. . . . As to holy places, the idea of God's infinity makes every place holy, each spot a temple, all earth a sanctuary.

I don't know how heretical I am about the Sacraments. . . . Religion consists in the spirit you cherish, the life you live, rather than in external observances. . . .

But of the Bible, what of that? I will say that I think it never influenced my opinions as much as now; that I never loved it so much as now. I believe the Bible, I think, just as its authors would wish to have it believed. I believe it to be *inspired;* but probably not just as you believe it to be. I do not believe infallible guidance is possible to man. . . .

So my opinions have been forming. I have not adopted one without looking at all sides of it; there is not one I am not ready to change to-night, if you will show me good reason for it. . . . Am I a heretic? If so, suppose I remain a heretic. Why should I forfeit your good opinion? Do my heresies corrupt my heart; do they deprave my character; do they attach to me anything unworthy of a *man;* do they grow out of meanness, and ripen into vice?

I feel that I am too sensitive. I have tried to harden my heart against this weakness, to let everybody think of me as they pleased and snap my fingers; but I cannot succeed at all times, or toward all persons. I earnestly desire your confidence and esteem, and feel that it should not for such reasons be withheld.

THE NATURE OF A TRUE CHURCH.

You laugh at the exclusiveness of the Catholic so far as his ban against you is concerned, but you mourn to think that same notion of the sacredness of that church should lead its devotees to put confidence in a substitute for goodness. They rely upon the church for salvation, and accordingly do not save themselves from their sins. Now, the doctrine of your church is substantially the same, and leads to the same results. The church magnifies itself, claims a divine origin, sacred immunities, superhuman prerogatives. It assumes to vote men in and vote them out of Christ's church; whereas every man who reposes faith on Jesus Christ becomes by that very act of his own soul a member of Christ's church. Now, in the first place, I deny to any and all these bodies the divine character and divine origin which they claim. They are mere voluntary societies, like temperance and anti-slavery societies, formed, originated, and like them kept in being by the members who compose them. They are formed for a most noble purpose: for the most part, by most noble men. They have done, and are doing, a most glorious work in the world. All honor to them while they are good; pity, and if we cannot help it, contempt for them when they cease to be good and become mean. They are organized by heroes; they afterward become the refuge of cowards. At first the church is known by its works; at last you must take its works for granted because of its name. . . .

I claim him as my Christian minister who teaches me the most moral and religious truth. Not, "Was he ordained, and by whom?" but, "What does he teach and do?"— that was the question once among Congregationalists. I know some men that I believe to be ministers of Christ, that were never set apart or ordained — nay, that are not even called Christians by some. Is not this plain common sense, Abbie? The body of men and women in Judea called a church — what is it? has it any peculiar character? Did God plant it there any more than he planted the school there? Are they all his peculiar people? Is there any reason why I should spare it when it does wrong any more than I should the temperance society? If I tell the plain truth about it, they shriek out, "You are reviling the church of Christ!" and I get a bad name. But I say, "Not so. I am not reviling the church; I am telling the *truth* about a body which has no right to skulk behind a claim to sacredness."

Do tell me, how came we ever to consider things sacred any farther than we found them good? Let us come back from the show to the substance; let us overlook names and look at things. He that doeth righteousness is righteous; and though a church be ever so venerable for age or for the piety of its founder, it can confer no peculiar sanctity upon its members, it can claim nothing for itself any further than it is found in the way of duty. Every man of us stands alone, bare before the eye of the Almighty to answer each for himself.—[*January 12, 1846.*]

. . . Do we make any progress in our discussion? Let me tell again what I want to say. The distinction between the church and the world, considering the church as a visible, organized body, is a false distinction. There is no such thing in fact; the *peculiar character* claimed by the common churches, whether Catholic or Protestant, Roman or American, does not belong to them,— they must consent to be judged by the same standard we apply to a temperance society. *By their fruits! by their fruits!* not by their name. Candid persons must no more be shocked to hear one speak disrespectfully of the church than of the temperance society. They must ask for the reverence of men no farther than they deserve it by their character. Membership in a church must be no shield for a man's faults, no cloak for his vices. A drunken, man-stealing church-member must no more be called a Christian than any other drunkard or slaveholder. If the church acknowledged this, and the people acted and judged accordingly, I should have no more to say against it. But so long as the church claims, and the people concede, a peculiarly sacred character, so long as my brother men are made drunken and enslaved in consequence of it, so long I must speak against it. I do not think 'tis owing to my destructive spirit. Am I remarkable for fault-finding? for railing? do I kick the one whom all the people spurn? You say I am *bitter*. It may be so. I have asked your advice. I want to penetrate into my own character and root out the evil. Help me by all manner of plain speech; but, you see, what you call *bitterness* I call *truth*.

Here is a man who is enslaving our brothers, chaining them down to a mere animal existence, trampling on their hearts, treating them as mere nothings,— this is not exaggeration, it is scientific fact. He is upholding a system by which this is

done on a giant scale. He, and others like him, have enlisted the nation in defense of the system; our public servants are its champions. I have in thought made the case mine. I feel about it as I should if you or I were the sufferers. Now, this man is called a Christian, this acknowledgment of Christian character is sufficient for him. Why should he repent; is he not on the way to heaven? If he were not a church-member no one would think of calling him a Christian. The church is his castle. If the church were good he could not remain, but it defends him, finds a pillow for his head, whispers, "It is well with thee," when it is ill with him. But this is not the end of it; when we try to reach him there, we are met by an anathema. The church enters warmly into the conflict in favor of the wrong-doer and against the truth-speaker. This you must feel to be true, I think. The influence of the church goes tremendously in favor of the wrong side. Albert Barnes says the religious sanction given to slavery by the American churches does more than all things else to perpetuate the system,— so say the religious bodies in England.

Now, I see all this, and I no longer reverence the church as a good body. I confess I feel the rising of indignation. I want to cry out,— but see how this feeling is heightened when I see all the people dumb, even the abolitionists dumb. They are dastards and dare not speak out the truth they have in them. They denounce the political parties and separate from them, while they remain in fellowship with the religious parties that are doing ten times more than the political parties can do to prop up the system. I know that it is fear that seals their lips. The church is dear, their reputation is dear, the sympathy of loving friends is dear; they cannot forfeit these,— so they make believe, and hush it up, and blame me when I speak what they very softly acknowledge to be truth. When I have been talking with some such cowardly abolitionist, I don't know but I speak too harshly, perhaps uncharitably; but speak in some way I must. There are men enough to kick the puppies. There are enough to speak evil, even if they have to invent it, of those whom all condemn. Some one must reach the popular criminals and drag them to justice. It is easy to rail against publicans and sinners; it is hard to speak severe truth of a Pharisee in the presence of the Pharisees. I must speak out though it cost me reputation,— that is a small matter, but I am by no means insensible of its worth,— though it cost me friends, a heavier loss and the heaviest. A man can live without reputation. Jesus Christ made himself of no reputation, and I have never heard that he repented it. But a man cannot live without friends — at least I do not yet see how I can. But then, if the loss of such depends upon the utterance of one's deepest convictions he is still a dastard that holds his tongue.

I don't like to write about this, but I want you to see that it is not *bitterness* that leads me to speak as I do. I have to compel myself to speak. So far from loving the office, in moments of coolest reflection I blame myself for tameness and lukewarmness, never or seldom for severity. I often repent of having held my tongue, never of having spoken. So much for this matter.—[*January 19, 1846.*]

MORAL SELF-RELIANCE.

Your sect generally accept, almost implicitly, the doctrines of John Calvin; he is an authority. Now, it is plain to me, and I think it is to you, that not one in ten

have ever studied and deeply pondered his creed — in comparison with that of George Fox, for example. They are not relying upon their own thought, but upon his. Well, suppose the bottom of his tub should drop out, suppose his cunningly devised and skillfully erected structure should melt into mist, like the Russian queen's ice palace? What then? Suppose that his doctrine of the atonement should prove as baseless as the Pope's doctrine of indulgences, where are those who have relied upon it? . . . . It seems to me if I exert any influence over other minds, it is to cultivate in them independence of thought, independence of Parker and Carlyle as much as of Calvin or Parson Hayes — emancipation of mind from the thraldom of mind, that each soul may stand naked before the truth. Great minds cast their shadows into the world of spirit, as the planets project their shadows through the solar system — let us not be satellites, so shall we avoid their darkness. No, I did not ask you to read Theodore Parker that your "poor reason might yield an easy conquest to his intellect," but that your cautious and well-balanced mind might feast richly on the beautiful and noble things contained in the book. I never get a good thought but I long to impart it, and I have longed to read to you more than to any one else, because I thought your mind eminently conservative, cool and cautious, and able to detect fallacies which would escape my observation. . . . You ought to see to it that timidity does not keep your mind from looking all ways for light. "Without hearing all sides, how shall I know what is truth?" said I to Deacon Abernethy. "Why, what we believe now, that is truth!" said his wife. It seems to me we cannot grow on this principle. I have said thus much about self-reliance because I consider it fundamental, one of the essentials, and that no one can have faith in Christ till he has faith in himself. Religion does not come by hearsay, and faith is worth little at second-hand. . . .

I reproach myself often with stupidity or cowardice in not protesting against opinions and principles I hear echoed in society. Not easily, but with labor, do I pursue a course which leads me to contradict the words of those with whom I would gladly agree. Now, just see in one field of thought which occupies my attention as much as any, what need there is of non-conformity and protest. Suppose I contemplate the condition of three millions of those whom, by some years of self-discipline, I have really learned to regard as my brethren. I skip all the outward tortures of their fate, the brandings, scourgings, starvings, etc. I take into view only their loss of that mental liberty which is so dear to me. The richest blessing which God ever vouchsafed to me, is access to the great thoughts of other minds. Assure me to-day that never more shall I read a noble book, listen to the eloquence of a noble tongue, drink in high and liberal principles from the atmosphere of noble minds, and I should not live to see the morrow. When I think how the slave's mind is not fettered but obliterated till the possibility of thought, the desire to know, is a feeling he never dreams of, I feel irresistibly impelled to plead for him, to help him.

Well, how am I situated? Go where I will in a society as indifferent to this fact as the grave-stones are to the dead beneath them, if I speak such words of sympathy with the fate of some poor slave-girl as I should utter were you,

my friend, reduced to such a situation, I am stared at as a madman. When I find that my neighbors, the people of the North, are the real slaveholders, and I begin to say so, I lose my friends, my name, and stand solitary and uncheered except by the few who agree with me in sentiment. When I find that the so-called Church of Christ is the bulwark of slavery; that the religion of the land rivets the fetters of the slave; that the worship of the pious seals the damnation of so many souls — when I see this, as I have for a long time, and but feebly express what I see, immediately I hear myself called an infidel. I am prohibited from conversing with my dearest friends on the subject, and get but cold looks, cold words, and but few of them. If I presume to defend some of the noblest men that the world was ever blest withal, the true prophets of this era, I am called a Garrisonite, or am pitied for having been infected with the madness of N. P. Rogers. Now, you are hardly able to believe me when I say that I find it difficult to run counter to public sentiment, to protest against the practical lies which I find all about me. You think it affords me pleasure thus to stand alone, that I am eager to take the opposite side of whatever comes up, and you remind me that "it does not answer in society to live like Ishmael."

It has been revealed to me that our politics, religion, social customs, the whole temper and spirit of society is pro-slavery. I say so, and try to wash my hands of responsibility, and you tell me if "we would live in a community we must pay the tax, not by sacrifice of *principle* but only of *prejudice*." I tell, you society requires of every abolitionist that he sacrifice all that is vital in his principles, and that he yield to a corrupt, pro-slavery public sentiment, which is the very vital breath and spirit of life to the system of slavery. So of religion, so of politics! Is it prejudice merely that distinguishes George McDuffie or John C. Calhoun from William Lloyd Garrison? Yet society receives the men-stealers and oppressors, who infamously assert that slavery is the corner-stone of republican institutions, while it repudiates Garrison, who says with Jesus Christ, "My country is the world, my countrymen are all mankind." However difficult and painful it may be, I must be a non-conformist in such society, and warn all who will hear me against subserviency to it.—[*March, 1846.*]

THE GREAT DOCTRINES.

And did we not give the discussion less of the character of a controversy and more of friendly consultation and inquiry than before? I regretted that I let my tongue run away with me, monopolizing so much of the time, but still I believe you did not find fault with me for it, as hindering you from talking when you would. Did we not make some progress toward a mutual understanding of each other's views, if not toward an agreement in opinion? But now I propose to speak of another matter. I have found a text upon which I can hang a sermon that will strike pretty near the center of difference between us. My text is the parson's sermon of Sunday afternoon. Was not the doctrine this?—"The devil seeks by raising other issues, by directing attention to other questions, to lead men away from considering the great doctrines of the Gospel, and thus to sink them in perdition." And

this was the definition of a true church, viz., "A body believing, teaching, and faithfully holding to the great doctrines of the Gospel." And the following are the *great doctrines:* "1st, total depravity; 2d, the need of an atonement; 3d, the sufficiency of Christ's atonement; 4th, belief in Christ as the atoning sacrifice; 5th, justification by faith; 6th, regeneration by the spirit; 7th, sanctification; 8th, the resurrection of the body; 9th, the day of judgment; 10th, a state of eternal rewards and penalties." There, in four lines, are the *great doctrines* of the Gospel — the fundamental doctrines, the sum and substance of Christianity. Without believing all these (whether he heard them or not), no soul can be saved, while all who do believe them shall inherit eternal life. . . . He has preached repeatedly "that a belief of these doctrines is sufficient to salvation, although the believer leads a life worse than many infidels, though no one would ever suspect from their characters that they were Christians, and could only learn it by seeing them come to the Communion." . . . How unsatisfactory was the parson's demonstration! He did not appeal to the life and teaching of Jesus Christ, to show from the four Gospels that this was their sum and substance. He asserted that the Bible taught thus, which may be true, but he should have showed that Christ set these forth and repeated them and laid the greatest stress upon them in order to make them appear the *great doctrines.*

A text from David on depravity, another from Paul on the resurrection of the dead, another from Peter on faith, another from John on heaven and hell, are not sufficient to an inquiring mind to prove these doctrines, much less to prove that they are the *great doctrines* of the Gospel. Christ's sayings, oftenest repeated, most strenuously insisted upon by him, most in harmony with his whole life and character, most apt to be reflected from his conduct, these seem to me to be most likely *his great doctrines.*

But without saying more of the parson's reasoning, I pass to a more important matter. Are these the *great* doctrines of the Gospel? So we have always been taught. There they stood in the catechism to be recited every Sunday. There they stand in the creed of the church; we hear them constantly preached from the pulpit, read them in the religious press — generally connected more or less with righteousness, to be sure, but still called the essentials. Of late years they have been insisted upon in their purity, and some stir has been made. The American Board cannot leave its appropriate work of preaching the *Gospel* to decide whether the Christians they make shall call and treat each other as brute things and chattels, denying and defacing the godlike nature of man, or not,— their appropriate work is preaching the *Gospel.* So lately they refused to decide whether their new-made Christians might practice polygamy or not,— that does not come under the *great doctrines;* it is an extraneous topic. And thus the first great law of human society, the divine institution of the family, is nothing to the Board, because it is not a point of doctrine. So the late "Evangelical Alliance" was formed on a doctrinal basis, leaving questions of morals to be settled by other tribunals, and therefore the question whether the brethren of this great Christian fraternity, this united host of Christ's disciples, should make merchandise of each other, was one upon which they

had nothing to do, and nothing to say, and after a week's talk they ended by — saying nothing.—[*November, 1846.*]

TESTS OF CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

If these are the great doctrines of the Gospel, the fundamentals, then the theologians are right. If Christianity *consists* in a belief of these doctrines then they are not called upon to settle questions of morals; then those who would exclude polygamists and slaveholders are introducing a new test not essential to Christian character; they are indeed the "disturbers of Israel"; then the church is under no obligation to take a position against slavery, intemperance, piracy, murder, or vice of any kind; it has no business to exclude a slaveholder, or a robber, or a rum-seller, or a drunkard, or a polygamist, or a libertine. But then Christianity ceases to be the true religion; the Church ceases to be the light of the world. Such a church and religion could not long continue in the world. Why, even the Romish Church in its worst days never abandoned the work of reform entirely; it has not to this day.

Let us look freely and seriously into this matter. Is there hope for man? Is Christianity the only hope? Then it means something, has something to do with life, with character and conduct; it is a reality, not a hollow simulacrum; a spirit, not a shade. This I firmly believe, else I *would* be "an infidel." The name of Christian is dear to me, so dear that I dare not assume it to myself, so revered that I dare not give it to any but the noble and true; but if it means only a believer in a creed, I lose my respect for it at once.

I feel insulted, degraded often, when men called Christians urge me to seek salvation; they take it for granted I am soulless and selfish and mean and cowardly, and they urge me to get religion enough to save me from the clutches of Satan at least. Religion to me means to be true, to be good, to grow according to the law of the soul. I count a divine life, and through it a divine character, the great end of religion. Salvation of the soul means salvation from *sin*, and not from the *penalty* of it; from meanness and falseness, from cowardice and corruption, not from suffering and torments.—[*November, 1846.*]

VIEWS OF SALVATION.

A faith which asks no questions of the future; in other words, a perfect love of everything good and right, a perfect hate of everything wrong, a trust which asks no questions about one's fate — these are salvation. The soul which has grown to this no devils can daunt, no hell can torture any more. It is one with God and reposes in the bosom of the Father. Oh, Abbie, let us grow to such a stature; let us cultivate such a state of mind, be such souls, then shall we be Christians indeed. Let us forget creeds and vain philosophies, and study this great, practical religion, obeying all the moral precepts which Jesus spent his life in inculcating, imitating his conduct, knowing that it is imitable. Did he not say, "If ye have faith ye shall do greater works than these." Apply this idea to life, you will see how practical it

is. "Love to your neighbor is the best and *only* assurance of your love to God. Rev. Slaveholder, test yourself by this rule. You are imbruting your equal brother, keeping him in ignorance, denying God's stamp on his brow. Do you love yourself thus?" "Oh, no." "Then you are not Christ's." This is the test of character which I understand Christ to lay down. How it forbids taking to ourselves better than we give to all. Who then can be saved? See how it cuts up a religion of forms. The Jew would offer his lamb in sacrifice. Jesus says, You must offer yourself a sacrifice for your brothers as well as yourself, even as I offer myself a sacrifice for all, for we are all His offspring. The Jew would devote one day in seven to the worship of God. Jesus says, not one day only, but all the seven. A divine life! how it abolishes the distinction between secular and profane, religious and worldly, work and worship, praying and thinking. Worship?—the whole life must be *service*, and that is the only acceptable worship.

I should love to take the New Testament and read to you an hour from Christ's own words, where he sets this forth most beautifully. Moral precepts for the regulation of the heart and the conduct in a cultivation of a divine character—these seem to me the burden of his preaching. I should say he taught practical duties always, theology never; morals always, doctrines never; life always, creeds never. I have read the Gospels all over with this thought in mind, and find it verified. I have this moment thrown down my pen and read the Sermon on the Mount. It is a sufficient exposition of my meaning, and a triumphant vindication of all I have said—moral precepts for the regulation of heart and life, for the cultivation of piety toward God and love toward man. He makes the application, descends into particulars, begins with "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," through three long chapters gives specific directions as to feeling, thought, and conduct; then tells us to judge by the fruits, and finally declares the one who heareth these sayings and *doeth* them *to be founded on a rock*. Is it not so, Abbie, is not this the rock of ages? "To come to Christ"; is it not to come and learn of him the great principles of conduct? To believe on Christ, is it not to believe this great idea of religion which he inculcated? To be clothed with the righteousness of Christ, is it not to be righteous, as he was, by a diligent cultivation of the soul according to his teachings and in imitation of his life? *Imputed rightcousness!* you might as well talk of *imputed* warmth to a man freezing in a snow-drift. But won't you read that sermon with my idea in your mind and see if I am not right?

The "*great doctrines*" of the Gospel, what are they? When Christ preached, what did he preach? A divine character attained by the cultivation of love to God and man, and manifested by these fruits, viz., a practical treatment of all our brothers of the human family as if we regarded them as equals, and sought their happiness as much as our own. Space would fail me to pursue the course of his history and show that this idea lies at the bottom of all his teachings; but I must touch on a few points.

Take this for example, in the same sermon (Matt. vii., 7, 12), God is more ready to give than earthly parents, "*therefore*, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets."

As if he had said the blessedness of your own soul is intimately connected with, nay, inseparable from, this generosity of love, this unselfishness of heart, this state of mind which makes you know no distinction between others' welfare and your own. And this agrees with his word to those who inquired when his kingdom should come —"The kingdom of heaven is *within you.*" They dreamed as many do now of a mythological elysium; but the heaven Jesus spoke of had no reference to space or time; it was a state of mind. Goodness is heaven, *now* as well as hereafter. See, too, how he answered the lawyer (Matt. xxii., 34-40). "Which is the great command? Love God and your neighbor; these are the two on which hang all the law and the prophets."

See, also, how he answered the young man (Matt. xix., 16-30). He taught him no new plan of salvation, said nothing of the "*great doctrines*" of modern theology; he only reiterated the well-known precepts, and then put the young man's self-denial to the test. No wonder his disciples exclaimed, "Who then can be saved?" Could we abide such a test? But Jesus knew no lower standard, recommended no other plan, and the young man "went away sorrowful." Read as a sample the 25th chapter of Matthew, but especially from the 31st verse through. According to what standard does Jesus Christ judge men? What is his test? What must we do to inherit eternal life? Read and see. How imposing his introduction! how simple and beautiful his style! how searching and soul-trying his test! how plain and unmistakable its application! how decisive the result!

Need I say any more? What shall we believe and do to save the soul? What is the great duty? What the *great doctrine?* Is it not here in a nut-shell, Abbie? (and what becomes of all the talk about total depravity, atonement, justification by faith, election, and predestination?) How dare Mr. Hayes speak of these practical duties of life as the "tithes of mint, anise, and cummin," and of his *great doctrines*, as "*judgment, mercy,* and *faith*"?

But I am coming to the bottom of my sheet. Let me sum up in a word. It seems to me that sermon was as false as false can be; that it left entirely out of sight the spirit, the distinguishing characteristic and chief excellence of Christ's teaching, and substituted in its stead an empty shadow of a shade, the ghost of a dead theology, scholastic notions which Christ never taught, but which his whole life and teaching most pointedly condemn and deny. From such preaching nothing but spiritual death can come.—[*June, 1846.*]

PRAYER.

Deacon Whittlesey spoke of my father, of his integrity, his usefulness, and inquired if I thought him a religious man. I replied, "Yes."

"Was he a member of the church?"

"No."

"Hem! Why did you call him religious?"

"Because of his integrity, benevolence, his many Christian virtues manifested in his life and testified to by all who knew him."

"Did he keep up family prayer?"

"Yes, but that is one of the last things I should mention as a proof of his Christian character."

Then the deacon stared, hemmed, and we began a talk which has lasted till now on prayer. I cannot repeat it. I had to say, though it will lie heavy on the deacon's mind, that *formal prayer* is no longer a very good sign of a praying spirit; that of the thousands who practice outward devotions, vast multitudes lead lives that contradict their prayers, so that if God grants an answer to their words he will do it in spite of their acts. And I noticed this: whenever I illustrated by reference to Catholic, Episcopal, or other prayers than those of his own form, he agreed with me; prayer was a poor test, not one of the fruits really by which we are to judge,— and yet practically it is a high test with him. He assented to all my Quakerish notions about prayer; in short, he agreed with me in almost all I said, yet is of the same opinion still—an opinion practically very different from mine. I doubt not the sincerity of the deacon's prayers, but I think he has exalted the public, formal, expression above its true value. Though properly it is the "Christian's vital breath," yet it need not be breathed in the ear of man, nay, had better not be. That is man's highest moment when he reposes on the arm of God, looks to him for all. Alone with God, or with you, too, present in mind, I think I can realize how prayer is the highest exercise of the soul. Seldom can I realize this in a meeting, and in most families it seems to me like one of the *chores*. I am often reminded of that saying of a worshiper at the close of a long prayer by a D. D.—"*That is the best prayer ever made to a Boston audience.*"

I know you will say I criticise harshly, uncharitably, but I think I do not. I do not want everybody to pray for me,— those that love me and know me can't help praying for me; the rest can't do it if they try. Neither would I make such a solemn ado about it. "Praying is thinking," said Günderode; "why should we think in such strange tones?" I think you pray for me, Abbie, for you know me pretty well and I hope love me a little; and while I am writing to you in the still night, does not God look into the secret places of my heart and see there forming itself a prayer for you? You will not think me prayerless though others may. My scholars, they doubtless think I never pray for them, because I do not repeat a prayer of words every morning, and I cannot tell them that I do until they know me.—[*Summer of 1846.*]

FAITH A QUALITY OF THE HEART.

Faith lies at the foundation of all character, is the background of all goodness, is the essential characteristic of the man. It is the key to all high and divine knowledge. You see I agree with you as to its importance; in that particular I am orthodox. The next great question is, In what does faith consist? Now, nothing is more common than to hear "our creed" spoken of by every little sect as "the faith." Faith, with some, is a belief of the Thirty-nine Articles, with some a belief in baptism, with some in free-will, with some in fore-ordination. It may, perhaps, be admitted that a Taylorite and a Tylerite may both have faith, though it is plain that a Quaker cannot.

A Universalist cannot have faith, for he does not believe in hell; a Unitarian, for he does not believe in the atonement; a Catholic, for he believes in purgatory, etc., etc. A man must not believe too much, which is as fatal to faith as believing too little.

Parson Hayes gave his creed of ten articles, and said faith was believing in that. I don't know exactly how many articles you would insist upon, but I hope you are ready to shorten the list. You sometimes think I have made shipwreck of faith because I have questioned and denied many propositions that none of your friends ever questioned before. . . . What is meant by faith when it is said, "we are saved by faith?" Does it mean a belief in this or that theologic creed? in any statement of doctrine? in any theory of salvation? in any explanation of its plan? It seems to me the religious people who use the word and apply it to such things sadly pervert it. I think it has nothing to do with such things,— not so much to do with the creed in these times as with the temperance pledge. I will define it as I understand it and illustrate my meaning. I call faith not a belief in an opinion, but a trait of character, a quality of the heart, a state of mind, faithfulness, obedience to the dictates of conscience, a disregard of consequences to self when duty is known, a disposition to follow out one's convictions when once formed at whatever hazard; a firm reliance on God in such a course, feeling and knowing that, however dark it may look, good and only good can come of following conscience. It presupposes that a man has no will of his own, but having found God's will, he knows that *it* and it *only* can lead to good. It is faith in goodness, in the prevalence of goodness, in the triumph of goodness. Faith meets with no crosses, for it assures man that the path of duty is the path of peace.

The object of faith is duty, not creeds,— God, not doctrines. It is nothing external to man, 'tis a characteristic of his own soul. The reception or rejection of all manner of doctrines cannot shake faith from its foundation. Dr. Channing does not believe in the plan of salvation, the scheme of redemption; but nothing can tempt him to turn his back upon conscience and shrink from the discharge of duty. Mrs. Childs does not believe in the efficacy of Christ's blood, but she rests in the right hand of God by faith. Carlyle has no creed, but his soul is full of faith.

Perhaps I do not so speak as to be understood. Take Paul's illustration of it —he quotes a long list of worthies who were justified by faith, to whom it was accounted for righteousness. Now, you cannot, with any show of reason, count one of them as believing your creed, or my creed, or Paul's. What did Rahab the harlot know of the plan of salvation? Is it not plain that the faith spoken of in all these instances was something very different from a belief in any creed or even in the atonement of Christ? Is it not plain that it was fidelity to conscience, obedience to the voice of God, however communicated, a fearless and trustful reliance upon him while they pursued the path of duty? No hesitancy, no consulting expediency, no asking pay for doing their duty, no seeking for "assurances of salvation," but a reckless disregard of conseqences, knowing that God lives who always loves the faithful man and hates the coward and the traitor.

Faith! we are justified *by* it, not on account of it, not *for* it, but *by* it. Faith itself secures salvation by its own inherent nature. This plan of salvation is as old as the

constitution of the human soul; it is a spiritual law, the prime law of the soul. It is the same with absolute love viewed from another point. I am wont to say to myself that faith in man, treacherous as man is, is always rewarded, always secures its object; that just in proportion to a man's faith he will meet it again, or if men in whom he trusts prove traitors he is not wounded. Thus, I trust a friend with a precious secret; he betrays it; I feel hurt, abused, injured, but it was because I had objects of my own, selfish objects, because I did not trust God perfectly. Then I could not be hurt by treachery; then I should regard the worst treason to me as the very experience which God sent for my good; then should I regard the saddest disappointment as the best enjoyment which the laws of my spiritual nature could allow me.

Faith in God assures man of his salvation by making him indifferent to it, unanxious about it. It says, "Do your duty, asking no questions about your pay; live above the hope of any heaven for yourself, careless of it, careful only to be found in the right path." Whenever I hear one talk about going to heaven and escaping hell, or about being saved from the penalty of sin, I always think 'tis lack of faith leads them to speak thus. If they had more faith, they would inquire, "What wouldst thou have me do?" and go cheerfully to do it. For this reason I admire the death of N. P. Rogers. He knew he had been busy about the work God sent him to perform,— he was just as much interested in that till the last moment, but he hardly thought of his own fate; he was cheerfully indifferent to that. This seems to me the sublimest heroism, the highest triumph of faith in God. He cheerfully left his fate to God, striving only to keep his soul pure and noble and to obey the voice of God as he heard it. It seems to me that when this temper of mind attains the absolute, it is heaven, and that until it does no heaven is possible; the soul is not prepared for it, has not grown to it.

Now, you think God has contrived a plan of redemption by which he can save those who believe,— very well, but must they not trust and obey him thus before they can enjoy that salvation? If we trust him thus, without knowing or caring about his plan, will it not be the same thing? To learn this trust, is it not the great discipline of life? Shall we attain it?—[*November, 1846.*]

LIFE AND DEATH; TIME AND ETERNITY.

I should regard death with neither terror nor ecstatic joy. It seems to me death can neither add to nor take from the soul. I would meet it as I would meet to-morrow, nothing doubting, nothing asking. The mighty mystery of life that lies around me now, in the midst of which I am, this I have not fathomed. To-day is as inscrutable to me, is as vast to my comprehension, as eternity. Remember what the Weights said to the Pendulum in the fable, "Though you must tick every minute, yet a minute will always be given you to tick in,"— on which I say that the *minute* alone is my concern. Do you not remember that grand chapter of Carlyle's to which I so often refer? What is time? Why talk of time and eternity? We are in the very bosom of eternity to-day. The separation of time from eternity is

but a trick of the senses; the soul knows it not; with the soul eternity is here. Life and death are but different forms of being; perhaps like the vigil and the slumber. My business is to grow, to develop my spiritual nature according to its laws. This depends not upon duration, but upon thoughts, upon the soul's acts. Does the soul grow old in *years* or in *experience?* Have you not had whole years of experience in a few minutes? Day after day you sleep on, and your mind is smothered like a buried fire which burns not; the spoken word comes, then up starts your thought, the mind burns and flames again. "I have lost a day," said the sage, when he could recollect no good deed done,— good deeds are but thoughts acted out.

The future! the future! I know nothing of it. What am I now? Such am I forever, except as I grow by thought, cultivating the soul. Why would you then penetrate the mystery of death? You cannot, any more than you can find the base of the rainbow. You may follow, follow, follow, but 'tis a specter after all; you cannot grasp it. Wait and grow wiser by cultivating the divine gift of thought. Lo! the mystery is at an end,— not length of days, but wisdom, virtue, true manliness, being what God designed us to be, that solves all mysteries; nothing else can penetrate the veil. You say beautifully, "She lived a long life of love in her brief spring-time." Even so, and love is of no time, it knows nothing of duration; *love* is *being*, all else is *death*, nonentity,— it is *gain*, all else is *loss* of the soul. This is the doctrine of Jesus as I understand it.—[*November 1, 1846.*]

CREEDS

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this — to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

To this has been added a system of doctrines, or rather a thousand systems. This idea has woven itself a thousand institutions, which change as the fashions of dress,— all of God, so far as they are good, as every blessing is,— all of man too, as every invention is. At times when religion is in decay, when the celestial fire grows dim in the heart, these doctrines, ordinances, institutions, are exalted to an undue importance; the symbol takes the place and claims the reverence which is due to the reality for which it stands; the institution covers up and hides the idea which it ought only to clothe; the shadow usurps the honors of the real substance. Think of Romanism, Puseyism, High-churchism, you will see what I mean. At such time of decay, God raises up some idol-breaker who drives away the usurpers and brings out the truth again. Some Moses or Mohammed, a Luther or a Garrison, who plants himself once more on the great idea, preaches it with what clearness of utterance he has, batters down the dead institutions, and builds others for the truth to inhabit once more. Men call it Reformation, but 'tis only the casting off the old skin, for a new one is already formed beneath it.

The present agitation is but the struggle of the soul to achieve a new Reformation,— to cast off the old, shriveled, and too narrow skin, that it may expand into a larger life and more glorious existence in the new. The old creeds, the old forms,

are fetters for the new soul, not so much from their inherent falseness as from their usurping its place. Thus when Garrison called upon the Religion of the land to abolish slavery, she laughed him in the face; and when he disturbed her death-like peace by his loud importunity, she set the mob upon him — the New York *Observer*, and kindred prints that represented the Religion then, taking the lead and being most unscrupulously wicked. "Why!" said she, "I cannot leave my appropriate work of preaching the Gospel." "*This is* the Gospel in a very high sense, in the *highest practical* sense *for you at this time*," said Garrison. "Nay," she replied, "but the doctrines, the ordinances, the institutions,— these I must inculcate and defend." But as I understand Jesus Christ, as I read the New Testament, Garrison was right and the Religion was wrong. The Religion ought to have abandoned her creed-making and creed-defending, her worship of institutions and ordinances, and abolished the inhuman enslavement of man, *as she had the power*. That she did it not and would not do it, proved her false. That she will not till this day, adds mountains to the already overwhelming burden of her guilt, it proves her deeply, doubly false. But the work goes on in spite of this Religion. Garrison's *idea* has moved and almost revolutionized the land,— it goes on its way to triumph. . . . Do you not remember that the saints in Christ's account of the judgment are represented as inquiring, "Lord, when saw we thee in distress and ministered unto thee?" They had served God when they thought not of it; they called it mere humanity, not religion, but he called it the reality. Perhaps they had something else, a creed or formal worship, sacrifices and ceremonies, which they called their religion. Christ takes not into the account, reckons it not in their favor at the great trial; but they are leading a life of divine love to man; and though they call it a mere subordinate matter, he counts it the great essential.

I mean this last remark for you, and leave the matter here with a hearty "God bless you."—[*November 9, 1846.*]

TEMPERANCE IN POLITICS.*

No village is without some specimens, of the genus Respectable; species, sham — men who wield an influence which they do not deserve, and wield it, too, against the cause we are here laboring to promote. The varieties are innumerable, but I have very little time to spend in their analysis and will therefore attempt to treat only of a few. . . .

Another is the member of a political party, and he begins to inquire what influence his efforts in favor of temperance will have upon the election. It is his first duty to save his country once a year on the first Monday in April; and once in four years he feels called upon to save the whole world. He argues, "If we espouse the

* During the two winters of 1845–1847, when Mr. Gunn was teaching in New Preston, he was deeply interested in the temperance cause, and gave several temperance lectures there, and in other towns. The manuscripts have been preserved of three of them, entitled "Infidelity," "Respectability," and "The Rumseller." They seem to be as pertinent to the issues of to-day as to those of forty years ago.

cause of temperance, is there not danger our political enemies will take the opposite side, and that this new question will become a disturbing force, and hinder us in the calculation of political chances? It behooves us to stand still till the fog clears away, and we can see how we are likely to come out. Upon the whole, is it not better to postpone our temperance meeting till after the election? I wish to give you my countenance and cooperation; but I am a respectable man, my action will have an influence. I must look to other interests. . . ."

Your base, disreputable, despised grogshop-keeper is a kind of scavenger. He and the Mexican war together, a fit fraternity, may do something to remove the rubbish and filth that gather around the basement of our political and social fabric; but your respectable rumseller is preparing new material to choke up whatever streets or sewers they may cleanse. But yet his respectability shields him from censure; he is clothed in broadcloth; he purchases the best pew in the meeting-house, he makes liberal contributions to the benevolent societies and gives a splendid present to the minister on New Year's day. He was appointed, by the assembled wisdom of Connecticut, a justice of the peace; the people of the town have elected him a selectman that he may have an opportunity of exercising a fatherly care over the paupers he is engaged in making; or he is called to sit upon the jury that he may bring in a verdict of "guilty" against the felons created by his traffic.

—[*Lecture on "Respectability."*]

It has been said that a Whig legislature would enact a wholesome, temperance law; that they will do it of their own accord I do not believe, for I have no doubt but that either party would play the part of Judas to the cause of humanity for thirty votes. But we now have a Whig legislature; let us try them, and if they play the sneaking, non-committal, do-nothing part, bid them never expect our votes again. But we can compel them to enact a temperance law; we should petition humbly no more; we should demand it. Let us knock loudly at the doors of our General Assembly till they accede to our wishes. They are the weather-cocks of Connecticut; let us show them which way the wind is blowing. One lusty blast, and you will see them all pointing in the due direction. Ever since their election they have been whiffling and turning at every gust, and they stand now aching on their steeples, because they cannot tell which way the wind will settle at last.

You might as soon expect to see an old-experienced weathercock, on an orthodox steeple, standing stiffly out in the face of a north-wester, as to find politicians standing out against the popular side.—[*Lecture on "The Rumseller."*]

FRIENDS LOST BY HONEST WORDS.

In writing I thought of you, how you would criticise, and tried hard to persuade myself that I could say all that was required of me to that people without using an expression which you would condemn. But I could not do it. Every moment I found it more and more impossible to speak to them what I thought would do them

any good, without using those galling expressions. I knew that I wrote and spoke without one particle of evil feeling toward any of them, and they ought to take it as kindly as I meant it. . . .

The house was perfectly crammed; I spoke about one hour and a half. I hope they will take it to heart; by a strong effort of will and a good deal of sober reflection I had risen above caring whether they *liked* it or not, so that they would lay it to heart. Some who have treated me very kindly will now in all probability meet me with cold looks. It has always been my fate, and it used to be a great grief to me that I lose most friends by my most honest deeds and words. Perhaps I grieve somewhat now, but it certainly does not affect me as it once did. I have told you half a dozen times how I feared to lose your confidence by reason of my heresies. I have tried hard to rise above grief for the loss even if it should come, for I cannot regard myself as manly enough to be worthy of your friendship until I am able to live without it. . . .

The truth is I am by nature too dependent on the affection of others, my approbativeness is too large; but to conquer it and to cultivate a true self-reliance has been a hard work for me.—[*November, 1846.*]

You say, "'Tis their perversion of religion stands in the way of temperance. Try them by their creed, hold up to them the truths of the religion they profess, repeat to them Christ's teachings." Exactly, that is the very thing I did. I told them what Christianity demands, and then contrasted their religion with it; that was the head and front of my offending, the very *infidelity* of my speech. By the way, if I had time now to discourse upon faith, I would tell you how in the quiet of my own soul I feel the sweet assurance of my fidelity in this matter. In my next speech (for I am already engaged to prepare another) I will show that deluded people to whom the name infidel belongs. As soon as I can feel that I have risen above any resentment at the way they have used that word, as soon as I feel and know that I can speak terribly severe things in perfect kindness, I shall write another for the same latitude.

When you come to read my speech, tell me if I have not made the right use of words, if it is not *their religion* which upholds intemperance, and if I have not vindicated Christianity? But they can't bear their exposure; they are offended at me. Now, a remark of yours shall illustrate this. You say you were "much pleased with the letter to W——." Well, those about whom I wrote are exceedingly angry at me for it; they have been trying to raise a hue and cry against me. I shall certainly lose popularity and, perhaps, some friends in consequence of it. I wrote not without a consciousness that I should offend. I knew as I penned each line how it would be received; I knew it when I promised that I would write it; I counted the cost, but I felt that honor, justice to a stranger, magnanimity and my own self-respect demanded that I should speak and speak plainly. I felt that it would be mean and cowardly not to do it, and then when I thought that he was a young man among strangers, and how I should feel under his circumstances, I spoke out all my heart.

Of course, whatever befalls me in consequence, I rejoice that I did it. But it affords me a great gratification that you, Abbie, saw and felt that it was written not in anger, but like a man. It would have afforded me far deeper pleasure for this many a year if I could have felt that what I meant for a true and manly utterance of my soul you received and understood as such, and not as the purposely harsh and vindictive stinging of a goaded spirit. Oh, you know not what a trial it has been to me to speak out and be true to my convictions, when you have thought that I was recklessly, or at least superfluously caustic! I thank God constantly that you understand me better now, and pray that I may meet your approval.—[*January 3, 1847.*]

ALLEGIANCE TO TRUTH.

I tried to feel calm at all times, to feel that if another enjoyed your love, if I could never share it, this would be God's will and I would be content. It was a hard lesson; I had not learned it; my correspondence with you bears witness to this. I could better bear the hate and scorn of all the world than feel that I had forever separated myself from you. When the thought came that I must abandon all thought of you, or suppress my convictions of truth, it stung me to the quick,— I could not choose. To gain your love I could not suppress a word that truth seemed to require me to utter, I could not. My own self-respect, my sense of divine influence, all that was most deep and dear to me forbade that even for your sake I should swallow my soul, or suppress the utterance of its deepest convictions. I could not be myself if I tried that, and I did not try. Then, I said, you must love me better for being true to myself, if you were what I felt you to be,— if God were willing that we two should enjoy each other's love, then we must love each other better for being true to ourselves. So I tried to make you understand me.—[*February 15, 1847.*]

THINKING AND TINKERING.

I have a faith that God has meant us all along for each other; that he has been developing our characters to fit us for each other; that all our mental experiences have been to prepare us for a love that can never die. For this we quarreled, for this we have been friends. I have been an abolitionist to give me mental independence, moral courage, and fidelity to conscience that I might be worthy of you. For this a few brief months of happiness in each other's society has been allowed us that we might be more assimilated to each other; but now we are separated for a while that we may remember that we are *two;* as Emerson says, "we must be two before we can be one." We must learn self-reliance that we may come together two equal individuals.

It has been revealed to me that something like this is the divine purpose in our separation. It seemed as though I came to find a school, and I did; but have you not observed that all such necessities have a deeper object, that they are designed to discipline the soul? All our earthly haps and mishaps, our losses and successes,

are designed to show us what manner of spirit we are of, and to teach us what we ought to be.

Now, before our marriage, God has sent me far away from you to try me and see if I am worthy of you, to teach us both that we are not fit to live together and help each other if our souls are not strong enough to bear the pain of separation. Soon,—for one winter is but a short time,—soon we shall be together again; then it will have appeared that we are every way worthy of each other; then we shall be united and begin a new life,—a useful, good, and happy one, I do believe. This came to me, Abbie, just as I have now set it down, while I sat down on a window-sill putting in a pane of glass.

This is a rainy Saturday; I cannot hunt, so I have been tinkering for Mrs. Bull. In the forenoon two old umbrellas that were minus wires and unusable were given me to mend. I sat down on the carpet in the keeping-room, spread all the tinkering tools about me, and produced two good umbrellas. Since dinner I have been setting two panes of glass. The windows are hung on pulleys, and I dared not take them out, so I shoved up the sash, took my seat on the sill, heads in and heels out, and with a chisel for putty-knife I did the job as nice as could be. It rained hard all the time, but the eaves-troughs kept off the water. Now, I have written my thoughts while sitting in that attitude,—you can judge what I think about when I have time to think.—[*Towanda, Pa., September 26, 1847.*]

SCHOOL DISCIPLINE AT TOWANDA.

I had quite a time in school to-day. My children continually throw cake, apple-cores, grape-skins, etc., on the floor. So a few days ago I told them that the first one that I detected in doing it, if a small boy, I would write *pig* on his forehead and send him home. I have talked to them every day, and yesterday made a long preachment about it. Well, to-day, coming into school at noon, I found fragments of an apple on the floor. I inquired into the matter with considerable ceremony. I talked to them till they all acknowledged that my law was a reasonable one and the penalty a proper one, and that I could not with propriety overlook this offense. I asked the boys how they had kept the room years before, and they said, "like a hog-pen." After I had talked enough to make them all feel it, and to make the boy feel that I had not singled him out, but that he had brought it upon himself, and that I would do the same to any other one, I wrote the word "hog" on his forehead and dismissed the school. Then, while they were going out, seeing him very much excited, I called him to me alone and had a long talk with him. He promised to wear it home and then wash it off, and to come to school to-morrow with as kind feelings toward me as he ever entertained. I think he will, and that by this I have done much to break up the evil habits of the school. I talked to them all the afternoon till 3 o'clock about such things, and compositions and declamations, etc.; then dismissed them, and went out to take a game of ball. When the ball was ripped, I went and got a rifle and hunted squirrels till tea-time. I went not more than half a mile from the house, and killed five. I was out only two hours.—[*September 20, 1847.*]

I have not written to you since Tuesday night, when I finished a long letter to you and one to your father and mother; since that time several things have occurred to break in upon the dull monotony of my life. I must tell you. In the first place I gave one of my boys a whipping yesterday. He had staid out of school one afternoon and then lied to me that his mother had kept him out. When I told him to bring a note from his mother to that effect, he forged one. Finally, there had been loud complaints about stolen dinners for three weeks, and Tuesday Orville caught him in the very act. I called on his father, stated the case, and he told me to whip him. For the sake of an example to the school I spent a half-hour yesterday, before all, in a statement of the case and a lecture to them, and then gave him a pretty severe whipping with a raw-hide. Now I mean to take great pains with him, and hope to cure him and make a good boy of him. He is a pretty boy, and had always seemed very good. I think I gained a greater influence over the whole school by this means. I had the approval of all in the case.—[*November 11, 1847.*]

. . . I have probably had the stillest school this week that was ever taught here. I can hear my clock tick all the while. Most of my scholars study faithfully,—some few yet have not learned what study means. Many who never studied before take quite an interest in it and are making some progress, and next week I shall get them all started. I work hard, but do not get tired or out of patience. I stay till near 6 o'clock every night hearing Latin and Greek. My boys own they like me better for being so strict with them, and say they will take it patiently if I have to cuff them.—[*Autumn of 1847.*]

I have just come home from school. No good compositions yet, so I wrote one myself, trimming up some of my scholars for their habits in school. I don't know as they will take the hint; if not, I shall try to make it plainer. I had a very quiet school. Formerly they all busied and amused themselves in cutting up capers at such times; now they all sit quite still and attend to the exercises of the school. I have punished none, or scarcely punished, and when I use any severity I take care to make them feel that it is not so much for what they have done as to make them remember to do better next time. To give you an idea of how it has been here, I can tell you a short story. The son of a principal merchant here came to school a few days week before last. Last week I did not see him; this week I learned that he brought his dinner every day to his father's store and went there to eat it at noon, though he did not come to school. So Monday I wrote to his father, telling him that his son did not come to school, and that I feared he was playing truant. Tuesday morning his mother came to see me. She felt very badly; said all the boys used to play truant; that he promised now to do better, and asked me, for him, not to expose him. So now I consider him cured. My boys say he has always staid out when he pleased, and that they used to do the same. I have cured them of their filthy habits, too; the school-room is now kept clean, and nothing at all thrown on the floor to defile it. Now I begin to take some comfort

in school,—but, oh, when I have you to be with me, how we shall enjoy it! I love to love you and to be loved by you; 'tis the joy of my life. I love my scholars, and feel a pleasure when the little girls come to meet me and take me by the hand, as some of them almost always do. I feel pleased to see that the boys all brighten up at my approach; but when I think of you and our love, then my heart bounds.—[*October 24, 1847.*]

THE "COLOR LINE" IN HIS SCHOOL.

I suppose the abolition question will have to come up here and that I shall be called upon to sustain the whole burden upon my own shoulders. Hitherto I have exercised all the prudence that even your father could recommend. I have not discussed the question even among our own family,—not desiring to introduce it, and not being called upon by any circumstances to express my opinion. I have avoided all religious discussions, and have contented myself with maintaining by word and manner those general sentiments of religious obligation to which all not inclined to evil can subscribe. I have been guilty of no rashness, and have attracted no observation. I mean to continue in the same course,—neither seeking nor shunning an opportunity to declare my opinions; but it seems caution will not keep me above difficulty in this matter.

Henry Booth * called on me a few nights since, and inquired what I should do if colored children came to school. He said a negro, a man of property and intelligence, who was trying to bring up his children so as to make men of them, had called upon him to complain of the prejudice which shuts the dark-faced children of God from the enjoyment of those means which God designed for all. He could send his children to none of the schools, because of this prejudice, and there were not negro children enough to maintain separate schools. He wanted to know of Booth what I would do if he sent them to me.

Booth told me it might cause an excitement; it might cause many parents to take their children out; it might break up the school.

Immediately all our plans of happiness shot through my head; I saw them all dashed to the ground at one blow, and the period of our union postponed to an indefinite future; for, if I fail here, what am I to do? Where shall we find a home?

On the other hand, I saw our brethren groping in ignorance, groveling in low debasement, unable to rise to the light which we enjoy, because they are crushed by this spirit of ferocious hate, without a friend and without a comforter, shut from the steamboat, the railroad car, from the school and college, from the falsely named house of God, or only admitted there to be reminded of their degradation by being consigned to the negro-pew. Yea, even their hope of heaven is to be let in at some back door, and never admitted to the throne in the presence of the fairer-skinned saints.

* Now Judge Booth, of Chicago, and for many years at the head of the Law School there.

I saw their lot as Fred Douglas feels it, as every negro of fine feelings and keen sensibility is compelled to feel it every day of his life, amid a generation of Christians in name and hyenas in heart. I answered, of course, that I am no critic of skins; that I teach all who come to receive my instructions, and who conduct themselves in such a manner as to promote the ends of the institution; that I never can or will give way to this inhuman and infernal prejudice,— no, not for one hour!

If I am compelled to relinquish my situation here because I cannot sell myself to the skin-aristocrats to help them in heaping contempt upon those whom God loves as well as he does you and me,— why, then so be it, so be it!

Henry approved of my resolution, as indeed no noble man could avoid doing. I know, dearest, you will approve of it too. You could never give me all of that great heart if I were so unworthy of you as to forget my principles, and unite with tyrants in contempt for our brethren; you could love me no longer if I were once untrue to myself, as I never mean to be. I will anticipate your caution, your injunction of prudence; and as I know that many words stir up strife, I will say not a word till the time comes, and then not one word more than is necessary. I hope to avoid all serious difficulty. If God wants me here, he will take care of me and keep me here. . . . —[*Towanda, October 31, 1847.*]

ROGERS'S "MEMOIRS" AND CARLYLE'S "MISCELLANIES."

I have completed the labors of another week, and have been spending the evening in reading. I have just got two new, great books, the life-utterance of two God-inspired men; who are *men* with the fear of God, not men, before their eyes; who have written their own thoughts, not what the world asked them to utter. I feel refreshed, nerved to new struggles with the powers of darkness, strengthened in my purpose to live a life not molded by the world's opinions but by my own sense of right, to live from within and not from without; in short, the infinite beauty of righteousness lived for its own sake and not for the reward, has shone with a fresh brilliancy upon my mind.

I sent by the bookseller here to New York after Carlyle's "Miscellanies," and to-day received the work in one volume, with a portrait which shows a little more of his face, and considerably more of the Scotchman, than the one I gave you. I want you with me to share its perusal. How we should enjoy it together!

I also got in the same way another book that possesses for me a more solemn and tender interest,— the writings of N. P. Rogers,— also in one volume, and with a portrait of the great and noble-hearted author. You have never learned to love him as I did, and could not sympathize in the grief which made many days of last autumn sad to me on account of his death. He was one of those ingenuous souls that we cling to the more closely, because we find so few we can trust wholly; who was open as the sky, quick and keen in his glance as the eagle, and so disinterested that he adopted not *Christ's name* but his *idea*, and reduced it to practice — a real

heart-and-soul practical Christian, while those who have adopted Christ's name but deride his principle, call Rogers an infidel. I cannot bear to think that so much genuine worth, so much purity of motive, acuteness of intellect, and generosity of feeling is lost to earth. You cannot now know how he has strengthened me to love and pursue the Right at what cost soever. Oh! Abbie, my own beloved, let us strengthen each other to dedicate our lives, not to the God of creeds, but to the God of *Right*. My heart is all full of feeling now on reading of his death, and seeing the features of his face, and the impress of his spirit upon these pages.—[*Towanda, November 5, 1847.*]

EMERSON AND CARLYLE.

I love to read Emerson — what perfect peace, founded on perfect faith in the Oversoul! The man seems to have reached his haven, not through a sea of troubles, trials, and chagrins, which give such harshness to the character of many a true hero; but, floating in an atmosphere of quietude, to have had it all plain sailing through life. Misfortunes never came to him, or else his soul was so stayed on God that he regarded them not as misfortunes. He never grumbled; never felt that his allotments were not for his good. Then, too, what wisdom is in him, what sagacity to detect the law of every fact and its spiritual significance! He jots down here and there a thought: by reflecting upon them gradually they grow into a system,— although I could not define or expound his philosophy, I yet see what it is. I have been looking into his book to-day; it has just come home from a tour and I set eyes on it again. It has ever-new meaning. By comparison with him I see the faults of Carlyle. I remember Emerson in a review said Carlyle in "Past and Present" resembled a sick giant. I could not see the truth of his simile then, for I thought Carlyle's mind eminently a healthy one. But I see now in all his works the struggles of such a giant; his works are a battle, not a life, a convulsive heaving and rending, not a calm and noiseless growth. He is, as he would say, at internecine feud with the Jotuns. Emerson is at peace within himself, and for him there are no Jotuns. Emerson never debates, never contradicts; he utters, affirms, and leaves the truth, after he has given birth to it, to work its way in the world.—[*New Preston, May, 1847.*]

LOVE'S TRAINING FOR LIFE'S DUTIES.

Our love is a kind of faith, above mere articles of belief, opinions, dogmas, and doctrines. It implies a union of souls in their higher activities, a blending and identification of our better natures; and it is like severing the heart-strings of us both to inquire whether we agree in opinion. You know that I have always been seeking the will of God, and to do it. . . . We will prepare each other for the great duties of life: how can we best carry out in practice, in our daily walk and conversation, the great idea we both entertain of religion; how can we best cultivate that love to God and man, that self-sacrificing spirit of infinite benevolence,

which alone can save the soul of man? Oh, how far, very far short of this do I fall! how weak and childish am I yet! — chide me, reprove me, teach me. . . . I can see how our separation is designed to work in us a spirit of resignation, to make us cultivate the graces of a true Christian character. . . . Our love shall be a discipline for a higher love. We have full, perfect confidence in each other now, and thus we will aid each other to cultivate a supreme confidence in God; we will aid each other. Alas! I can promise you but little. You must draw me up after you. . . . I can see the wise hand of God in our history so much, and can see so clearly what he has saved us two for, that I feel a faith that we shall be united and shall live a useful life together. Oh, I pray God that he will keep you safe and happy, that we may love each other through a long life of doing good.—[*Various Letters from Towanda, Pa., 1847.*]

THOUGHTS ON A SNOWY SABBATH.

The Sabbath noon, and all is still. The snow is softly falling without. I hear a crow from yonder pine-top cawing with a mournful voice. 'Tis an hour for reflection on life and death, on man and God. . . . Shall I be happy after death? Shall I be saved? Shall I escape the punishment of the wicked? These interrogations, however prone we may be to make them, seem to me now very mean, very niggardly. I wonder we dare urge ourselves and each other thus. How much below this other question, Am I doing the work God meant me to do? Am I becoming the man God meant me to be?

I know how religious people often answer. They have a string of definitions and formulas. They recite these and think the great question of their life is solved. But I cannot help going back of their formulas and creeds, and there with no screen of texts or hearsays to hide from me the truth; I ask and answer in a language all my own.

We have loved each other long, dear Abbie; we know each other well. We may have different creeds and formulas; we cannot coincide in our definitions, but have we not intrinsically the same faith? We may not agree about the mystery of redemption, grace, atonement; these words may mean different things to our two minds, but, back of all these, have we not the same faith in the infinite God? Do we not repose in his arms? Are we not content to leave the future to him, as we indeed must? Yes, underneath our creeds or no creeds, we do both rest on the same foundation; we do both strive earnestly to do and to be that which God would have us, and the "assurance of salvation" we leave to him. Have I a hope? If the Methodists ask that question, I answer not at all. I have none, as they reckon it. I have something higher than that. I have repose. Is not God my father? Is not the world in the hollow of his hand? Does not this snow fall by his direction? And yon lonely crow that keeps cawing from the tree-top is not unheeded of him. The clouds that gather dark about us are of his sending; let us trust and work on light of heart. And this throbbing of the heart, at the mention of your name, my own beloved; this looking toward the east where your home is, this patient waiting for

the time, think you it is all unobserved of him? Oh, no; our spirits commune with each other and with him now, on this still but gloomy day; this Sabbath, while you are at church and I in my lonely chamber, now does my spirit commune with yours, and both with God. So have I been led to speak of it, to struggle to utter thoughts which have no language. . . . It is in such moments, amid the solemn thoughts of God and of my duty to grow to be a *man*, that I feel 'twas for this he gave you me and me to you. None else could be the mate of the other, in this culture of the soul; none else could help the other in this work of life. Therefore have we been kept for each other till we are mature, till our individualities are established, and now we are to be united and henceforth be co-workers in the work which he appoints for us. I bless God always for this.—[*Towanda, December 2, 1847.*]

A PASTORAL SYMPHONY.

From my window, with a maple on one side and a honeysuckle in full bloom on the other, I hear constantly the merry song of the bobolink, the lively chipper of the chimney swallows; a Baltimore oriole occasionally gives me a mellow note; or a little summer yellow-bird warbles a cheerful strain; a brown thrush away over in the dark foliage of the woods yonder is performing a long and varied piece of music; a quail near him ever and anon pours forth loud and clear his "more-wet"; a meadow-lark strikes up at intervals his high, wild warble; a sparrow close by me rattles off his little song; I hear children's voices, and my sister singing to her baby;—there, what think you of my orchestra? Every voice is sweet—every bird a natural singer; they make no discords; they all pour forth their little souls in unrestrained liberty, knowing nothing of rules imposed from without, but each obeying the inner promptings. I wonder if they are vexed with each other, if they regard the sudden dash of a strange bird into the same bush as an intrusion, if the sudden bursting out of another voice is felt as an interruption. There comes a beautiful, buzzing humming-bird thrusting his bill into the tubes of the honeysuckle; there a gay red-squirrel runs laughing up the maple before me—while all the time that I have been writing a pretty chipmunk has been dancing jigs on the flagging-stones, and eating his luncheon in the flower-bed. These little creatures act from within, have no rules of politeness, customs, or conventionalities; they are nature's children and obey her laws. Perhaps, among themselves, they seem to differ,—they have their little quarrels, their misunderstandings, their jealousies and piques,—but to us who stand above them and catch their commingled warblings as they rise, do they not produce a rich and varied harmony? Is, perhaps, all that we call jargon, noise and discord mingled to the ear of God with the sweet tones of love, the sighing of pity, the thousand varied eloquence of brooks, breezes, birds, torrents, words of men, chanting of the angels, all blended into one vast swelling harmony—one mighty anthem of praise and thanksgiving?

Not a single voice escapes his ear. To discipline the voice that it may sound sweet to him, one must cultivate the heart, for we, too, like the birds, sing from within.—[*To Mary M. Brinsmade, June, 1846.*]

CHARACTER THE SOURCE OF INFLUENCE.

But you are afraid of losing your influence — let it go then. God has given you this influence in consequence of your *character*. The abuse you have received is also a consequence of the same character acting upon a different set of persons, namely, *mean* persons. Now, one consequence is as honorable to you as the other. If, then, upon self-examination, you pronounce your conduct *just*, in the things whereof you are accused, then you ought to be satisfied, let what consequences will follow.

God never meant you should trouble yourself about your influence — let it go. He will take care of that. Live up to his standard as near as you can; keep your eye on that — your influence will follow you like your shadow, and will fall soft and wooing upon all those who stand upon the proper plane.

The only man who ever lived perfectly regardless of his influence was Jesus Christ. They lied him out of it entirely, and then he conquered the world by it.— [*To Mary M. Brinsmade, January 22, 1849.*]

SYMPATHY WITH ITALIAN LIBERTY.

I feel keenly upon the Italian question. How infamous it is! Would to God Ledru Rollin had succeeded in getting up an insurrection! I never wished for one before, but I do now. Why should the French republicans turn the assassins of liberty? They are almost as great hypocrites as the Americans who prate of liberty and hold the whip over their slaves. I have become used to this meanness at home, but it seems doubly mean in those who have just chased away a monarch. And the Italian republicans were so noble, so full of wise moderation and magnanimity, so lofty and pure in their patriotism. The French President, in his message, got off a lie that Mr. Polk might have envied (by the way, Polk was baptized and went straight to glory — what with the glory he got by the Mexican war, cant and humbug have made both a hero and a saint of him). But ere this Rome has fallen. St. Peter's and the Vatican are in ruins, and the Eternal City has been leveled by the French. Well, Italy will wait patiently for God's own time. I do believe she is yet destined to be one great republic. I thought Mazzini was the man to accomplish it — I hope so still.—[*Towanda, July 8, 1849.*]

SHELLEY.

So I came home and read Shelley's "Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude," an exceedingly beautiful and deep poem, full of boundless love, pure, ethereal, matchless in expression, in conception almost inspired. I have read it many and many a time. It ever has a new meaning. What a beautiful soul was Shelley, hated and rejected by the world which was not worthy of him. . . . He seemed to himself and to the men of his day to stand up in defiance of Christianity, while in reality he hated only the misnamed Christianity of the unchristian. He dethroned the god of the populace only that he might enthrone the "Spirit of Intellectual Beauty,"

the spirit of love. Pity that he could not have seen the enemy at whom he was aiming! Pity that he could not assail a false religion in the name of Our Father, whom, under another name, he fervently and devoutly loved! But he was driven to wildness, not to say madness, by society, and thus his work in the world came near being lost.—[*February 27, 1848.*]

SHORT EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

[*To A. I. Brinsmade.*]

I have been till eleven at Almon Keeler's reading "Festus" and "Past and Present." "Festus" is a strange, wild, witty, wicked, glorious good book — rich, oh, how rich in poetry, brave and profound. Everybody that I have read it to is mightily taken with it. Thank God we can enjoy that together if my creed is askew.

* * *

You never left the garden of the soul to be like the sluggard's garden; the foul weeds of sin that have found a rank growth in the soil of my heart, how few of them ever took root in yours! I need to be alone — alone to converse with myself. I would not that others should see me disfigured, as the angels saw Satan on his way to earth. For me it is absolutely necessary that I court solitude, if I cannot court anybody else.

* * *

Autumn always inspires me with thoughts and feelings all averse from the dreariness of November. I picked some arbutus, which has already budded for another year. You say sometimes it seems foolish to form plans so far ahead, but this sweet little plant does not seem to think so. It has planned a spring marriage, and God does not suffer them to be disappointed of their end. I send you one stem that you may keep to foster into perfect bloom for your bridal wreath.

[*To Mary M. Brinsmade.*]

The robin and the song-sparrow came the first of April, but the poor birds have a hard time of it with snow up to their eyes, and it was melancholy to hear them pour forth their notes from the midst of snows, melancholy and pitiful, and yet an encouragement to man; for, full of hope, relying on the goodness of God, they felt there was a good time coming, and in the midst of the gloom and chill of late-delaying winter still poured forth their prophetic song. And now we see the prophecy fulfilled. They were the pioneers, the moral heroes of birddom, who bravely breasted the storm and in their hearts anticipated the better day. Now, the laggards, the common herd, are arriving day by day, and tuning their voices as loud as the loudest. In a few days the stiff conservatives, the real old Hunkers, will be here, when the spring has come and no mistake, and will say: "See what we have brought with us."

The fact is, no amount of prudence can shield a man who means at all hazards to have a soul of his own, from the malice of bigots who have none.

* * *

Your admiration of Webster is very natural, and has been shared by a large portion of the cultivated class throughout the country. But when, on an ill-fated 7th of March, he turned his back upon all the free principles which he had professed and eloquently preached through a long public life, and humbled himself, like a blind Samson, to make himself the slave of the slave-power, and urged upon the freemen of the North that awful crime of supporting the Fugitive Slave Law, he lost his hold upon the Northern heart, without ingratiating himself into the favor of his new masters, and "Ichabod" has ever since been written on his forehead.

* * *

You will do well to study whatever bears the name of Elizabeth B. Barrett — her poetry is alive and breathes of heaven. Do you remember her "Cry of the Children"? — a noble plea for the poor children of England.

* * *

I have been reading Kossuth's speeches in Harrisburg to Abbie. I read them all to her. Do you read them, Mary? If you lose a word 'tis a mighty loss, nothing can make amends. Seriously, and without a particle of enthusiasm, I do believe they are the richest flowers of living literature; that nothing else written or spoken in these days is worthy to be compared with them.

The logic of Demosthenes, the dignity of Webster, the honesty and fiery zeal of Luther, and all the glow and beauty of a sweetest poet, these are all in him. The finest dreamer and the most practical man, the heart of woman and the might of the stoutest man. How many virtues! and as center and support of all, the firm adhesion to principle. An unexampled man, how richly he is repaying by his profuse eloquence all the money, the sympathy, and the protection he is receiving

We are all such tame, niggard, selfish, and altogether vulgar persons. If God did not now and then raise up such a moral hero to show us the possibilities of man, I do verily believe we should turn into reptiles to avoid the intolerable sense of our own meanness.

* * *

Cultivate your religious faculties diligently. Think boldly, fearlessly; never fear where unfettered thought will lead you. If you are induced to give up many of your present notions, to become a heretic, never fear nor stop, lest by halting from the pursuit of truth you lose your soul.

* * *

For the coward there is no heaven, neither Christian nor Pagan.

'Tis so with the Plan of Redemption; the theologian has contrived a nice plan, perhaps the true one; he knows exactly how God can be just and yet justify the sinner. He ciphers it all out, and comes to the comfortable conclusion that if he believes Christ has offered a ransom, he will be found among the ransomed.

* * *

I think those who conduct public worship err exactly here: what they call their best service is their worst service. Praying, singing, preaching, if done for the sake of worship, are useless — nay, evil, because they hide from us the true way of worship. They do God no good, and ever so many ascriptions of praise can add nothing to his glory. If their influence is to improve our own hearts, or the hearts of others, to elevate our views and render us more spiritual, they do well — they are as good then as good talking, good reading; no better, no holier.

* * *

In my opinion, God is ever with us at all hours of the day and on all days of the week; in all buildings or under the glorious canopy which he has spread over our heads; in all kinds of work, whether it be praying and preaching, or mowing and teaching. God looks into the heart; sees and knows whether the man is living according to the law of the soul,— the highest law which he has made for the development of human character, and the realization of a noble man. He sees and knows, without our formal confessions in uttered words or counted beads, whether we are growing up to the stature of truth and nobleness, of divine manliness, for which he designed us.

* * *

I deem a friendship, if it be pure and high and noble, a beautiful way of worshiping that God who made us with hearts for the cultivation of the most holy affections; and that a correspondence between friends, so it be truthful, instructive, the spontaneous utterance of the better thoughts of each to the other, is both preaching and praying, and if it be beautiful, is singing to boot. So that, although I am at home at my desk, I may, and I think I sometimes do, have a nice little meeting all alone, while my neighbors flock to the steeple-house to hold theirs.

* * *

It were better to lose all my friends, if I must, by being thoroughly understood, than to obtain them by appearing what I am not.

* * *

[*Of a friend.*] She worshiped the Father of all in the antique and forever new and true way by pouring out the treasures of her love upon those who needed it.

* * *

It has been the chief pleasure of my life to be understood and loved and confided in by the purest, simplest hearts that I have come in contact with.

CONFIDENCE BETWEEN BOYS AND TEACHERS.

(Address at a Teachers' Convention in Hartford, Conn., autumn of 1877.)

This confidence ought to be like that between boys and a wise father. The teacher must often stand in the place of parent, as in the case of orphans, and those who are far from their homes. I say *wise* father, for who does not know that many children have parents so *unwise* that their lot is worse than that of orphans? That firmness, that discretion, that patience, that love which the happiest child enjoys, but which so many fail to meet elsewhere, these we must afford to all, or else we fail to fulfill our mission. Confidence in the child's heart is not so much a matter of reasoning as of instinct; it should not be a thing of growth, but of spontaneous impulse. The child should look into his teacher's face and find his heart's-home there.

How shall confidence be inspired? By what subtle art, by what study and discipline, from what books, by listening to whose lectures, in what Normal School shall the young teacher prepare himself to enter into the generous confidence of the good, and the more guarded, often suspicious, but at last self-surrendering trust of the evil?

There can be but one answer to this question. There is but one way. We must be *worthy* of this confidence, for it can repose only on realities. A generous boy-heart may rest on a heart as generous, and on nothing else. You are mean, selfish, stingy, perhaps. You attempt to control a school of boys. But the boys have found you out; they have a nickname ready for you. Or you are sour, unloving, even unkind; do not dare to ask the loving trust of young hearts. My friend, if you aspire to teach and train the young, first set your own heart to school; learn the great lesson of reality; be yourself that which you would train your boys to be.

I suppose a very mean person may teach little ones successfully many things which they ought to learn — the alphabet, the multiplication table, etc. But his efforts cannot go far; soon his pupils are stunted in some element of symmetrical growth. There is an unconscious influence, a mysterious, silent emanation going out from the personality of every teacher which is one of the strong forces of nature. Silent as the force of gravity, more powerful than the will of man, this influence works like the unnoticed electricity of the atmosphere, and makes it certain that every teacher will actually teach that which he is. How, for example, can a narrow, selfish, pinched-up man make good readers of a class of boys? The noble sentiments of poets and philosophers are naught to him. His intellect cannot receive, his soul cannot contain them; his cold lips cannot give expression to the voice of love, of heroism, of tender pity and generous grief. If you would teach children to read the grand periods of Milton, you must, in the act, *be* a Milton yourself. Therefore, I say, *if* you would enjoy the loving confidence of noble boys, you must, first of all, make yourself *worthy* of that confidence. Let your own conscience serve as examining committee, and enter the school-room only with a first-class certificate.

My fellow-teachers, far be it from me to judge how many of us can safely abide this test. With humble head I must confess that though spending my life in teaching the young, and receiving all along many tokens of that loving confidence of which I speak, yet I tremble every term lest I be condemned as unworthy of the confidence I do enjoy.

I remark again, to influence the young get near them. Here, as in the world of physics, the force of attraction varies inversely as the square of the distance. Often the feeble, the inferior in capacity, in attainments, exert a greater influence than their superiors, because they get nearer the object to be moved. You propose to act on a child's heart which is set on quite sublunary things; and you, a true student of Nature, have your head among the stars. Perhaps you feel your own importance in the universe of worlds; and, looking aloft and studying high themes, you fail to notice and to understand the little urchin at your feet. Or, if you understand, you cannot condescend to get upon your knees to teach him. Your younger brother, who is still half boy and not yet through college, has won the hearts of half the school in a day, while you have reached only a dozen in a month. Why stand upon your dignity? You have these characters to mold and shape into the fashion of a divine manhood; follow the example of Paul, who made himself all things to all men; and of Jesus, who took upon him the form of a servant. To get into a boy's heart you must first get the boy-heart into you, then bring him up with you into the thoughts and feelings of a man.

I am convinced that there is an immense amount of soul-power lost, because teachers hold themselves aloof and above their flocks. "Aim high" is a good motto when you turn your telescope upon the stars; but General Putnam's order, "Aim at their waistbands," is often more practical. For one, I am not ashamed to have been and to be a boy among boys. And here comes in some consideration of Boys' Rights. We have secured, in some good degree, the right of the slave. We are laboring, not without hope, for the right of woman to the vote — when she wishes it; but how few, even of the teachers of the land, ever made any ado about "The Rights of Boys"? We provide schools for their intellectual training, and urge them to fidelity in their studies, stimulating their ambition by appliances that are, to say the least, of somewhat doubtful propriety; but what school has fitly provided for the amusement of its pupils?

Our Declaration of Independence enumerates among the inalienable rights of man, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. But boys, with their scanty vocabulary, sum up all their desired rights in one expressive word. Strange that one small word should convey so much of meaning to the boy-heart! Fun! Boys have an inalienable right to their fun. Our Puritan forefathers thought all fun was devil worship, and they put it under the ban — they drove it from the family; they bolted it out of the school-house, and left it only to harbor in the village tavern and the country store. Till within a few years cards have been forbidden in our Christian homes. I plead not for any special form; I would not admit any amusement that has the least taint of vice; but I do charge you, young teachers, let the boys have their *fun*. Nay, provide it, preside over it, protect it from dissipation — pre-

vent only the excess; but do not bar the thing itself, rather share it with them. How much of a boy's life is comprised in that one word! How much of healthy discipline, of both mind and body, it may bring! While sharing, directing wisely, and cheerily helping on the fun, without any lowering of your high, moral standard, or of your cherished dignity, you may easily find your way into the boy-heart. I am persuaded that very much of dissipation, the contamination of bad company the frequent corruption of taste and manners, and sometimes loss of all, that is mourned in our higher institutions of learning, would be avoided if some rich and wise friend of each college would endow therein a Professorship of Fun. I think it might go far to prevent the hazing which in some colleges has become a barbarism, if some genial tutor or professor had it for his care to prepare the Sophomore class to entertain with suitable plays, games, and even theatricals, the incoming Freshmen. An evening thus spent in a social and friendly way would tend powerfully to establish just and kind relations between the classes and bring them to acknowledge every student as a brother. But, if not necessary for young men, surely the boys should have their fun.

I must refer to one more topic where, I think, our teachers often fail to enjoy and to utilize the confidence of which I speak. Having earned and secured the faith of your best boys, now use it for their good and the good of the school. Good order, virtuous conduct, moral habits, a pure heart, and a clean tongue — these are essential to the life of any school. All really good boys love these as you do; it is for their interest as well as yours that these should be preserved uncontaminated. Your boys are moral agents as well as yourself. They know the right — they love it; now let them learn to defend it. I think many teachers are content to live autocrats, holding the reins of government in their sole hands, asking no sympathy, sharing no responsibility with their pupils. I cannot believe that this is the duty of an educator. You cannot make your school government a democracy, perhaps; you must reign, I suppose; but cannot the throne be advised? Can you not, upon occasion, call an advisory council of boys? All moral intelligence must be exercised to grow strong and become a moral force. The boy who knows right from wrong, and loves the right, must be trained to stand up for the right, to fight for it with his feeble arm while young, and then he will be qualified to be a champion of the truth when his muscle is mature. Therefore, call your boys to be judges of right and vindicators of it. If they love you they will be glad to help you; demand their help, their moral judgment, upon all questions that arise in school. How much of instruction, of drill in the work of moral criticism, and how much strength of determination you may inspire in them by this means? How sadly we need men! — men who have the courage of their convictions, who will not lie, and who will not hold their peace. Let us train them in our schools to be morally intelligent and brave as boys that we may prepare a generation of men. Assuredly all good and faithful boys will share the confidence of their teacher. They will have no adverse confidence. They cannot be bribed or frightened into covering up a fault or crime. Not as spies, not as informers, but as faithful citizens let them share with you the responsibilities of advice, and, in the last resort, of judgment.

There is a doctrine adverse to this prevalent in schools, which makes it the duty of pupils to keep the secrets of the guilty — to keep the guilty secrets of those who would lead them downward to perdition. This doctrine is the devil's own gospel, and, so far as accepted, blunts the moral sense of its victim, makes him the slave of the worst elements in a school, and mars and destroys that sympathetic, generous, loving confidence which must always exist between ingenuous youth and a teacher whom they love. I am persuaded that a false principle and a fatally injurious practice prevail in many schools upon this point. Teachers are afraid to consult their scholars; boys are afraid to inform their teachers of the wrongs that exist and from which they are destined to suffer by a secret but swift contamination. The conscientious child, very likely one of the weakest in physical strength, comes to tell you that a certain one, older and smarter than himself, is a bully, and is every day exercising his tyranny over the small boys. He wants to tell you in confidence, for he is afraid of the bully's vengeance. Moreover, the other boys, for whom more than for himself he speaks, will regard him as a tell-tale and stigmatize him with one of those opprobrious epithets which their vocabulary, rich in epithets, furnishes for the occasion. What will you do? Tell the little fellow to go away and bear it? Will you hear him in confidence, keep his secret, and thus make him a spy? Will you go through life skulking and hiding, and spying yourself? No! fold the little fellow in your arms; let him stand up before the school sure of your protection; make the charge boldly, and thus become the champion of his mates. There is a right and a wrong in this matter. Where is it? Good government is right. Confidence between teachers and their pupils is right; and this monstrous doctrine that it is mean for a virtuous boy to complain against a vicious boy is wrong. What is the duty of a good citizen in similar cases in life? I insist upon it that boys shall be trained up to be good citizens; brave to grapple with wrong-doers and bring them to justice; and they shall not, while young, be trained to be the secret slaves of evil-doers. For, see, if a boy of pure heart keeps a guilty secret once, he will again and again. He finds no occasion to revolt — he grows familiar with the sin — he learns to love it at last and to practice it himself.

But men say, "Will boys thus conscientiously bear witness against their mates? Will you have a school of tale-bearers?" The answer will depend upon the teacher. A friend of mine, a teacher, and at the same time a preacher of the Gospel, went to ask advice of another,— a Doctor of Divinity, who was also a teacher,— how to manage his school so as to make it grow in numbers and in excellence. After a long interview the Doctor, with impressive voice and gesture, gave my friend this parting advice: "Remember, sir, every boy is a born devil!" If that declaration is true, or even if you believe it to be true, it is altogether probable that no boy will come to you with any complaint. But if, on the contrary, you find boys as a general thing true-hearted, lovable and loving; if you find the evil still so full of good traits that your heart will not give them up, then such confidence will spring up between you that, in all fidelity, you will be one. A school of tale-bearers? No! the tale-bearer cannot live among you. He will not dare to approach you. You will know the sneak afar off, and he will run and hide himself. You must pardon

me if I allude to my own experience. As I write there rise up before me in visions of memory dear little ones, the living, and, alas! the dead, who stood up boldly before the school and manfully bore their willing and eager testimony against some big sinners — not with any trembling, with no shadow of reluctance, but calmly and cheerfully as the proper thing for them to do. Did I protect them? Never! I only asked the judgment of the school. "As many of you as feel in your hearts that little Dick has acted *nobly*, and will defend him against all harm, will rise!" It is astonishing how tall boys will suddenly become on such an invitation. You need never trouble yourselves about the safety and happiness of the little fellows who confide in you, if only you deserve their confidence.

My fellow-teachers, if you were required to repeat the most momentous statement ever expressed in human language, you need not utter but three words — "God is Love." On this simple but sublime declaration hangs the Christian religion and whatever is of value in all the religions of the world. Love is the genial, all-pervading atmosphere which we must breathe, if we would hope to do our duty in our chosen sphere. I have in my mind an ideal of a school. (You will pardon me; I was asked to speak of confidence between *boys* and their teacher, but, properly speaking, an *ideal* school should be composed about equally of boys and girls.) I have no time for the picture — a few traits must suffice. The school is situated in the country, or, if in the city, the generous city fathers have afforded it liberal space with trees and flowers — ample play-grounds kept scrupulously neat by the boys themselves. The buildings are not only commodious, but picturesque and attractive The teachers are large-hearted and loving, and absolutely free from dyspepsia or any morbid tendency. A morbid teacher will communicate his favorite distemper to his whole school in one term. The boys are from all classes in society, and of all degrees of goodness,— and also of many degrees of badness,— just as they have always been from the time of that little kindergarten outside the city limits of Eden. You enter; the atmosphere is warm and genial. Love and confidence shine in every face, breathe from every lip. There is fun and frolic in every eye you catch. A martinet in education would probably consider it a scene of confusion and disorder. He would first convert the boys into little machines, receiving their motions from one large wheel, himself. But in this school of which I dream, there is coöperation, there is helpfulness, and, so far as the laws of Nature will permit, equality. All moves on in harmony and peace. Offenses come, of course. The teacher becomes impatient, sometimes unjust; but when he sees his error, by true repentance and self-humiliation, by hearty confession and apology, he heals the wounded confidence and makes it firmer than before. Some boys are disobedient or neglectful of duty; but they are soon found sitting, clothed and in their right mind, by the teacher's side. Now, into this little paradise comes a serpent, one of those boys wise in wickedness above their years, who pass from school to school, polluting all. He reveals himself to one and another, and pledges them to secrecy. To the teacher he is fair and plausible, and with an air of freedom which a magnanimous teacher loves to meet. How sure is the new-comer to diffuse his poison unobserved! But no — some boy of more sensitive conscience perceives the venom. He warns his associates; he

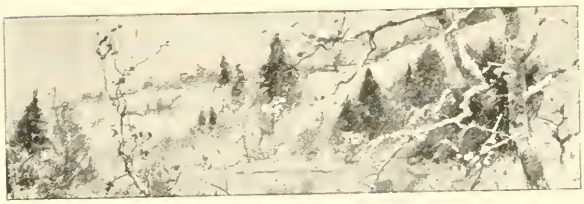
confers with his teacher; he arouses an opposition to the evil. A dozen youthful wits are set to work, not to entrap, not to punish, but to prevent mischief; to reform, if possible,— at least to guard the unsuspecting from the threatened danger. A hundred secret, silent influences are brought to bear upon the evil one. He is surrounded by the strongest moral forces these boys know how to wield. All the strategy of moral influence is called into exercise. Some by tender sympathy, some by strong rebuke and threats, some by avoidance — all arts are tried. The rebel, who has spurned the discipline of a dozen teachers, cannot withstand this ubiquitous and multitudinous attack. He yields, repents, and joins the little army of his captor and becomes a faithful pupil ever after — in the ideal school.

But have you found, do you know such a school? My friends, I am compelled sadly to answer, No! I have never seen it, only dreamed of it. It would be a safe place. Oh, how safe a retreat for many a lovely boy of feeble will! If such confidence between teacher and scholars could prevail in any school, how soon would it be filled with sons of widows endowed with little power of control, of active business men too much absorbed in money-making to pay much attention to the one duty which God laid upon them when he gave them sons! I have never found such a school. I do not expect to find it; but is it not a pleasant thing to dream of? Is it not in some measure possible? Is it not to be found, if ever, in the line of our daily work? Is not the virtue inspired in the boy's own heart more likely to live and bear fruit than that which is implanted there by sovereign authority, and nurtured only on didactic precepts and rules strictly enforced? Absolute confidence between boys and teachers is essential to the realization of any such dream. Our government is a democratic republic. The people are the source of power — from them are to come the administrators of affairs. We have schools, public and private, to prepare the young to take their fit places in the State. The certain and safe ground on which our State establishment of schools can be defended, is the absolute necessity of education to the safety of the State. Standing on this ground we can justly and wisely make some salutary measure of education compulsory upon all the children of the State. The man of wealth who refuses, or grumbling and under protest consents, to pay his school-tax, deserves to be cast out and to gnash his teeth in utter darkness. We are all agreed that a few elementary branches, the rudiments of an education at least, shall be taught to all the children of the State.

Now, what I urge is this: That along with mere instruction, and as the best way to thoroughly administer the laws of order, there shall be not merely didactic teaching of these laws, but such discipline, and drill, and training in their exercise and application as shall send the youth up to the polls accustomed to the practice of judging and deciding upon the questions that arise, thoroughly educated out of that lazy, stupid habit of non-committalism which is one of the worst hindrances to the execution of the laws, and often in the individual is an utter negation of all manhood. To this end let teachers not only have confidence in their pupils, but in a large sense depend upon them. Why are not your illegal grogshops closed? You say, "Public sentiment will not sustain a prosecution." My friends, it is not the fault of an impersonal public sentiment, it is the moral cowardice or lazy non-

committalism of the average citizens who ought to control and inspire, and, upon occasion, exasperate public sentiment to act. Boys are easily impressed. Before they harden into men like ourselves, let teachers see to it that they are thoroughly drilled into the exercise of moral judgment and courageous action in the little world of the school. So shall they do us honor by their manly action in the State.

Such, my fellow-teachers, are some of my thoughts upon the topic—"Confidence between Boys and Teachers." They have grown up in my mind in accordance with my practice, rather than as the leading cause of that practice. I mean to say that I did not adopt them as theory and then proceed to carry them out in practice, but that having no theory I have but described the customs that have grown up under the motives and influences that arose from day to day. I am told they are peculiar. Whether peculiar or not is a question of no consequence. But are they just? Are they wise? Judge ye.



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